

RDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1900.

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o-Wear Millin

the newest of ready-to-wear

styles. Our own exclusive

was purchased through a

notice to our complete

you visit the exposition

see some of them there

newest will be shown in

department. These shoes

perfect in fit and

The stock is the finest

will buy, either

black or tan. All

styles at one price.

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Household Tonight

Women's Hosiery

Children's Hosiery

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# The Times

LOS ANGELES

FOUR PARTS AND WEEKLY MAGAZINE

AMUSEMENTS AND ENTERTAINMENTS

For Theatrical Announcements See Page 1, Part III.

SUPERB ROUTES OF TRAVEL

Charming Journey.

The trip around the Kite-Shaped Track is

the most beautiful short journey

in the world.

DONE IN A DAY.

The Observation Car

on this train affords pleasant opportunity

to take the sights.

Tickets admit stopovers at any point on

the route—Round trip \$4.10.

Hurrying Over

California Limited

Santa Fe Route

Los Angeles

San Francisco

Chicago

Between

San Francisco

and

Chicago

Via Southern Pacific—Rio Grande Western—Denver and

Rio Grande (Scenic Route) and

Great Rock Island Route

Grandest Scenic Trip in the World

The Colorado Rockies Crossed by Daylight.

THE ROCK leaving LOS ANGELES

At 8:00 p.m. makes direct connections with these Through

Sleepers, leaving San Francisco Daily at 8:30 a.m. on

THE SOUTHERN PACIFIC LIMITED

DINING CAR SERVICE THROUGH-BUFFET LUNCH CAR

J. W. THOMPSON, Gen'l Agt., 214 S. Spring St., Los Angeles, Cal.

JOHN SUBASTIAN, G. P. A., Chicago

THE FAMOUS RESORT—

SANTA CATALINA ISLAND,

ON hours from Los Angeles. The commodious ocean excursion

STEAMSHIP HERMOSA

Now making daily trips from San Pedro. Private cabins can be reserved at the office

of the undersigned. HOTEL METROPOLIS always open at popular rates. Golf

## SPARTAN BAND

STANDING FAST.

Eight Thousand Heroes

Braving Death.

Europe Horrified by Gen. Cronje's

Fearful Courage.

England Does Not Know What

to Do With Him.

The Most Stupendous Dilemma

of the Present Age.

French, Germans and Russians United

in Crying That the Boers Shall

Be Free—Wild Rumors in

Vogue at London.

BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.

NEW YORK, Feb. 24.—[Exclusive

Dispatch.] The Sun's London cable

says Cronje and his Spartan army

still hold out in that terrible valley

of death on the Modder River. Their

numbers have been sadly reduced.

None, indeed, knows how many sur-

vived of that brave 8000, who, almost

a week ago, chose death rather than

surrender.

All Europe looks on in mingled

horror and admiration at the mag-

nificent, but heart-rending tragedy.

Already a mighty wave of protest is

rising up from one end of the con-

tinent to the other. French and

Germans and Russians are united

in crying: "These men deserve to

be free; Great Britain shall not

crush such a man of iron."

England herself is agitated at the

spectacle. She suddenly realizes

that she will have no friend left on

earth, least of all America, if she

permits a deliberate slaughter of

## LAWTON PLAN

MAY BE ADOPTED.

Natives Will Be Used to

Preserve Order.

Tribal Differences a Guarantee

of Their Loyalty.

Story of Aguinaldo's Capture and

Release in Cavite.

Similarity of Tagals Caused His Identi-

ty to Be Unknown—Transports

Need Extensive Repairs—Re-

turn of Troops.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 24.—Before his

death and after giving much thought

to the subject, Gen. Lawton had

worked out a plan for the maintenance

of order in the Philippines after the

close of actual hostilities, which had

been submitted to Gen. Otis and is pre-

sumably the plan which will commend

itself to the War Department when the

time comes to replace the regular

troops by other forces competent to

preserve order.

Lawton's idea was to create a

force of native police who officers, at

first in all grades, and finally, as

conditions improve, in the upper grades

alone, shall all be Americans. Some

such force as this is now successfully

employed in Cuba by Gen. Wood

under the name of rural police. Owing

to the tribal differences among the in-

habitants of the Philippines, it was

Gen. Lawton's idea that there would be

no difficulty in securing police who

should be proof against any of the

districts apart from those of their na-

tivity, to which they might be as-

signed. That this theory is well found-

## BAD PROSPECT

FOR CALIFORNIA.

Reciprocity Treaties to

Go Through.

Senator Davis Says This State

Does not Protest.

Something Rotten in the City

of Washington.

Senator Perkins Protests Against Cape

Nome as a Port of Entry—Clash

With Tillman Over the Negro

Vote—The Clark Case.

BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 24.—[Exclusive

Dispatch.] It may be unpleasant news

for the California wine and fruit

producers, but the prospects for the ratifi-

cation of the French and Japanese

reciprocity treaties are considerably

better than they were a few days

ago. These improved prospects for the

treaties come largely from the fact

that those having them in charge are

proceeding with the most complete dis-

regard for California's interests. In

fact, Senator Davis said only today,

when the matter of California's inter-

ests were mentioned to him, that no

protests against the treaties had ar-

rived from California.

This statement was made by the

chairman of the Foreign Relations

Committee in the face of the fact that

nearly every board of trade, chamber

of commerce, and fruit and wine as-

sociation in the entire state had sent

protests to Washington, and that some

of these organizations have been here

working for the defeat of the treaties.

In short, Senator Davis, speaking for





















# SANTA MONICA. CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR SOCIETIES' COUNTY CONVENTION.

Sessions Run on Schedule Time.  
Episcopals Warmly Greeted.  
Comparisons With Other Young  
People's Organizations—Rev. E. J.  
Burdette Speaks of "Strength."

SANTA MONICA, Feb. 24.—[Regular Correspondence.] The annual county convention of Christian Endeavor societies was held today in the Presbyterian Church. The number of people attending was large, and the church was filled. The proceedings were marked with a heartiness which was stirring. A notable feature was the fact that the convention was run on time. Now and then the train of events would drag a little, but more steam would be turned on, and the stations were reached according to schedule. The outside attendance was very largely from Los Angeles and Pasadena, but there was a generous sprinkling from other parts of the county. The Pasadena delegates came by special decorated car on the Santa Fe. The church was festively trimmed with fish nets of amalia and ferns, roses and acacia. Over the rostrum depended a welcoming legend worked in gilt with the society monogram. Just at the commencement of the exercises a request from the choir nearly all the women present removed their hats. The convention was opened with the song service, C. E. Monfort, the president, occupying the chair. Rev. Henry P. Wilbur, the new pastor of the Santa Monica Presbyterian Church, extended a welcome, to which responses were made by Rev. C. E. Tebbetts, pastor of the Friends' Church of Pasadena, and by Mr. Monfort. Prayer was offered by Mr. Tebbetts. Reports of officers were presented by Miss Emma N. Wagler of Santa Monica, recording secretary; Miss Daisy Getchell of Pasadena, corresponding secretary; and Curtis D. Wilbur of Los Angeles, treasurer. The report of the Junior League of Santa Monica, read by Miss Wagler. The business matters to come before the convention were referred to a committee composed of Rev. C. E. Tebbetts of Pasadena, George Hart of Los Angeles, and Miss Cribbe of Los Angeles.

The "Quiet Hour" was the subject of an address by Leonard Merrill of Los Angeles, which was followed by a question box and brief speeches. Rev. C. C. Pierce, pastor of Memorial Baptist Church of Los Angeles, spoke on "The Tenth Legion," and a discussion followed.

**SOME CHRISTIAN FAIDS.**  
A praise service conducted by Mr. Stetson opened the afternoon exercises. E. C. Gilbert of San Francisco told of evangelistic work among railroads and traveling men.

"Strategic Points in Twentieth Century Christian Endeavor" was spoken on by Rev. Hugh K. Walker, pastor of Immanuel Presbyterian Church of Los Angeles. "If we were German subjects," said he, among numerous other things, "we would have to assume the Emperor has no other life. If we were loyal to the Emperor, we would be bound by the decision of the Pope, who holds that the twentieth century has been a failure. But if we use our arithmetic like sensible Americans and like some of our newspapers, for some of our newspapers are really the nineteenth century still with us and act accordingly. The time has come for an aggressive forward movement in Christian Endeavor. Neither the Epworth League of the Methodist Churches nor the Baptist Young People's Union of the Baptist churches is to be compared with Christian Endeavor. I say this with the kindest feelings toward the societies organized in our sister churches. There are a great many people nowadays who can't read the Bible without seeing a great deal about the second coming of Christ, about Christian science and about ideas that we may call fads. Even the continued presentation of the question, 'What would Jesus do?' has come to be a fad. These fads are absorbing attention to the exclusion of the fundamental truths to be learned from the Bible, which is intended for a rule of conduct. Let me urge you to keep to the old faith, to study the doctrine of your denomination and adhere to it. I want to tell you how pleased I was at the Chamber of Commerce banquet in Los Angeles the other night. I saw our new Senator, Bard, who, by the way, is a Presbyterian elder; ex-Senator White and Bob Burdette do as Lincoln did on a celebrated occasion when the wine was passed at a banquet and drink just water. The time will come when all over our country no man who thinks himself a man will take wine at a banquet."

**EPISCOPALIANS WELCOMED.**

The exercises of the intermediate hour were in charge of Miss Beale Hale of Hynes. She remarked that she, in common with numerous other Episcopals whom she knew, had a very kindly feeling for Christian Endeavor. That statement, coming from a denomination which had been but very little associated with the Christian Endeavor movement, produced a strong impression and was heartily applauded. Rev. W. P. H. Smith of the Vernon Congregational Church, spoke on "Seven Reasons Why I am a Missionary." Rev. Dr. Chapman of Oakland delivered an address on "Bible Study." Leonard Merrill of Los Angeles spoke briefly on temperance. Miss Clara Ferris and Jeff Ferris of Los Angeles rendered a cornet and piano duet. Rev. C. C. Pierce, pastor of the Memorial Baptist Church of Los Angeles, spoke of "The Younger Young People." Mrs. C. C. Pierce told of the organization of mothers' societies. Miss Belle P. Nason of San Diego, state superintendent of junior work, addressed the convention briefly.

In the missionary hour, a paper on "Personal Responsibility" was written by Miss R. Esther Smith of Long Beach, was read by Miss Getchell. Rev. F. M. Dowling of Pasadena spoke on "Christian Endeavor Missions." "There is not a missionary," said he in part, "if there is he's a heathen. He has crept in unawares, and is an interloper." Mr. Dowling went on to speak of the hope of missions lying with the young people. The Committee on Nominations, consisting of Miss Wagler of Santa Monica, Paul Brown of Los Angeles, William Windham of Pasadena, Miss Belle Duncan of Long Beach and Miss Cecord of Los Angeles, submitted the following nominations, which nominees were elected as officers for the ensuing year: President, E. B. Carrington of Covina; vice-president, Ira Moyle of Riverside; recording secretary, Miss Edith Murphy of Los Angeles; corresponding secretary, Miss Etha Kepner of Lemon; treasurer, Mrs. May Ashby of Pasadena; superintendent of junior and intermediate work, Miss Beale Hale of Hynes; superintendent of missionary work, Miss Morgan of Long Beach; superintendent of "Tenth Legion" and "Quiet Hour" work, R. B. Bingham of Pasadena.

**LOS ANGELES NEXT YEAR.**  
It was decided to hold next year's convention in Los Angeles. The Resolutions Committee, composed of A. H. Gordon of Pasadena, W. H.

## THE WHOLE SECRET

Of the Remarkable Success of a Remedy for Indigestion and Stomach Troubles.

A new remedy which may revolutionize the treatment of stomach troubles has been placed before the public and bears the endorsement of many leading physicians and scientific men.

This preparation is not a wonderful discovery nor yet a secret patent medicine, neither is it claimed to cure anything except dyspepsia, indigestion and stomach troubles, with which nine-tenths of our nation are more or less affected.

The remedy is in the form of pleasant-tasting tablets of lozenges containing vegetable and fruit essences, pure aseptic pepsin (free from animal impurities) Golden Seal and dill. They are sold by druggists under the name of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets.

Many interesting experiments made with these tablets show that they possess remarkable digestive power, one grain of the active principle is equal to Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets being sufficient to thoroughly digest 100 grains of lean meat, eggs, oatmeal, or similar whole some food.

Stuart's Tablets do not act upon the bowels like cathartics, but simply irritate and inflame the intestines, without having any effect whatever in curing indigestion.

If the stomach can be rested and assisted in the work of digestion it will very soon recover its normal vigor, as no organ is so much abused and overworked as the stomach.

This is the secret and the whole secret of the remarkable success of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets. A remedy practically unknown a few years ago and now the most popular, safest and most widely sold of any treatment for stomach weakness.

This success has been secured entirely upon its merits as a digestive, pure and simple, because there can be no stomach trouble if the food is promptly digested.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets act entirely upon the food eaten, digesting it completely, so that it can be assimilated into blood, nerve and tissue.

Every drop of blood, every bone, nerve and tissue in the body can be renewed in this way, and that is from wholesome food properly digested. There is no other way, and the idea that a medicine in itself can purify the blood, or supply new tissues and strong nerves, is ridiculous, and on a par with the fol-de-rol that dyspepsia is a germ disease, or that other fallacy, that a weak stomach, which refuses to digest food, can be made to do so by irritating and inflaming the bowels by pills and cathartics.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets cure dyspepsia, water brash, sour stomach, flatulency, indigestion, gas and bloating after meals, because they furnish the digestive power, which is the one thing that weak stomachs lack, and unless that lack is supplied it is useless to attempt to assist it by the use of "tonics," "pills" and cathartics, which have absolutely no digestive power and do not claim to have any.

The regular use of one or two of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, after meals, will demonstrate their merit and efficiency better than any first argument.

They are sold by druggists everywhere, and a little booklet on cause and cure of stomach troubles will be mailed free by addressing F. A. Stuart & Co., Marshall, Mich.

**SIX MONTHS' TREATMENT FOR ONE DOLLAR.**  
**DR. BURDETTE'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND.**

IN TABLET FORM—PLEASANT TO TAKE.  
Human life upon earth is a pain, according to his divine plan. Dr. Burdette's Vegetable Compound is a medicine that will cure all the diseases of the human body. It will give you a trial free of charge. If you are afflicted with any of the following diseases, write to Dr. Burdette, 123 North Spring Street, Los Angeles, and he will send you a trial free of charge. If you are afflicted with any of the following diseases, write to Dr. Burdette, 123 North Spring Street, Los Angeles, and he will send you a trial free of charge.

For sale by all druggists. Thirty-day treatment by mail. Write to Dr. Burdette, 123 North Spring Street, Los Angeles, for full particulars. Dr. W. S. BURDETTE, M.D., Cincinnati, O.

**Athletic and Gymnasium Goods**

**AT HOEGEE'S**

Baseball, Football, Golf, Tennis, Basketball, Swimmers, Stockings and Supporters, Close figures on

**Club Suits to Order**

**Wm. H. Hoeger, 128-130 S. Wm. H. Hoeger, Me a St.**

**Shot to Death.**

Not if you wear a Zeigler's Bullet Proof garment. \$50 reward if you prove that a bullet can pass through any range of any caliber, will penetrate the cloth. Your tailor can make the garment, or send measurements to Zeigler's Bullet Proof Clothing Co., 408 N. State St., Chicago, Ill.

Waters of Pasadena and Miss Jennie Vawter of Santa Monica, presented a suitable memorial of members who had died within the past year, which was adopted.

Rev. Dr. Allen McWilliams, pastor of the Christian Church of Santa Monica; W. H. Waters of Pasadena, and a number of others, spoke in part, in support of their several societies. Deputy District Attorney Curtis D. Wilbur, who had been born in another State away from the machinery of municipal and county politics, with a view to acting intelligently and effectively at the primaries.

**BURDETTE SPEAKS.**

It had been announced earlier in the day that Rev. Robert J. Burdette would speak in the evening. The result was a full house, with many standing. Mr. Burdette was warmly greeted upon his arrival. The evening exercises were opened with a song service led by Mr. Stetson. Prayer was offered by Rev. Dr. Wilson, pastor of the Methodist Church of Santa Monica. A vocal solo was rendered by Mrs. E. J. Vawter.

Mr. Burdette's subject was "A Winning Fight," founded on the text: "Thou, therefore, my son, be strong in the grace that is in Christ Jesus." "We decree the fact that the newspapers give such complete reports of the prize fight, said he, in part, in support of a suitable introduction. 'But I have noticed that on the day after a fight the preachers all three who were the winner. I don't know how they find it out, but I know its so. If you see a dog fight you can't keep from having sympathy for one dog or the other. The strength of strength is a good thing if it is not abused. We must use our strength if we are to keep life. Life is one long pilgrimage. It isn't a walk of two or three miles with a trolley car to come back on when we get to the end. It is a question of keeping on and on year after year to the end. There's no rest in that. This life is a constant warfare in the enemy's country. We come into the church to take up our hardships, and not to throw them down. That would be discouraging, if it were not for the strength which grows in us, not by rest and disease, but which grows and

**Evening Express Sold.**  
The Los Angeles Evening Express was sold yesterday for \$27,000 to John M. Miller, W. A. Kelsey, Richard G. Beebe, William F. Botsford and E. B. Haskell. There will be no immediate change in the business or editorial management of the paper.

**PHILLIPS THE TAILOR.**  
No. 129 S. Spring St. Has received his first lot of various goods. Call and see them.

# Tomorrow will be the last day at the Big Store.

For this one day you may buy Clothing, Shoes, Hats and Furnishings for less money than you have ever seen good goods sold for. When the doors close tomorrow night they close for the last time.

You'll find us at the New Store, 331, 333 and 335 S. Broadway, Wednesday morning.

Definite date of opening day will be announced Wednesday morning.

## JACOBY BROS.,

128 to 138 North Spring St.

## ORANGE.

**TWO MEN BADLY HURT.**

ORANGE, Feb. 24.—[Regular Correspondence.] Game Williams and Frank Collins, representatives of the Earl Fruit Company, were probably fatally injured here this evening in a runaway. They were driving a spirited animal, which became frightened at a motor. The bit broke and the horse dashed against a post at the side of the street, wrecking the buggy and throwing Williams and Collins violently to the ground. Williams had one of his legs broken in two places, the bone severing the artery. Collins is believed to have his back and arm broken. Both men were put on the north-bound Santa Fe train and taken to Pullerton, where they have been stopping temporarily. They were removed from there to Los Angeles.

Collins and Williams are at the Good Samaritan Hospital and their injuries, though severe, are not so serious as was at first believed. At midnight it was stated that both men were resting well under the circumstances, and that indications were favorable for their recovery.

**LEVI STRAUSS & CO'S SPRING BOTTOM PANTS**

**CATARRH.**  
Grip, Colds, Rheumatism, Malaria, Blood and Skin disorders, Dyspepsia, all Bactericidal Microbe Killer. Bottle, \$1.00. Jar, \$2.00. C. M. Lewis' Drug, Fourth and Broadway, Los Angeles, Cal., Sole Agent.

## Another dentist almost killed me several years ago, in extracting some of my teeth.

Was just recovering from a month's illness and was very nervous when I went to Dr. Schifman. He extracted eleven teeth for me without a particle of pain; six of them were badly ulcerated. There was no bad after-effect, no suffering, swelling nor soreness. My gums healed slowly and rapidly. I earnestly say to all: "Go to Dr. Schifman to get your teeth pulled and you need have no dread of it."

C. H. EASON, 403 South Eastlake Ave.

107 North Spring Street.

**Full Set \$5**

Dr. Schifman extracted an ulcerated tooth for me without a particle of pain.

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FOR EXCHANGE

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## SWAPS

**FOR EXCHANGE—WILL EXCHANGE** 25  
 all cell portraits from life or small car-  
 tuns for pictures to Santa Monica; also  
 for exchange. Address: 1010 O. box 6, TIME  
 OFFICE.

**FOR EXCHANGE—WANT GOOD CARVEN** 25  
 ivory to build a crown and take a  
 crown. Address: 1010 O. box 6, TIME  
 OFFICE.

**FOR EXCHANGE—FOR SPECTACLES** 25  
 I have a pair of spectacles and want  
 a pair of spectacles. Address: 1010 O.  
 box 6, TIME OFFICE.

**FOR EXCHANGE—FINE BELGIAN HARE** 25  
 I have a fine Belgian hare and want  
 a fine Belgian hare. Address: 1010 O.  
 box 6, TIME OFFICE.

**FOR EXCHANGE—A SET MICROPHONE** 25  
 I have a set of microphones and want  
 a set of microphones. Address: 1010 O.  
 box 6, TIME OFFICE.

**FOR EXCHANGE—FINE STOCK NEW** 25  
 I have a fine stock new and want  
 a fine stock new. Address: 1010 O.  
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**FOR EXCHANGE—FINE ABLEMAN** 25  
 I have a fine Ableman and want  
 a fine Ableman. Address: 1010 O.  
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**FOR EXCHANGE—SURREY FOR PUN** 25  
 I have a Surrey for Pun and want  
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**FOR EXCHANGE—PIANO OR PHYSIC** 25  
 I have a piano or physic and want  
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**FOR EXCHANGE—ON CHICKEN, BROOD** 25  
 I have a chicken, brood and want  
 a chicken, brood. Address: 1010 O.  
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**FOR EXCHANGE—BELGIAN HARE; I** 25  
 have a Belgian hare and want a  
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**FOR EXCHANGE—ADVT'S SOLID OIL** 25  
 I have a solid oil and want a solid  
 oil. Address: 1010 O. box 6, TIME  
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**FOR EXCHANGE—FOR LIGHT** 25  
 I have a light and want a light. Address:  
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**FOR EXCHANGE—READ BY AD. UNDER** 25  
 I have a read by Ad. Under and want  
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**FOR EXCHANGE—PRESSING, TINTING** 25  
 I have a pressing, tinting and want  
 a pressing, tinting. Address: 1010 O.  
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**FOR EXCHANGE—NEW OAK REFRIGER** 25  
 I have a new oak refrigerator and want  
 a new oak refrigerator. Address: 1010 O.  
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**FOR EXCHANGE—HOLE WASHING** 25  
 I have a hole washing and want a  
 hole washing. Address: 1010 O. box 6,  
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**FOR EXCHANGE—FINE FINE** 25  
 I have a fine fine and want a fine  
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**FOR EXCHANGE—STOCK OF BEEHIVE** 25  
 I have a stock of beehive and want  
 a stock of beehive. Address: 1010 O.  
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**FOR EXCHANGE—A COMPLETE SET** 25  
 I have a complete set and want a  
 complete set. Address: 1010 O. box 6,  
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**FOR EXCHANGE—GOLD WATCH, RUGBY** 25  
 I have a gold watch, rugby and want  
 a gold watch, rugby. Address: 1010 O.  
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**FOR EXCHANGE—LADY'S GOLD WATCH** 25  
 I have a lady's gold watch and want  
 a lady's gold watch. Address: 1010 O.  
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**FOR EXCHANGE—A DIATHE** 25  
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**FOR EXCHANGE—GOLD WATCH AND** 25  
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**FOR EXCHANGE—ONE TOP RUGBY FOR** 25  
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**FOR EXCHANGE—WANT TO GET MY** 25  
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**FOR EXCHANGE—FINE BELGIAN HARE** 25  
 I have a fine Belgian hare and want  
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**FOR EXCHANGE—FURNITURE FOR** 25  
 I have a furniture for and want a  
 furniture for. Address: 1010 O. box 6,  
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**FOR EXCHANGE—GOLD WATCH AND** 25  
 I have a gold watch and want a  
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**FOR EXCHANGE—ELECTRIC WIRING** 25  
 I have a electric wiring and want  
 a electric wiring. Address: 1010 O.  
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**FOR EXCHANGE—FINE BELGIAN HARE** 25  
 I have a fine Belgian hare and want  
 a fine Belgian hare. Address: 1010 O.  
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**FOR EXCHANGE—GOOD BUSINESS** 25  
 I have a good business and want  
 a good business. Address: 1010 O.  
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**FOR EXCHANGE—SOLD GOLD WATCH** 25  
 I have a sold gold watch and want  
 a sold gold watch. Address: 1010 O.  
 box 6, TIME OFFICE.

**FOR EXCHANGE—TYPEWRITERS FOR** 25  
 I have a typewriters for and want  
 a typewriters for. Address: 1010 O.  
 box 6, TIME OFFICE.

**FOR EXCHANGE—PAINTING OR RALPH** 25  
 I have a painting or Ralph and want  
 a painting or Ralph. Address: 1010 O.  
 box 6, TIME OFFICE.

**FOR EXCHANGE—CHAIR FOR HORN** 25  
 I have a chair for horn and want  
 a chair for horn. Address: 1010 O.  
 box 6, TIME OFFICE.

**FOR EXCHANGE—SILVER WATCH** 25  
 I have a silver watch and want a  
 silver watch. Address: 1010 O. box 6,  
 TIME OFFICE.

**FOR EXCHANGE—OLD HAND STONE** 25  
 I have a old hand stone and want  
 a old hand stone. Address: 1010 O.  
 box 6, TIME OFFICE.

**FOR EXCHANGE—WELL EQUIPPED** 25  
 I have a well equipped and want  
 a well equipped. Address: 1010 O.  
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**FOR EXCHANGE—BELGIAN HARE FOR** 25  
 I have a Belgian hare for and want  
 a Belgian hare for. Address: 1010 O.  
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**FOR EXCHANGE—WANT A BED LOUVE** 25  
 I want a bed louve and want a bed  
 louve. Address: 1010 O. box 6, TIME  
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**FOR EXCHANGE—LOS IN SAN DIEGO** 25  
 I have a los in San Diego and want  
 a los in San Diego. Address: 1010 O.  
 box 6, TIME OFFICE.

**FOR EXCHANGE—PAINTING FOR PUN** 25  
 I have a painting for Pun and want  
 a painting for Pun. Address: 1010 O.  
 box 6, TIME OFFICE.

**FOR EXCHANGE—GOOD CART FOR BED** 25  
 I have a good cart for bed and want  
 a good cart for bed. Address: 1010 O.  
 box 6, TIME OFFICE.

**FOR EXCHANGE—BICYCLE: WHAT HAVE** 25  
 I have a bicycle: what have and want  
 a bicycle: what have. Address: 1010 O.  
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**FOR EXCHANGE—WANT A BED LOUVE** 25  
 I want a bed louve and want a bed  
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**FOR EXCHANGE—LOS IN SAN DIEGO** 25  
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## BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

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## BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

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TO LET - ONE OF THE AND BARKER TRACT, FURNISHED, RIGHT PART BROADWAY.

TO LET - HIGH toilet, pantry, all merchandise, rent \$10 per month on owner, way.

TO LET - BEK furniture; private and shipping AND STORAGE.

TO LET - 2 ROOM steel range, 14 1/2 x 32; 8 rooms, all to car lines, \$12.00 per month. Broadway.

TO LET - MAJAGE of six room closet, stationery, etc., all modern. 1221 West.

TO LET - HEDENCE, six large light, range, to be approved.

Owner, all W.

TO LET—STABLE, 1000 ft. from beach; also hot water; also no change for home use. Apply to owner, 1000 ft. from beach. Cottages, hard brick from back porch; will be sold. Call 123 B.

TO LET—LOS ANGELES STORAGE CO. moving, packing, storage. 1000 ft. from beach. Tel. main 821.

TO LET—COTTAGE, to land, keep house for 1000 ft. from beach. Call 123 B.

TO LET—34-35 modern imports, 1000 ft. from beach. Call 123 B.

TO LET—PREMIER bath connects with 1000 ft. from beach. 14TH ST.; \$15.00.

TO LET—SIB; 1000 ft. from beach; \$15.00.

WIESBANDEN

TO LET—FRIBY bath window at beach; 1000 ft. from beach. 135.

TO LET—A NE and furniture, 1000 ft. from beach. Call at 123 B.

TO LET—A NE

and 1926 Mantle  
to DIST-CL-  
\$15 and \$18; or  
TO LET-LEAS-  
19-room resid-  
furnished, near  
SUTTON CO.  
TO LET-19-  
plenty of clo-  
male; can be  
12, 13, 14, 15, 16  
TO LET-NEW  
porcelain bat-  
light; close to  
SUTTON CO.  
TO LET-OR-  
2 lots, rent \$5  
724 RIVER ST.  
Avenue 33.  
TO LET - \$  
bath, shower  
and fruit tree  
ST.  
TO LET-ONLY  
bath, shower  
R. 2TH ST.  
TO LET-OLD  
story house, 6  
bath, shower  
\$30 B. Spring-  
TO LET-\$14;  
walking distan-  
CE OF BROOK-  
WAY  
TO LET-AT  
room house,  
heater, large  
TO LET-NEW  
cheap to real

Georgia, etc.  
TO LET - A \$ bath, clothes fuel room; me  
TO LET - \$-RO per month, about Mare  
TO LET - COE, electric, absolutely clean  
TO LET - \$7.50 4 rooms, upper Eighth. Room  
TO LET - \$1000 usroom, modern condition. 821. A  
TO LET - H newly papered  
TO LET - NEW every convenient months. Appl  
TO LET - IN C with outbuildi  
TO LET - \$5 barn and large for chickens.  
TO LET - \$-RO newly painted  
TO LET - ALH cottage, range, stove, TAYLOR  
TO LET - \$-RO house, 1000 sq. ft. site. 975 BU  
TO LET - \$7, N

and bath.  
TO LET—6 ROOMS  
ave., or 206 V.  
TO LET—6 ROOMS  
W. LEWIS, 219 V.  
TO LET—COTTAGE  
lot 100x150, 40  
Q. 100x150, 40  
TO LET—FURNISHED  
bath, barn, or  
Fanning and  
TO LET—3 ROOMS  
Q. 100x150, 40  
arate. 425 E.  
TO LET—CHESEBROUGH  
Boyle Heights  
2420 MICHIGAN  
TO LET—6 ROOMS  
Q. 100x150, 40  
Pleasantly lo-  
TO LET—6 ROOMS  
316 month; a/c  
SAN JUAN  
Q. 100x150, 40  
half flat for  
CROCKER 97  
TO LET—12 ROOMS  
house, 14 car  
Q. 100x150, 40  
TO LET—10 ROOMS  
unfurnished; a/c  
Bellevue ave.  
TO LET—6 ROOMS  
Q. 100x150, 40  
W. 25TH.  
TO LET—COTTAGE  
all modern, v.  
R. 100x150, 40  
TO LET—12 ROOMS  
rooms, bath,  
Q. 100x150, 40

Wall et.

TO LET-HOUSE neighborhood, MINN.

TO LET-NEW E. SEVENTEEN ished.

TO LET-NEARLY new, convenient, ST. vicinity 724 there.

TO LET-HEALTHY, convenient ST.

TO LET-NICE flat, newly paid ST.

TO LET-NICE ing 10000, C.

TO LET-A 6 gated, 705 ST.

TO LET-TWO water paid.

TO LET-3-Room 2054 S. BROAD

TO LET-A 6 OLIVE ST.-C

TO LET-A 6 barn at 451 ST.

TO LET-6-Room ANGELES ST.

TO LET-4-Room W. ELEVEN.







## Los Angeles Sunday Times

SUNDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 25, 1900.

IN FOUR PARTS.

Part III—12 Pages.

PRICE 5 CENTS

THEATERS—

With Dates of Events.



WEEK COMMENCING MONDAY, FEB. 26—MATINEE TODAY.

This is the Floodtide of Fashionable Vaudeville.

WHAT YOU HAVE WAITED FOR

PAPINTA

A Host of New and Gorgeous Effects in Light and Color will be Exhibited by the

QUEEN OF MIRROR DANCERS.

Fanny Fields,  
The Happy German Girl.Monroe and Mack,  
Talking and Singing Comedians.Deets and Don,  
European Celebrities.Smedley Sketch Club,  
Greatest Child Artists on Earth.Perkins Fisher Mrs.  
Big Hit of these Clever Artists.Frank Coffin,  
The Pleading Tenor.

NEVER CHANGING—Best reserved seats down stairs, 25c and 50c; entire balcony, 75c; gallery 10c. Matinee Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday, any seat 10c. Telephone Main 1447.

**SIMPSON AUDITORIUM**—Management F. W. BLANCHARD.  
SCALCHI, the World's Greatest Contralto. 500 Good Seats on Sale at \$1.00 Today. Scatoli Operatic Festival Co.—Sig. M. de Pasquelli, tenor; Sig. A. Franceschini, baritone; Chevalier G. Le Verdi, pianist; and Mme. Bernice de Verdi, prima donna soprano. Tuesday evening, Feb. 27. Wednesday Matinee, Feb. 28. Advance sale of seats at Bartlett Music Co., Blanchard Building, Tel. F. W. Main 687. Prices—First 5 rows, floor, \$2.00; balance floor, \$1.00; balcony, \$1.00 and \$2.00; gallery admission 50c.

**SIMPSON AUDITORIUM**—Management F. W. BLANCHARD.  
**MADAME GADSKI, Dramatic Soprano.**  
Mr. David Bingham, baritone. Mr. Walter Damrosch, musical Director. **GRAND WAGNERIAN CONCERT**—Friday Evening March 2, 8 o'clock. **SPECIAL DAMROSCH LECTURE**—Thursday afternoon, March 1st, at Blanchard Hall. Mr. Wagner will lecture on the Wagner Opera and illustrate, at the piano, the words and music. Admission to this lecture will be \$1.50 and \$1.00. Prices for the Wagnerian Concert, at Simpson Auditorium, Friday Evening, March 24, will be: Floor, \$2 and \$1, balcony, \$1.50 and \$1 second balcony, 50c. Tickets now on sale at Bartlett Music Co., Blanchard bldg. Orders received by telephone or telegraph to Main 687, F. W. Blanchard.

AMUSEMENTS AND ENTERTAINMENTS—

AUCTION TRACK—Corner Tenth and Main Streets.

RACES = RACES

—TODAY—  
At 8:15 p.m., at  
Great Motor-paced Match Race,  
each rider paced by a different motor, 10 miles, between  
**H. DOWNING, and JOHN CHAPMAN,**  
The Crack Middle-Distance Rider. Champion of the South.  
The horses are locked every day.  
For \$250 purse and side bet. There will be two motors in reserve, in case of accident and the race will be sure to go through to a finish. Also six other professional and amateur races with all the cracks in.

Admission 25 cents.  
200 seats reserved with coupon tickets, at 75 cents each; grand stand 50 cents; in sale at the box office from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. every day. Get your seats early.  
See programme and entries in each event on page 3, part III.

STRICT FARM—South Pasadena—

Brood of  
**Baby Ostriches**  
One Hundred Gigantic Birds. Just Hatched.  
Special Today only  
**25 cents Round Trip**  
X X X X On Pasadena Cars, including admission to farm.

**N. C. A. HALL, 209 S. Broadway—**  
"BOOTS AND SADDLES" Dr. Pitzer's famous lecture, Tuesday, Feb. 27, 8 p.m. Admission 25c with reserved seats. Membership tickets in Young Men's Christian Association admit member and lady.

**BASEBALL—Fiesta Park—**Cor. 12th and Grand Ave. SUNDAY, 2:30 P.M.  
SAN DIEGO vs. MERCHANTS. Admission 25c. Ladies Free.

TIMELY SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS—

**CARBONS**—Every picture a work of art.  
16 Medals—16  
Visitors should not miss the opportunity to have photographs taken under the most favorable conditions of atmosphere in the world. Studio 220 1/2 N. 4th, on Holmbeck.

**IN SUNNY SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA—**  
Hotel Florence, San Diego, Cal., the finest located hotel in California. Modern in all its equipment. STEAM HEAT. Elevator service, etc.  
Opened for the fourth season under the management of E. E. NICHOLS & SON, Also of the Cliff House, Manitou, Colo.  
Rates from \$2.50 per day upward.  
Weekly or monthly rates on application.

**FITZGERALD MUSIC AND PIANO CO.—**  
118 S. SPRING ST.—Mason and Fisher Pianos.  
REPAIRS TRUCK FACTORY—J. O. O'Connell, 1700, 228 S. Main St., Tel. Main 318.  
Manufacture and dealer in Trunks, Traveling Bags, Suit Cases and Leather Goods.

THEATERS—

With Dates of Events.

MOROSCO'S BURBANK THEATER—OLIVER MOROSCO  
CROWDED ALL THE TIME!

A  
SUNBURST  
OF  
CHARACTER  
COMEDY!

"It's funny when a fellow doesn't love a girl how easy it is to tell her he does."



Mr. Neill as Lord Chumley.

and when a fellow does love a girl how difficult it is to tell her anything."

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THE BURBANK  
FAMOUS!

NOTE THIS—GET SEATS EARLY OR YOU WILL NOT GET SEATS.

Tonight at 8:15

MR. JAMES NEILL

AND THE INCOMPARABLE

NEILL COMPANY

Presenting Belasco and de Mille's Famous Comedy Success,

"LORD CHUMLEY"

A RECORD OF 300 NIGHTS IN NEW YORK

SPECIAL PERFORMANCE—Wednesday Afternoon, Jerome K. Jerome's brilliant society drama,

"The Way to Win a Woman."

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THEATERS—

With Dates of Events.

AT THE THEATERS.

IN Werner's Magazine for February Daniel Frohman has an article on "The Qualities of a Successful Actor from which we make the following extracts:

"The answer to the question as to what qualities form the most important aids to success in the actor or actress is contained in the words, dramatic instinct and personality, though perhaps personal appearance is also a supreme factor.

"A man or woman may be proficient in the art of acting, and yet not really successful in the profession. Another, not altogether perfect in the technique of the stage, and lacking in artistic training, may be a great popular favorite. The first quality, therefore, necessary in the dramatic-artist is technical; that is, personality. The

"Nothing better has been seen here, even in the most celebrated of New York's traveling companies. It is the case of these performers, their fitness for their respective roles and the tasteful manner in which every act is staged."

"Mr. Neill has a much higher note than Fraley. With plenty of capital at his command he is able to pay the highest royalties and get the best eastern novelties. What is more, he has secured the money, he has a company which is fully able to do justice to any play."

"The house last night was packed and the performance drew out much enthusiasm."

"Neill is a treat to the eye, a feast for the mind, an invader of the senses. He is a blessing in so many ways that we will not attempt to take the rest of the ways for granted."

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## Plays and Players

Imagination of the audience. It is necessary, for example, that the actor playing Claude Melnotte should have the power to respond and vibrate to the passion of the character. It should pulsate through his consciousness with eloquence and conviction, and so he should move the audience to sympathy, belief, and artistic pleasure. A successful actor must have this responsive power. Indeed, the eloquence of personal expression in the actor is vital to moving an audience as it is in the public speaker. So that, while we have many correct actors, who interest briefly for the passing moment, we have others not so academic in their methods, but who are aided by the greater distinction of a vivid personality.

"In a woman, personal beauty, added to the accomplishments of art and the graces of nature, are qualities that will place her at the top."

The New York News of February 6 has the following to say of Edwin Milton Royle's latest success in farce writing:

"Mr. Royle shows great cleverness in handling this little theme, and he has worked out a very charming act of a farcical quality. The action is brisk and continuous, and the dialogue quite as witty as any heard in the more pretentious productions of the season. In the presentation Mrs. Royle's art shines as it has seldom shone before. She is a finished artist and in the impersonation of Mrs. Trip the touches are dainty, natural and artistic. Mr. Royle's rollicking, go-easy performance of Trip is a fine foil, and serves to reveal the finer timbre of Mrs. Royle's characterization."

Sarah Cowell La Moine asks the question: "Can We Elevate the Stage?" in Harper's Bazar, and says: "There are many points concerned in the question of elevating the stage. Everybody or everything which serves as an element in this result must contribute a little, some of them a great deal, perhaps, to securing a higher and truer degree of merit and interest in dramatic work and its representation. The dramatists are all wrong. If the dramatists turn out the right thing the managers will buy. If there is something in it that warrants its purchase it will stand. Everybody today is looking for a play to produce, and no first-class play will go begging. The public must be trained. If the manager of the news does not understand it he will not tell it so that it is clear, but he who hears it must also grasp the meaning of what is conveyed to him."

"The world is old, and truth is as old as the world. To get something absolutely new is difficult to the verge of impossibility. But there are new ways of saying old things. Elevate the man race to the understanding of a new truth, or a new side to the same old eternal truth. It is thus with the stage."

"Conditions cannot be forced. And it is not necessary, to obtain improvements in matter of the stage and dramatic composition. Nothing is done without a play to produce, and no first-class play will go begging. The public must be trained. If the manager of the news does not understand it he will not tell it so that it is clear, but he who hears it must also grasp the meaning of what is conveyed to him."

"We all ask for love. But there is other love than that of the sixteen-year-old girl; for the seventeen-year-old boy. There are phases and phases all with their own vital interest. If they be put by the dramatic writer who are strongly the joys and sorrows of mankind. There should be reciprocity on the part of writers for the stage, time here or there, reciprocity on the part of the public, which has not a little of the child spirit in its willingness to be taught. It is hardly to be expected that by teaching the public I do not mean 'letting one's self down' to it."

"Play your play because it is good. It may be broad comedy, even burlesque. If it is based on truth, is tellingly human, you will pack the house with it. Our learned literary men think burlesque beneath them. I do not mean, by burlesque, legs and shapely women, nor a broad dash of the 'Tenderloin.' But why can't some clever man write a burlesque which shall make us laugh at ourselves. No caricature is a successful one in which some of the lineaments of the person caricatured are not detected. It is the same with a burlesque."

The theater-goers of Los Angeles now have something of moment to look forward to, for the Bostonians are coming to town for a week, beginning Monday, March 5, with seventy people and a special orchestra. The repertoire will include the following fine operas: Monday night and at the Saturday matinee, for the first time here, Victor Herbert's "The Viceroy"; for the first time here, "The Smugglers," by Rankin and Minkowsky; Wednesday and Friday nights, "The Serenade"; Saturday night, "Robin Hood." All the favorites will appear at each performance, including Barnabe, MacDonald, Bertram, Frothingham, Van Dresser, Rushworth, Bartlett, and others. Seats will be placed on sale on March 1.

THE WEEK'S ATTRACTIONS.

The Boston Lyric Opera Company will offer a week of most attractive character in the way of melodious operas sung and played with the fire and fervor of true artists. This organization has established itself in the good graces of Los Angeles theatergoers, and the business has been constantly increasing from night to night, as the merits of the company have come to be known. The thorough training of the chorus and the young, fresh blood that go to make up the ensemble, is an especially fine feature of the performances that have been given thus far. The opera under consideration this week will afford still better chances for us to hear excellent concerted singing, which is always enjoyable.

The announcement made on Friday evening from the stage of the Los Angeles Theater, that Señor Russo, the splendid young tenor of the Lombardi company, has been engaged by Manager Thompson of the Boston company, has given great pleasure to music-lovers in this city, and the further fact that he will appear with the company next week is a matter for congratulation. This young singer is one of the greatest artists that ever appeared in opera in this city, and it is needless to say that Col. Thompson in securing him, has found a treasure.

The bill for the week beginning this night, "Fra Diavolo," Monday and Tuesday, "The Viceroy," Wednesday, "The Smugglers," by Rankin and Minkowsky; Thursday, "The Serenade," by Rankin and Minkowsky; Friday, "Robin Hood," by Rankin and Minkowsky; Saturday, "The Viceroy," by Rankin and Minkowsky; Sunday, "The Smugglers," by Rankin and Minkowsky.



PAPINTA, AT THE ORPHEUM.

word "magnetism," of course, covers everything; but this is a mysterious and elusive quality. If magnetism could be acquired, and art could almost, though not wholly, be set at naught. In a woman, good looks, there is a magnetism which is not worked out from within. If a play have but one moment noble and true, it will tell.

"Many plays are not human, and that is why they are rejected. When an author starts in on a play he must bend all his energies to it, and stick to what he feels about it, and must believe, believe, believe! It is the way to secure something that will carry."

"We all ask for love. But there is other love than that of the sixteen-year-old girl; for the seventeen-year-old boy. There are phases and phases all with their own vital interest. If they be put by the dramatic writer who are strongly the joys and sorrows of mankind. There should be reciprocity on the part of writers for the stage, time here or there, reciprocity on the part of the public, which has not a little of the child spirit in its willingness to be taught. It is hardly to be expected that by teaching the public I do not mean 'letting one's self down' to it."

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## HAZARD'S PAVILION—

Industrial, Mining AND Citrus Exposition

MONDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 26

Official Reception by the Merchants' and Manufacturers' Association to the CHINESE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE IN FULL ORIENTAL COSTUME

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Page 2, Part III.

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spring goods. Call and see them.

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same thing over and over, day after day! At such times, if you will only call  
telephone us, we can always suggest "something different" from our constant  
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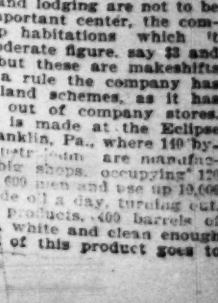
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*Staff Correspondent of the Brooklyn Daily Eagle. Published simultaneously in the Los Angeles Times under special arrangement.*













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ings, or do you need the aid of medicine in healing the afflicted for whom we are plainly told words that your health is the reliable doctor. The only way have been in this community and their ability is unquestioned by those who have cured, and their business method.



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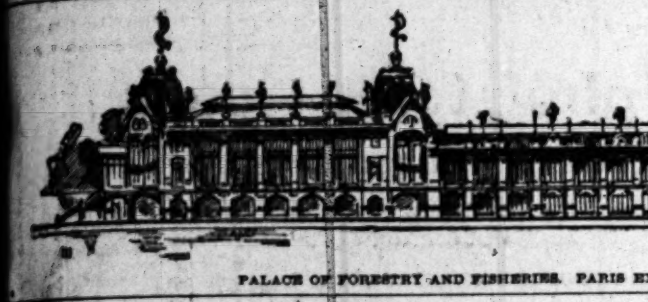
ork Dental Parlor

# THE GREAT FAIR.

## FREDERIC MAYER'S SEVENTEENTH LETTER ON THE GREAT PARIS EXPOSITION.

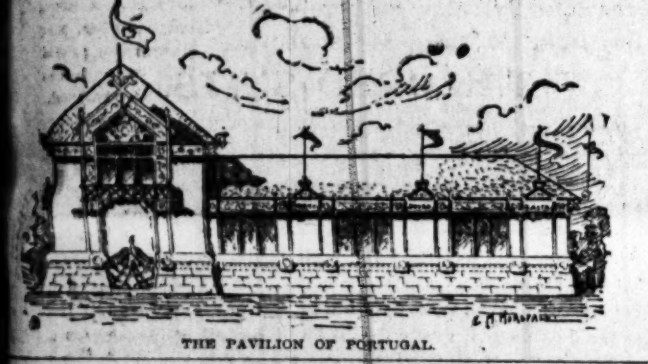
### Special Correspondence of The Times.

Paris, Feb. 15.—There is nearly always an advantage in playing the "long" game. Long before the exhibition of 1889, the French government had decided to build a great fair on the banks of the Seine, and the plan was carried out. The fair was held in 1889, and it was a great success. The French government had decided to build a great fair on the banks of the Seine, and the plan was carried out. The fair was held in 1889, and it was a great success.



PALACE OF FORESTRY AND FISHERIES, PARIS EXPOSITION.

The French of American enterprise and business capacity. The fair was held in 1889, and it was a great success. The French government had decided to build a great fair on the banks of the Seine, and the plan was carried out. The fair was held in 1889, and it was a great success.



THE PAVILION OF PORTUGAL.

In Paris during the summer, it is likely we will see King Leopold. While Paris has no longer a palatial home in which to lodge her royal visitors, the French will not be wanting in hospitality. Strange to say, an American who had his day of renown in Paris, but who is now dead, is closely connected with the reception of royalty in France.



THE PALACE OF FURNITURE AND DECORATION.

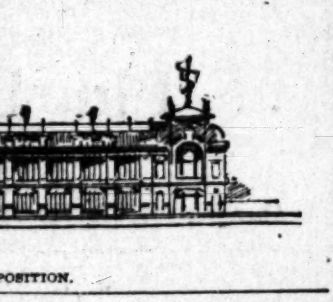
request to the city of Philadelphia. The French government has leased this residence at a rental of \$12,000 for the exposition period. While not a large place, it is amply sufficient and is surrounded on all sides by beautiful gardens. The French government has leased this residence at a rental of \$12,000 for the exposition period.



THE PALACE OF FURNITURE AND DECORATION.

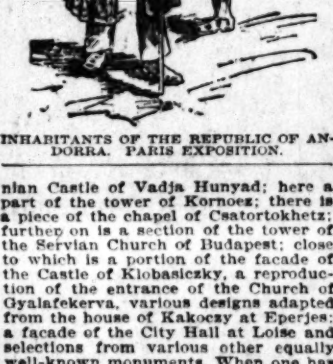
THE UNITED STATES ANNEX ON ESPERANDES DES INVALIDES. THE PAVILION BUILDING.

sons. However, at the Evans residence, the most famous dishes for royal palates, and as the wine cellar of France is not suffering from drought, it is unlikely that any royal visitor will go hungry or thirsty.



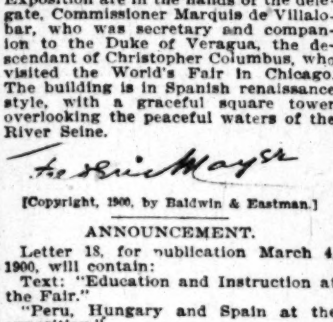
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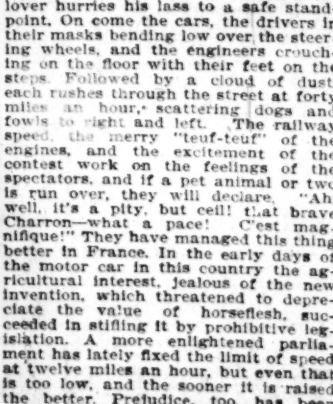
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"Nervous Exhaustion" is a dangerous disorder, for it often leads to Complete Prostration, Apoplexy or Heart Disease. Guard against it, for help is at hand. HUDYAN is the help. The mind is usually first to show evidence of a letting down of the nerves. Your memory becomes impaired, your intellect clouded. You become despondent and melancholy, you shun society, you become morose, irritable and unable to apply yourself to business. You will have headaches (fig. 1) hollow eyes (fig. 2), a pale face (fig. 3), coated tongue (fig. 7), bloating of stomach (fig. 5), torpid liver (fig. 6), weakness of limbs (fig. 4), all as a result of weak nerves. HUDYAN cures one and all these distressful conditions, for HUDYAN strengthens the nerves and allays nervous excitability. HUDYAN cures, and permanently, too.

Men who are physically run down, whose nervous systems are wrecked as a result of overwork, mental strain, worry, dissipation, or any cause whatever, find that HUDYAN is the restorative nerve and tonic they need. HUDYAN has no equal as a restorative of vital energies. HUDYAN allays nervous irritability. HUDYAN promotes repair of the nervous system when it has been deranged by abnormal conditions. HUDYAN inspires one with confidence; HUDYAN renders one energetic and active; HUDYAN promotes sound sleep—the sleep that brings health and vigor in turn.

Women Who are feeble find HUDYAN a powerful tonic, appetizer and nerve, for HUDYAN imparts strength to the entire organism. HUDYAN is a soothing and strengthening nerve, and corrects all those irregularities and miseries to which women alone are subjected. The severe pains that attend the physiological process of menstruation are promptly allayed by the great HUDYAN. HUDYAN is a positive cure for those obstinate cases of leucorrhoea, excessive flowing and painful conditions of the delicate organism of women. HUDYAN cures are permanent.

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### Statement of the Condition OF THE LOS ANGELES NATIONAL BANK

AT CLOSE OF BUSINESS, FEB. 13, 1900.

Condensed from Sworn Report to U. S. Comptroller.

RESOURCES.	LIABILITIES.
Loans and Discount.....\$ 970,000.21	Capital Stock.....\$ 500,000.00
Overdrafts.....4,232.90	Surplus and Profits.....78,961.94
*U. S. Bonds and Premium thereon.....709,227.39	Circulation.....375,200.00
Stocks, Securities, etc.....120,804.09	Deposits.....1,781,061.21
Banking House and Fixtures.....105,000.00	
Other Real Estate.....11,230.10	
Five per cent Redemption Fund.....22,500.00	
Cash and Sight Exchange.....728,069.37	
2,735,143.15	2,735,143.15

The Los Angeles National Bank solicits business from banks, bankers, corporations, firms and individuals, and all who appreciate courteous and honorable financial methods.

\*Present market value \$787,417.50—Profit \$49,500.00.

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W. C. PATTERSON, President. W. D. WOOLWINE, Cashier. P. M. GREEN, Vice-President.

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Capital - - - \$500,000.00  
Surplus - - - \$950,000.00  
Deposits - - - \$5,000,000.00

Officers: J. W. HELLMAN, President; R. W. HELLMAN, Vice-President; J. W. HELLMAN, Cashier; J. W. HELLMAN, Secretary.

### FIRST NATIONAL BANK.

LARGEST NATIONAL BANK IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

Capital, Surplus and Profits.....\$675,000.00  
Deposits.....\$2,300,000.00

### STATE BANK AND TRUST CO.

Capital.....\$100,000.00  
Surplus.....\$100,000.00  
Deposits.....\$1,000,000.00

### The National Bank of California,

N. E. Cor. Spring and Second.

Officers: JOHN W. MARBLE, President; JOHN W. MARBLE, Vice-President; JOHN W. MARBLE, Cashier; JOHN W. MARBLE, Secretary.

### SECURITY SAVINGS BANK,

Capital and Surplus.....\$100,000.00  
Deposits.....\$1,000,000.00

### MAIN STREET SAVINGS BANK.

Capital.....\$100,000.00  
Surplus.....\$100,000.00  
Deposits.....\$1,000,000.00

### California Bank, Los Angeles, Cal.

Officers: W. F. BOTSFORD, President; G. W. HUGHES, Vice-President; J. G. MORRIS, Cashier; J. G. MORRIS, Secretary.

### SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA SAVINGS BANK.

Capital.....\$100,000.00  
Surplus.....\$100,000.00  
Deposits.....\$1,000,000.00

### COLUMBIA SAVINGS BANK,

Capital.....\$100,000.00  
Surplus.....\$100,000.00  
Deposits.....\$1,000,000.00

### A. H. Conger, Suite 321, Wilcox Bldg.

Corner Main and Broadway, Los Angeles.







## THE DOS CABEZAS MINES

Interesting Account of One of Arizona's Great Copper Mining Properties, in Cochise County.

The most interesting state-  
ment published in connection  
with the copper mines and copper prod-  
ucts in the world is that of the  
School of Mines at Tucson,  
Ariz. This gentleman was ap-  
pointed some few months ago by the  
state of Arizona to collect sta-  
tistics of the metal production of the  
state, so that any statements made  
in respect thereto may be ac-  
cording to the most accurate as  
possible. It is a fact to be re-  
membered that the production of  
copper in Arizona during the  
past few years, in round figures, to  
the tune of \$10,000,000, is a fact to be  
remembered.

During the previous year (1899) the  
production of Arizona is offi-  
cially estimated at \$10,000,000. From  
figures it is seen that the in-  
crease in Arizona's copper produc-  
tion from 1898 to 1899 was about  
\$1,000,000. That was a remark-  
able increase, yet, and notwithstanding  
it may be said that there was not  
an increase of 1899 a pound of un-  
used metal. This is an in-  
teresting fact, because it  
shows that the state of Arizona is  
a world while to examine for  
minerals.

These figures may be essentially re-  
lied upon as a primary cause, which is  
the reason in the United States  
the great copper-producing re-  
gion, the state of Arizona, is the  
most important of the state of Arizona.

second in respect of discov-  
ery. These are the  
great copper-producing regions  
of the world, for while cop-  
per is known to exist in  
all parts of the world, the ore bodies are small,  
and of them confined and the  
amount of production is small.

These are the reasons  
why Arizona is the most impor-  
tant of the state of Arizona, and  
the reason why the state of Arizona  
is the most important of the state of Arizona.

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the reason why the state of Arizona  
is the most important of the state of Arizona.

## Sale of Sideboards.

We've Lowered the Price on Every One.

This fact together with the rise in prices makes this sale doubly remarkable. Our only reason for doing it is to stimulate selling. If you will need sideboards any time in the near future, it's wise to buy this week.

Special Sale of Go-carts is announced for this week.  
The large varieties and the choice styles will make choosing very pleasant.  
Prices are all reduced.

## Carpets.

The past week has  
marked an epoch in  
the carpet business of  
this section.

It was the initial  
exhibit of our new  
Spring Stock. If you  
were not here last  
week you certainly  
ought to come this  
week. The carpets  
are the very finest,  
choicest things ob-  
tainable. For you  
know our buyer was  
the first one from his  
section in the market.  
He chose the best and  
got them at the old  
prices.

With anyone who  
recognizes carpet val-  
ues, our house is  
headquarters now,  
more than ever be-  
fore.



We would not attempt to go into details from beginning to end—'t's too tedious. We choose four items to illustrate how we have reduced prices.

\$12 For a Seventeen-dollar Sideboard.  
Oak, well front, and a shape French plate.  
\$22 For a Twenty-eight-dollar Sideboard.  
Golden Oak.  
\$30 For a Forty-dollar Sideboard.  
\$160 For a Two-hundred-and-twenty-five-dollar Sideboard.  
Flemish and hand carved.

send for our book on turkish rugs

Very instructive, very interesting; it tells you all about rugs in general, and our stock in particular. It's choosing a rug in the quietude of your library. But whether you want to buy or no, you should read it—it's free.

## Barker Bros.,

420-2-4 South Spring St.

Word has been received at Phoenix  
that the Dos Cabezas Consolidated  
Copper Company, which recently ac-  
quired the Oregon mine in Cochise  
county, has been rewarded in the  
country of the property by a rich cop-  
per strike. A shaft of sixty feet is  
in high-grade copper ore, carrying  
about 10 per cent. of copper. The  
shaft was sunk to the level of the  
surface, which at the depth of sixty  
feet has been reached. The mine  
is now being worked, and the ore  
is being shipped to the smelter.

The camp at Dos Cabezas is fur-  
nished with everything necessary to  
mining camp. The company has con-  
structed a bunkhouse for the men,  
a cookhouse and a manager's residence.  
It has also a complete assay plant,  
so that it can make its own assays  
of the ore. The company has also  
a complete outfit of mining equip-  
ment, and is now working the mine  
on the pay roll. There are also two  
thirty days' work on the mine.

In the accompanying engraving is  
shown the portal of the Foran tun-  
nel, which will be used as the main  
working tunnel of the mine. Another  
view in the group shows the dump  
and the tail race. The mine is now  
being worked, and the ore is being  
shipped to the smelter.

Here is the report received at the  
office of the company in Los Angeles  
a few days ago from J. S. Salley, man-  
ager at the mine. It is dated Febru-  
ary 17, and makes very interesting  
reading, giving the latest news of  
workings at the properties:

"In compliance with your request, I  
herewith give you detailed information  
regarding the condition of the com-  
pany's property to date:  
"We have at present twenty-two men  
employed, doing road work, and by  
Monday night expect to have as fine  
a mountain wagon road completed as  
ever was seen in the Territory. From  
the foot of our grade to the highest  
point the distance is about three-  
quarters of a mile, and passes the mouth  
of the Foran tunnel, and within 100  
feet of the tunnel, on an even grade  
with the road. It passes by the Ore-  
gon shaft and ends at the ore bins of  
the Roberts tunnel. So you see how  
easy of access it is to all our main  
workings.

"In going up our road the first point we  
touch is the Foran tunnel, which is  
intended to be our main working tun-  
nel, and it is estimated that it will  
take another ninety feet before striking  
our first 'outcrop.' This tunnel will  
strike the Roberts about 500 feet be-  
low where we are now at work. The  
point is the 'Ore' tunnel, where  
thirty feet have been made through  
a four-foot body of high-grade sul-  
phurets. This, when completed, will  
be about 400 feet below the Roberts  
about 350 feet below. The next  
point is the Oregon shaft, a well-

Barker Bros—  
Always the Lowest.

Oriental  
Rugs.

We're proud of them.  
There are hundreds  
bought direct from  
bonded warehouses in  
original bales, minus  
a jobber's profits.

Every piece is a  
gem of oriental art.

We believe that this  
display has never been  
equaled in this city  
for beauty, variety  
and rich coloring.

Rug collectors, con-  
noisseurs, and all  
lovers of high textile  
art, are invited to in-  
spect this showing.

Furniture, Car-  
pets and Dra-  
peries.

## KNOW THY FUTURE

GREAT SENSATION—VEIL OF MYSTERY DRAWN ASIDE.

## PROF. GEO. F. GREY,

England's Greatest Palmist and Psychic



Has arrived and is perma-  
nently located at the  
Portland,

No. 444½ S. Spring St.

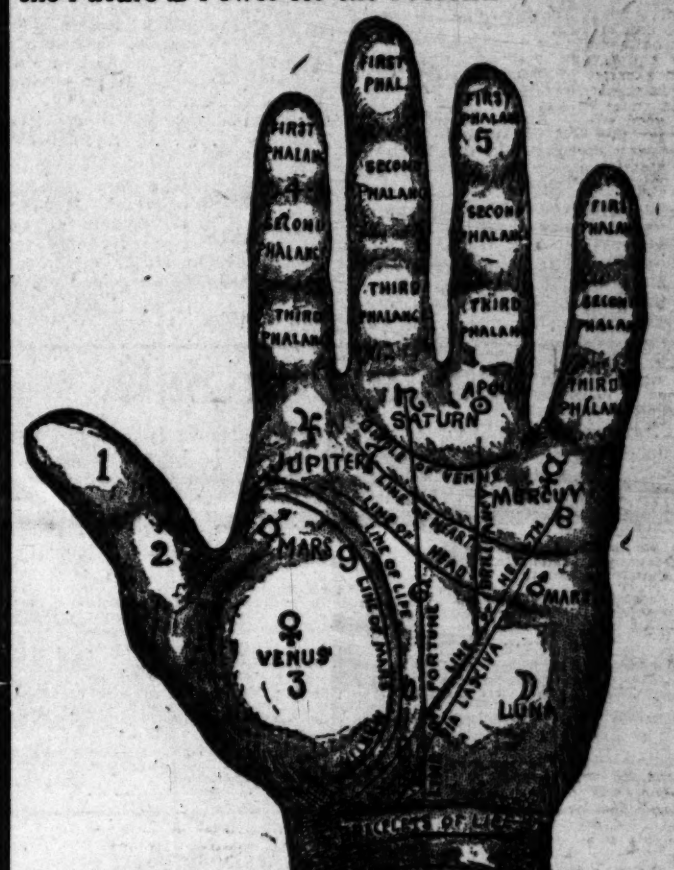
He can be consulted  
daily on all matters per-  
taining to one's welfare.  
Lessons given on Palm-  
istry and Psychology.  
Read the following care-  
fully and call at once.

Press and public recognize Professor Grey as the foremost and most  
able medium and palmist living. Where others fail he succeeds with ease,  
and he will not accept any fee unless you are perfectly satisfied, and re-  
ceive the information you desire.

## PROF. GEO. F. GREY

He is the only psychic and palmist ever having been accorded receptions by  
the European sovereigns, to whose courts he has been invited. He has  
successfully penetrated the secrets of the monarchs, princes, diplomats,  
statesmen and the most distinguished in the scientific and philosophical world.

All should know their future—Knowledge of  
the Future is Power for the Present.



## BY HIS WONDERFUL POWERS HE

WILL TELL YOUR FULL NAME.  
TELLS WHAT YOU CALLED FOR.  
TELLS WHAT YOU WANT TO KNOW  
POSITIVELY NO EQUAL ON EARTH IN HIS PROFESSION.

By Request He Gives Full Names of Your Relatives,  
friends, enemies, or any one you may desire. The number of brothers and  
sisters or children you have and their full names; also your mother's  
maiden name. Tells you how to be successful in business, law, love, mar-  
riage and everything.

Are You in Trouble of Any Kind,  
discontented, unhappy, or not satisfied in life, or have you any domestic or  
past troubles to annoy you? But no matter what your troubles may be you  
will be told of it and receive the proper advice.

How to Overcome All Troubles.  
Your past, your present life and your entire future and everything can be  
told by consulting Professor Grey, the World Eminent, Clear Seeing Reader  
and Scientific Palmist, who is the greatest master of occult science and  
psychic forces the world has ever produced.

His Predictions Are Always Correct and Never Fail to Come True,  
as many people in the city and elsewhere will testify.

Satisfaction Given or No Fee Accepted.  
Positively guaranteed success when ALL OTHERS fail.

Concerning Business Affairs,  
Gives never-failing information regarding all kinds of business, law suits,  
claims, collections, investments, speculation, mining chances, wills, pen-  
sions, insurance, deeds, mortgages, patents, inventions and all financial  
difficulties.

Love, Courtship and Marriage.  
Gives truthful revelations in all love affairs, troubles, marriages, family  
difficulties and divorces; reunites the separated, settles lovers' quarrels,  
gives names of the one you will marry and date of marriage; how to win  
the man or woman you love, restores lost affections, etc.

How to Control and Fascinate Any One You Know, Love or Admire.  
Does everything seem to go wrong and has fortune never smiled on you?  
Has your life been full of "ups and downs"? Do not despair, as you can  
yet learn the true road to success and happiness, for both await you if you  
only know HOW, WHEN and WHERE to find them, which will be revealed  
to you. You will also be told HOW TO HAVE YOUR WANTS AND  
WISHES SATISFIED.

How to Obtain Your Object in Life or Your Heart's Desire.  
How to live happy and contented the rest of your life and be fortunate.  
How to obtain the money you want and what you are best adapted for.  
Tells what you have done, what you are doing now and what you are going  
to do. All told without asking a single question. Letters containing \$1  
and date of birth, from out of town parties, answered.

The moderate fee of \$1 is charged on all con-  
sultations. Satisfaction guaranteed. Hours,  
daily and Sunday, 10 a.m. to 8 p.m. Office and  
residence at THE PORTLAND,

No. 444½ S. Spring St.

G. B. GREEN, Manager. A. LEWIS, Private Secretary.







all for less

bird Off Clothing

your own suits. Our  
cure a fit and our tailor  
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pay the bill  
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Wash Suits.

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50 to be sold at \$2.50

discount  
Bric-a-brac.

Rooms will be sold at a  
marked price. This  
below and contained in  
ices not mentioned, but  
ones quoted.

The Bique Room

Cut Glass

Bric-a-brac

Kid Gloves

When we say  
kid gloves  
mean  
real kid skin.  
There isn't a lam-  
skin included in  
this lot. Not one.  
Regular \$1.50 qual-  
ities in all colors  
and all sizes. Also  
\$1.25 genuine moca-  
skin, either pig-  
two clasp. All are  
and fitted. Special  
at

BUSINESS SHEET,  
City News-Markets.

XIX<sup>th</sup> YEAR

# The Awakening ....Of the Lion

Our great 12 1/2 per cent. discount sale on all Patent Medicines will be continued for another week. The lowest prices ever known in the drug trade on the Pacific Coast. Limited space permits the quotation of but a few prices. Every Patent priced in the same proportion.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <b>Rudolph's</b><br>Lyon's Tooth Powder..... 17c<br>12 1/2 off 20c 18c<br>Cuticura Soap<br>Bromo Seltzer<br>Piso Cough Cure<br>Garfield Tea<br>Ayer's Pills              | <b>Bromo Quinine Laxative</b> ..... 14c<br>12 1/2 off 40c 35c<br>Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets<br>Wizard Oil<br>Syrup Flga<br>Pond's Extract<br>Schiffman Asthma Cure  |
| <b>Hood's Sarsaparilla</b><br>Swamp-Root<br>Pillsbury's Compound<br>Paine's Celery Compound<br>Miles' Nervine<br>Scott's Emulsion<br>Pierce's Favorite Prescription, 65c | <b>Peruna</b> at..... 70c<br>Castoria at..... 22c<br>Carter's Liver Pills at..... 13c<br><b>12 1/2 off 75c 66c</b><br>Liquid Peptonoids<br>Schiffman Asthma Cure<br>Alkaloids<br>Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets<br>Ozonum<br>Maltines—all kinds<br>Listerine..... 65c |

**Special** This week we add to the 12 1/2 off sale all Tooth Brushes, Hair Brushes, Cloth Brushes.  
... BUY NOW AND SAVE MONEY ...  
**THOMAS DRUG CO. CUT-RATE DRUGGISTS,**  
Corner Spring and Temple Streets.

**THE SATURDAY POST**  
FIFTY CENTS PER YEAR.  
Issued WEEKLY by the Post Publishing Co.  
Suite 401-402 Stimson Building,  
Telephone Red 756. Los Angeles, Cal.

The rapid growth of business of the Saturday Post has compelled the move from our former place of business, 411 Stimson Building, to our new and commodious offices, Suite 401-402, Stimson Building, Los Angeles, California. The Saturday Post is published every Saturday morning, except on the day of the election. It is a full-page paper, containing the latest news from all parts of the world, and is a most interesting and valuable paper to the public of Southern California. It is published at a price of fifty cents per year, and is a most valuable paper to the public of Southern California. It is published at a price of fifty cents per year, and is a most valuable paper to the public of Southern California.

## Five Hundred Dollar Accident Insurance

Payable to the heirs or next of kin of anyone meeting death by accident or violence (except suicide) upon whose person at the time of the accident, there is a policy of insurance. The insurance is for five hundred dollars, and is a most valuable policy to the public of Southern California. It is published at a price of fifty cents per year, and is a most valuable paper to the public of Southern California.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <b>A LIST OF FATE:</b> by Viola Rosenberg.<br><b>ALL IN A GARDEN FAIR:</b> by Francis Lynde.<br><b>THE TREASURE FISHING:</b> by Cuthbert.<br><b>ONE TREE ISLAND:</b> by John Macdonald.<br><b>BENTLEY'S SYSTEM:</b> by Viola Rosenberg.<br><b>AN AFTERNOON AT MR. PEAL'S:</b> by Cuthbert.<br><b>THE HISTORY OF THE WATCH:</b> by Cuthbert.<br><b>THE ARREST OF LIEUT. COLONEL:</b> by Cuthbert. | <b>THE PROFESSOR'S THEORY:</b> by James Raymond.<br><b>A CLERICAL ERROR:</b> by Francis Lynde.<br><b>THE BORDER GANG:</b> by George Griffith.<br><b>THE SKYROCKET:</b> by Sir Walter Beaumont.<br><b>TWO OF A TRADE:</b> by Robert Barn.<br><b>THE TALK STICK:</b> by Mary Harwell.<br><b>A GATHERING OF LAVENDER:</b> by Cuthbert.<br><b>THE WIDOW TILLEY'S GREAT OUT-ING:</b> by Octave Thane. |
|--|--|

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**THE POST PUBLISHING CO.**  
421 Stimson Building, Los Angeles, Cal.

## I HAVE WON...



The confidence of the rupture sufferers of Southern California by never violating it—never promising impossibilities and always making good my guarantee—comfort, security and satisfaction, or money back. Today I fit more trusses daily than all the "truss dealers" in this city combined. There must be some reason for it. There is. I have built up this business

## By Deserving It.

By sparing no pains to please and satisfy all, and by holding out no false inducements. I so deal with each patron that he becomes my friend and loses no opportunity to recommend my work. I can make just such a friend of you. Opportunity is all I ask. I hold any reducible hernia with a light, easy truss, made to suit the case from my aluminum alloy—an ideal material for this purpose. No rust possible. No tight straps necessary. Ask to see my reference.

**W. W. SWEENEY,**  
Lady Attendant. 213 WEST FOURTH ST.

## A GOOD DEFENSE.

There is not a weak point in my defense against error in any dental operation performed. My office is the best equipped in any of the city. My practice is the largest. If this sounds like a boast, remember that this is a most simply an argument why my work is perfect and how its perfection is appreciated. Each of my patients get the benefit of special skill, special study, special practice and special pride on my part in the excellence of all my work. Satisfaction must be the result—most reasonable charges the cost.

**Dr. M. E. Spinks**  
THE DENTIST  
Phone R. 331. Spinks Block, Cor. Fifth and Hill Sts.

## Going Out of Business.

Will sell PHONOS a fraction above wholesale prices until March 1. E. G. ROBINSON, 233 South Broadway.

## ROBERTS ACQUITTED.

CAPTAIN OF POLICE TRIED AND FOUND NOT GUILTY.

Mayor Eaton Alone of the Five Police Commissioners Votes to Sustain the Charges Preferred Against the Veteran Officer.

George Rowell, Convicted of Burglary, Sentenced to Five Years in the Penitentiary at San Quentin.

Strange Woman Makes Disturbance in the Probate Court—Judge Trask Gives an Important Decision.

The great problem which has vexed the Police Commission for weeks past has been solved and W. C. Roberts, captain of police, by a vote of four to one, has been adjudged not guilty of the serious charges which had been preferred against him by friends of the administration of ex-Chief of Police Glass. This verdict was reached at 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon, after a public trial lasting the greater part of two days. The result was not altogether unexpected, as Mayor Eaton, alone, of the board of five Police Commissioners, showed a disposition throughout the investigation to oust Capt. Roberts from the position which he has so long filled. The Mayor, in spite of the unanimous opinion of his colleagues to the contrary, voted for conviction on each of five charges. On the sixth charge, preferred by himself, he did not vote, but, undoubtedly, he considered him guilty on that count also, else he would not have filed the complaint.

The hearing of the Roberts case was resumed by the Police Commission, sitting in special session as a court of inquiry, was resumed yesterday morning. Taking of testimony was concluded a little before 3 o'clock p.m. The commission then went into executive session and about an hour later announced the verdict, which was arrived at after a heated argument between the Mayor and some of the other commissioners. Details of the concluding proceedings are given below.

George Rowell, was sentenced yesterday to five years at San Quentin for burglarizing the house of Mrs. Z. H. H. of Angeleno Heights. An appeal was made in his behalf, on the ground that his father was a great lawyer.

Josephine Kinsella, a woman who claims to be the sister and widow of Joe Blow, who upon his death left \$2500 buried in his back yard, created a disturbance in the Probate Court yesterday by rising in an imaginary wrath and tramping lawyers in general.

Judge Trask yesterday handed down an important ruling on demurrer in a case involving the validity of a trust deed.

**[AT THE CITY HALL.]**  
**CAPT. ROBERTS NOT GUILTY.**

**POLICE INQUIRY AT LAST COMES TO AN END.**

The Commission, by a Vote of Four to One, Exonerates the Veteran Officer of Charges Unbecoming an Officer and a Gentleman—The Mayor Alone Dissents.

The Police Commission resumed investigation of the charges against Capt. W. C. Roberts at 2:30 o'clock yesterday morning. Owing to the large attendance of interested parties, the hearing was confined to the Council chamber, as on Wednesday.

The proceedings opened yesterday with the examination of character witnesses called in behalf of Mrs. Eva V. Ryan in rebuttal of testimony introduced on Wednesday, which tended to discredit her charges against Capt. Roberts.

The first witness was Sidney A. Butler, city agent of Wells, Fargo & Co. He said he had known Mrs. Ryan six or seven years, but had never met her outside of his office. He never knew anything about her otherwise than that she was a woman of good moral character. He knew nothing about her domestic affairs, and could not testify as to her reputation for truth and veracity in the community where she at present resides.

Rev. Dr. E. S. Chase, field secretary of the University of Southern California, testified that Mrs. Ryan was a member of his church at San Diego about eleven years ago. He had not seen much of her since, although she had called upon him once or twice in this city. She stood well in the church when he was her pastor. He admitted that wolves in sheep's clothing sometimes got into the church, but he never had any reason to suspect Mrs. Ryan. His knowledge of her character, however, practically ended when he ceased to be her pastor.

Willard D. Ball, general secretary of the local Y.M.C.A., testified that he had known Mrs. Ryan for five or six years in a casual way, but never heard her reputation discussed. He knew her only as an anxious mother who called to see him in his official capacity in regard to the spiritual welfare of her two sons. He had never heard of object to admitting any letters of this kind unless the writers came here to what they really knew about the woman who makes these charges," was the view, in substance, expressed by Mr. Parker, and in which all the other commissioners except the Mayor, concurred, and it was voted to reject the letters.

**CHARLEY YEN'S ROMANCE.**  
Mrs. Roberts was recalled by the Mayor to tell what she knew about the money given to Mrs. Ryan by the Chinaman, Charley Yen, who wished to marry Mattie Lawson. Mrs. Roberts told her, and on objections to such hearsay evidence when Mrs. Ryan self, her testimony was cut short. Mrs. Ryan was recalled and given an opportunity to explain about the

## "WEARY WILLIE" AND HIS POLITICAL "HAND-OUT."



Bryan: "Thank you, marm, I'm awfully hungry, and almost any old thing will do."

last six years, and did not profess to have exact knowledge of her general conduct, but he knew nothing to her discredit.

Mrs. M. Roberts, who lives in the same block with Mrs. Ryan, testified that she had known her about eighteen months, and had not seen anything wrong with her. She always paid for the meat she bought of him. He had not heard her character discussed, except by the newspapers, and he had formed his opinion from what he had read. So far as he knew, Mrs. Ryan's character was good.

W. B. Haney, proprietor of the Norma meat market, testified that he had known Mrs. Ryan four or five years, in a business way, and had not seen anything wrong with her. She always paid for her bills promptly, and appeared to be a truthful person. He never met her outside of the store, and did not know her socially.

**LETTERS REJECTED.**

Mayor Eaton wanted to introduce letters showing the nature of Mrs. Ryan's business, and testifying to her general character. Attorney Rogers objected, as did also Commissioners Ling and Parker, on the ground that it would be unfair to the defendant to admit documentary evidence, which he could not adduce by cross-examination. The Mayor persisted in getting the letters, or at least a portion of them, in despite all protests, and did not know her socially.

How would you like to have such evidence introduced against you, if you were on trial like Capt. Roberts?" But this is not evidence against the captain," protested the Mayor. "It is merely to show what some people think of Mrs. Ryan."

"It amounts to the same thing, and this kind unless the writers came here to what they really knew about the woman who makes these charges," was the view, in substance, expressed by Mr. Parker, and in which all the other commissioners except the Mayor, concurred, and it was voted to reject the letters.

Mrs. Roberts was recalled by the Mayor to tell what she knew about the money given to Mrs. Ryan by the Chinaman, Charley Yen, who wished to marry Mattie Lawson. Mrs. Roberts told her, and on objections to such hearsay evidence when Mrs. Ryan self, her testimony was cut short. Mrs. Ryan was recalled and given an opportunity to explain about the

money. She said the Chinaman gave her the money to buy clothes for Mattie Lawson, because he was afraid he gave it to the girl herself she would drink it up. He did not give her as much as \$42; she could not remember the exact amount, but he gave her \$2 at one time, \$15 at another, and \$5 or \$10 at another, all of which, and 25 or 40 cents of her own money was spent for the benefit of the girl.

Once started talking, the commission with difficulty got Mrs. Ryan stopped. Her tongue wagged and wagged to the utter consternation of the board, in telling all about a Mr. Petro and wife, who came to her house one night last week to dissuade her from appearing against Capt. Roberts. Mr. Petro told her that if her friend, Mr. Yan, would go to Mr. Rogers's law office, the latter would give him a good job, etc., etc., all of which was highly interesting, but irrelevant to the case, and after a great effort, Mrs. Ryan's flow of conversation was turned in another direction. She then undertook to tell all about a Mr. Petro and wife, who came to her house one night last week to dissuade her from appearing against Capt. Roberts. Mr. Petro told her that if her friend, Mr. Yan, would go to Mr. Rogers's law office, the latter would give him a good job, etc., etc., all of which was highly interesting, but irrelevant to the case, and after a great effort, Mrs. Ryan's flow of conversation was turned in another direction.

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corns he attended during the latter's term of office as tenderly as the ex-Chief now cultivates other corn on his Gardena ranch.

Combs's complaint was to the effect that Capt. Roberts gave bad advice to a young colored girl, Emma Freeman, whom Combs undertook to rescue from a life of shame last summer. The young negroess was serving a term in the City Jail for vagrancy when "Dr." Combs befriended her, and offered her a home in his family. If she would abandon her evil ways, at the expiration of her jail sentence, Combs took her before Capt. Roberts for a lecture, and the captain, according to an affidavit made by Combs, encouraged her to continue leading a life of sin, instead of advising her to reform. The affidavit also stated that the captain repeatedly "nudged her on the leg," while talking to her.

Combs did not complain to the Chief of Police about this alleged misconduct of the captain until some months after, when charges had been prepared against him by others, and it seemed probable that he would be dismissed from the force in disgrace. Combs declined his friendship for Chief Glass, induced him to make the affidavit after keeping quiet about the matter so long, but it was a remarkable coincidence that his conscience was awakened on the subject at the very time the town was being racked over with a fine-tooth comb for evidence that would justify the degrading of the veteran police captain, which had just taken place. This, however, was but one of many similar coincidences in the case, which before proceeding with the examination of the Combs charges, Attorney Le-compte Davis, for the defense, moved the dismissal of the case, on the ground that there was no allegation in the complaint which would warrant dismissal from the force or even reprimand, if all that was set forth in the "Rev. Dr." Combs's affidavit was proven to be the gospel truth. Mayor Eaton and other members of the commission thought the case should be gone into and that Capt. Roberts on his own account should insist upon the fullest research. This was agreeable to the captain and to his other attorney, Earl Rogers, also, so "Dr." Combs was called to the witness stand to elucidate his story, although, on direct examination, Combs reiterated the statements contained in his affidavit.

"What is your occupation?" asked Attorney Rogers when the witness was turned over to him for cross-examination.

"Chiroprapist, sah," was the answer. "By the way, you are chiroprapist in your own right, sah, than if I was doctoring you corns." While this interesting colloquy was in progress, Mayor Eaton frequently interrupted Mr. Rogers. This vexed the attorney, who turned upon the Mayor and declared savagely that he resented this constant interference with his

cross-examination, by the "prosecuting attorney."

"Don't make that remark again," exclaimed the Mayor with a show of anger. "I consider your language a disgrace to this board of which I am the chairman."

Rogers took no notice of this censorious protest, but proceeded with his bailing of the dusky witness.

"How long did Emma Freeman stay at your house, after you took her out of jail?" asked Rogers.

"About fifteen minutes after the deed off she got from Capt. Roberts. I don't know where she is now. I would sooner send her to Foker Davis than to Capt. Roberts for advice after that send off."

Combs's affidavit stated that Roberts's advice to the girl was that she could continue immoral relations with men, but she must not do so in public. On cross-examination he modified this by saying that the captain said: "If you are going to do this thing, don't be so public."

Capt. Roberts, in his own defense, testified that he told the girl that she was now going to a respectable family, where she could live decently and have the same privileges as other decent girls, but he warned her that if she continued her life of shame and solicited on the streets as she had done before, he would have her re-arrested and sentenced to a long term of imprisonment. He said Combs thanked him for giving this advice and made no remonstrance about it whatever at the time. The captain denied that he "nudged" the girl on the leg.

With this testimony the Combs case was submitted, and the commission at 11:40 o'clock took a recess till 1 p.m.


## ALLEGED KISSING EPISODE.

Upon reassembling at 1 o'clock the charges preferred by Mrs. F. E. Evans was taken up. Mrs. Evans is the divorced wife of former Police Officer Bates, who was retired on account of blindness. Mrs. Evans, in an affidavit sworn to on the 26th of January, avers that she and Capt. Roberts on two occasions when she visited his office between two and three years ago, to obtain information about her husband, who had left her, tried to kiss her. The affidavit did not credit him with having succeeded. Mrs. Evans was not present when the case was called, but her affidavit was read. The officer who had subpoenaed her stated that she was too ill to appear in person. The defense declined to proceed with the examination of her charges without an opportunity to cross-examine her, and a majority of the commission voted to dismiss the case, unless she appeared, furnished a doctor's certificate that it was impossible for her to attend. Officer Dyke was dispatched to carry this information to her, and in the meantime it was decided to proceed with the investigation of the charges made by Mrs. J. J. Clayton.

## MRS. CLAYTON RECOUNTS.

An affidavit purporting to have been made by Mrs. Clayton was read. This alleged that last November, when





**FAITHFUL OFFICIAL.**

**R. MATTHEWS, RETIRING  
POSTMASTER.**

Office Employees Give a Ban-  
quet in His Honor, and His Suc-  
cessor, J. H. White, is Com-  
mended to Good Will—Speeches by Judge  
Ex-Senator White and Others.

Yesterday a large number of  
people sat down to the banquet  
given by the letter carriers of  
this post office in honor of their  
faithful official, R. Matthews,  
who is retiring from the office  
of postmaster to-day. The  
banquet was given at the  
Hotel Hamilton, and was  
attended by a large number of  
the employees of the post office,  
and a number of friends of the  
retiring postmaster. The  
banquet was given by the  
letter carriers of this post  
office, and was a very  
successful one. The  
retiring postmaster, R. Matthews,  
was the guest of honor, and  
was commended to good will  
by Judge Ex-Senator White  
and others. The retiring  
postmaster, R. Matthews,  
was a very successful official,  
and his retirement from the  
office of postmaster is a  
great loss to the post office.  
The retiring postmaster, R.  
Matthews, was a very  
faithful official, and his  
retirement from the office  
of postmaster is a great  
loss to the post office.

postmaster, Gen. John H. B. The banquet hall at Jerry was neatly decorated with the colors, and the tables were decorated with smilax and The menu was up to every respect the service that could be desired. The guests to eat lasted until 9:30 when the "flow of soul" began. Sam Stern acted as toastmaster, giving him a neat speech on branch No. 24 of the National Union of Letter Carriers. Mr. Stern paid a high tribute to Mr. Matthews, not only as handling of the office force to advantage, but for his ability with the pen.

...closing he said:  
have been faithful, hard work-  
ing, enlisting the press, the  
various bodies of the state and  
legislative in Congress to add you  
and your facilities with which to  
effect the postal service  
activity. You have conducted  
the office with ability,  
and with an eye single to the  
state, and I am sure have had,  
in this respect, the approval  
of all classes of citizens  
of party affiliations.  
The division of services  
understood, and the  
existing upon your re-  
turn to the Los Angeles post-  
office terminal of our  
association is given, in this  
association that long life

**THE POSTAL FACTS**

thems, in responding, said: "The city of Los Angeles has significant residences, streets, parks, public buildings and to make up our great city stripped the record the government made in providing for the needs of the people. The annual salaries of the office to \$95,780.72; in 1989, \$122,250.00; in 1990, \$122,250.00; in 1991, \$122,250.00; in 1992, \$122,250.00; in 1993, \$122,250.00; in 1994, \$122,250.00; in 1995, \$122,250.00; in 1996, \$122,250.00; in 1997, \$122,250.00; in 1998, \$122,250.00; in 1999, \$122,250.00; in 2000, \$122,250.00; in 2001, \$122,250.00; in 2002, \$122,250.00; in 2003, \$122,250.00; in 2004, \$122,250.00; in 2005, \$122,250.00; in 2006, \$122,250.00; in 2007, \$122,250.00; in 2008, \$122,250.00; in 2009, \$122,250.00; in 2010, \$122,250.00; in 2011, \$122,250.00; in 2012, \$122,250.00; in 2013, \$122,250.00; in 2014, \$122,250.00; in 2015, \$122,250.00; in 2016, \$122,250.00; in 2017, \$122,250.00; in 2018, \$122,250.00; in 2019, \$122,250.00; in 2020, \$122,250.00; in 2021, \$122,250.00; in 2022, \$122,250.00; in 2023, \$122,250.00; in 2024, \$122,250.00; in 2025, \$122,250.00; in 2026, \$122,250.00; in 2027, \$122,250.00; in 2028, \$122,250.00; in 2029, \$122,250.00; in 2030, \$122,250.00; in 2031, \$122,250.00; in 2032, \$122,250.00; in 2033, \$122,250.00; in 2034, \$122,250.00; in 2035, \$122,250.00; in 2036, \$122,250.00; in 2037, \$122,250.00; in 2038, \$122,250.00; in 2039, \$122,250.00; in 2040, \$122,250.00; in 2041, \$122,250.00; in 2042, \$122,250.00; in 2043, \$122,250.00; in 2044, \$122,250.00; in 2045, \$122,250.00; in 2046, \$122,250.00; in 2047, \$122,250.00; in 2048, \$122,250.00; in 2049, \$122,250.00; in 2050, \$122,250.00; in 2051, \$122,250.00; in 2052, \$122,250.00; in 2053, \$122,250.00; in 2054, \$122,250.00; in 2055, \$122,250.00; in 2056, \$122,250.00; in 2057, \$122,250.00; in 2058, \$122,250.00; in 2059, \$122,250.00; in 2060, \$122,250.00; in 2061, \$122,250.00; in 2062, \$122,250.00; in 2063, \$122,250.00; in 2064, \$122,250.00; in 2065, \$122,250.00; in 2066, \$122,250.00; in 2067, \$122,250.00; in 2068, \$122,250.00; in 2069, \$122,250.00; in 2070, \$122,250.00; in 2071, \$122,250.00; in 2072, \$122,250.00; in 2073, \$122,250.00; in 2074, \$122,250.00; in 2075, \$122,250.00; in 2076, \$122,250.00; in 2077, \$122,250.00; in 2078, \$122,250.00; in 2079, \$122,250.00; in 2080, \$122,250.00; in 2081, \$122,250.00; in 2082, \$122,250.00; in 2083, \$122,250.00; in 2084, \$122,250.00; in 2085, \$122,250.00; in 2086, \$122,250.00; in 2087, \$122,250.00; in 2088, \$122,250.00; in 2089, \$122,250.00; in 2090, \$122,250.00; in 2091, \$122,250.00; in 2092, \$122,250.00; in 2093, \$122,250.00; in 2094, \$122,250.00; in 2095, \$122,250.00; in 2096, \$122,250.00; in 2097, \$122,250.00; in 2098, \$122,250.00; in 2099, \$122,250.00; in 2100, \$122,250.00; in 2101, \$122,250.00; in 2102, \$122,250.00; in 2103, \$122,250.00; in 2104, \$122,250.00; in 2105, \$122,250.00; in 2106, \$122,250.00; in 2107, \$122,250.00; in 2108, \$122,250.00; in 2109, \$122,250.00; in 2110, \$122,250.00; in 2111, \$122,250.00; in 2112, \$122,250.00; in 2113, \$122,250.00; in 2114, \$122,250.00; in 2115, \$122,250.00; in 2116, \$122,250.00; in 2117, \$122,250.00; in 2118, \$122,250.00; in 2119, \$122,250.00; in 2120, \$122,250.00; in 2121, \$122,250.00; in 2122, \$122,250.00; in 2123, \$122,250.00; in 2124, \$122,250.00; in 2125, \$122,250.00; in 2126, \$122,250.00; in 2127, \$122,250.00; in 2128, \$122,250.00; in 2129, \$122,250.00; in 2130, \$122,250.00; in 2131, \$122,250.00; in 2132, \$122,250.00; in 2133, \$122,250.00; in 2134, \$122,250.00; in 2135, \$122,250.00; in 2136, \$122,250.00; in 2137, \$122,250.00; in 2138, \$122,250.00; in 2139, \$122,250.00; in 2140, \$122,250.00; in 2141, \$122,250.00; in 2142, \$122,250.00; in 2143, \$122,250.00; in 2144, \$122,250.00; in 2145, \$122,250.00; in 2146, \$122,250.00; in 2147, \$122,250.00; in 2148, \$122,250.00; in 2149, \$122,250.00; in 2150, \$122,250.00; in 2151, \$122,250.00; in 2152, \$122,250.00; in 2153, \$122,250.00; in 2154, \$122,250.00; in 2155, \$122,250.00; in 2156, \$122,250.00; in 2157, \$122,250.00; in 2158, \$122,250.00; in 2159, \$122,250.00; in 2160, \$122,250.00; in 2161, \$122,250.00; in 2162, \$122,250.00; in 2163, \$122,250.00; in 2164, \$122,250.00; in 2165, \$122,250.00; in 2166, \$122,250.00; in 2167, \$122,250.00; in 2168, \$122,250.00; in 2169, \$122,250.00; in 2170, \$122,250.00; in 2171, \$122,250.00; in 2172, \$122,250.00; in 2173, \$122,250.00; in 2174, \$122,250.00; in 2175, \$122,250.00; in 2176, \$122,250.00; in 2177, \$122,250.00; in 2178, \$122,250.00; in 2179, \$122,250.00; in 2180, \$122,250.00; in 2181, \$122,250.00; in 2182, \$122,250.00; in 2183, \$122,250.00; in 2184, \$122,250.00; in 2185, \$122,250.00; in 2186, \$122,250.00; in 2187, \$122,250.00; in 2188, \$122,250.00; in 2189, \$122,250.00; in 2190, \$122,250.00; in 2191, \$122,250.00; in 2192, \$122,250.00; in 2193, \$122,250.00; in 2194, \$122,250.00; in 2195, \$122,250.00; in 2196, \$122,250.00; in 2197, \$122,250.00; in 2198, \$122,250.00; in 2199, \$122,250.00; in 2200,

...to the increased num-  
ber and the increase by  
having the city ranked as  
instead of second, is five-  
fold. I served this city well, if I  
faithful chief, it has been  
may have had faithful sub-  
ordinates, as he had good-by to  
one of the postoffice, be-  
cause his successor, the hearty  
and cooperation of every em-  
ployee in the office.

**MASTER GROFF.**

Mr. Matthews came Judge  
nominating postmaster. The  
Judge Groff's address was  
agent of the United States."



**Golden West Crude Oil Co.**  
(Just Incorporated)  
Have acquired over  
**1000 Acres**  
of  
**Oil Land.**

**320 Acres**  
In Coalinga District  
near the celebrated  
**Blue Goose Well.**

**400 Acres**  
In Kern County  
which 40 acres  
near the McKee  
Gusher

320 Acres  
 In San Luis Obispo  
 County, and a  
 valuable property

40,000  
 Shares

Of this stock, paid  
 \$1.00, have been  
 on the market at

150¢

A Share

BUY NOW

Stock Non-Assignment

OFFICERS  
 F. G. Calkins..... President  
 J. E. Cowles..... Vice-President  
 R. W. Miller..... Secretary  
 J. B. Henderson..... Auditor

FAITHFUL OFFICIAL.  
 SEN. J. R. MATTHEWS, RETIRING  
 POSTMASTER.

Postoffice Employees Give a Banquet in His Honor, and His Successor Attends and is Commended to Their Good Will—Speeches by Judge Groff, Ex-Senator White and Others.

Seventy people sat down to the banquet given by the letter carriers of Los Angeles last evening in honor of retiring postmaster, Sen. John R. Matthews. The banquet hall at Jerry Welch's was neatly decorated with the national colors, and the tables were tastefully decorated with smilax and geraniums. The menu was up to date in every respect and the service was all that could be desired. The good things to eat lasted until 8:30 o'clock, when the "flow of soul" began. W. J. Sandborn acted as toastmaster. In beginning he made a neat speech on behalf of Branch No. 24 of the National Association of Letter Carriers. Mr. Sandborn paid a high tribute to the ability of Mr. Matthews, not only as the handling of the office force to the best advantage, but for his ability to work with the department at Washington. In closing he said: "You have been faithful, hard working and zealous, enlisting the press, the commercial bodies of the city and our representatives in Congress to aid you in securing facilities with which to build up and perfect the postal service in this city. You have conducted the business of the office with ability and good, and with an eye single to the public good, and I am sure have had, all times, the respect and entire confidence of all classes of citizens. In view of party affiliations, in consideration of services personally rendered, and on account of the feeling existing upon your retirement from the Los Angeles postoffice, it is given to you by this slight testimonial of our association in which it is the honor of our association that the future prosperity may attend you in all your future walks in life."

SOME POSTAL FACTS.  
 Mr. Matthews, in responding, said: "The growth of the city of Los Angeles, its magnificent residences, streets, parks, boulevards, public buildings, and that go to make up our great city, has made it imperative that the government should outstrip the record of the

J. E. Carr.....Superintendent  
Fred Baker.....Superintendent

**DIRECTORS:**  
F. G. Calkins, J. E. Carr,  
R. W. Miller, J. E. Carr,  
J. B. Henderson, F. Baker,  
C. A. Kuna, E. C. Fish,  
W. C. Fish.

California Bank, Depository

**203 Laughlin Bldg.**  
**315 South Broadway**  
**LOS ANGELES, CAL.**

**Call and Investigate**  
**Prospectus**

Postoffice needs of the city. In 1896 the annual salaries of the office amounted to \$65,793.72; in 1898, \$121,669, an increase of \$55,875.97. In 1898 the receipts of the postoffice were \$127,911.04; in 1899, the receipts were \$228,417.61, an increase of \$100,506.57. The increase of employees during the four years was twenty-one and stations six. The total increase in salaries, both as to the increased number of employees, and the increase by reason of having the city ranked as first class, instead of second, is \$14,711.67.

If I have served this city well, if I have been a faithful chief, if I have been a faithful officer, if I have been a faithful subordinate, I have have had faithful subordinates."

Mr. Matthews, as he had good faith in the employees of the postoffice, he asks for his successor the hearty aid and cooperation of every employee of the office.

**POSTMASTER GROFF.**

Following Mr. Matthews came Judge Groff, the incoming postmaster. The object of Judge Groff's address was the President of the United States, "Victory over the enemy."

Have that science create progress and a better world.

**SPC**

Don't miss this  
Yon

**D**



3

indeed because they refused to heed the warnings of those who had a premonition of approaching danger.

The great majority of the more than a thousand who are availing themselves of every source that will throw any light upon the mysterious and unexplained phenomena of the past are men who have taken the trouble to investigate are willing to admit that wherever are minds gifted with rare intellectual powers, the power of retrospection whose reflex vision enables them to catch the shadow of coming events and to focalize them upon the mind. Of course this is not a power which is common to all professions, but that has never been denied as an excuse to denounce them all.

A good physician is known by his ability to detect the cause of disease; a good lawyer is known by his ability to defend and protect the interests of his clients;—then why not the clairvoyant be known by his ability to do what he can to remove disease?

Like the pyramids of ancient Egypt, the mystery of their majestic grandeur is only heightens far above their base, the more we know of them, the nearer we feel to the very field of occupation towers magnificently over all about him.

Every one else of his time as demonstrated by the fact that Emerson, Demosthenes in oratory, Homer in poetry, or,—in our own day—Edison in invention, stand in history unrivaled by the present.

Prof. Kohler asks that you will not be startled or astonished when you shall have read this greeting. He would that you should be so startled and astonished were he certain that his power would be induced to investigate his power or that you could know of his power.

...bbling in a cauldron—In fact nothing is assumed in order to give the auditors an idea of mysticism or ceremony. There is but 'one science that can lift the human mind above the level of the ordinary or read, and that is the science of many years' constant study and search in all parts of the world. The science of the adaptation of the human callings and vast knowledge of human nature.

Having traveled for many years in all parts of the known world, and having seen the plaudits of the leading scientific men as well as the masses, and after the tests that he has given to his own mind, he is now in a position to say that he believes he shall be able to convince you of the true and noble principles of clairvoyance and the science of the human mind.

He takes the high ground professionally that confidence is the first requirement with his patrons; and all who come to him are treated as equals, and he says that their business is sacredly protected.

His clientele for this reason, is composed of the educated, refined and successful men of the world, and he has been entirely unsolicited from patrons in every part of the empire.

Matters of business, domestic troubles, and all the various questions of the mind, and those pertaining to speculation, mining, social and domestic relations, reuniting of separated, and all the multifarious phrases of human life are at once mentally analyzed, and, as seen, are given in detail.

As a test, he has given in the following manner to his caller and tells for what purpose they came to consult him.

"Speculators in oil stocks should consult me," says Prof. K. H. Maguire, "and the same thing made in this line by those I have known to invest in the right stocks at the right time. Valuable advice comes from the study of the nervous diseases, evil habits and weaknesses of men and women. Hours of the day, Sundays, 10 to 12. Charge 10 cents."

danger, that they may so govern themselves as to avoid it.

That some do possess these marvelous powers has ceased to be a question with those who have been

er thanking Gen. Matthews for his cease until his term ends or death

**POUNDMASTER'S DEPUTIES**

kerson was in a delicate condition, and

**For the Complexion**

To purify and beautify the skin and prevent pimples, blotches, blackheads, redness, roughness, yellow, oily, mothy skin, chapping, tan, sunburn, and many other forms of skin blemishes, no other skin or complexion soap is for a moment to be compared with CUTICURA SOAP, because no other soap reaches the cause, viz., the *blood*, *irritated*, or *inflamed* condition of the PORES.

**For Hair and Scalp**

SHAMPOO with CUTICURA SOAP, *thrice* with warm water, dry and apply a light dressing of CUTICURA, protect of emollients, gently rubbed into the scalp. This will give refreshing, and inexpensive treatment not only soothe irritated and itching surfaces, stimulate the hair follicles, clear the scalp and hair of the crusts, scales, and dandruff, supply the roots with energy and nourishment, and make the hair grow, when all else fails, and

**Complete External and Internal**

**CUTICURA** Consisting of CUTICURA SOAP (50c), the itching scalp, dry, itchy skin, and CUTICURA AND GASK. COZE, Soap Bubbles, Elastic, "Merry to Clean."

THE SET S125 A single set is often sufficient to cure it.

**For the Complexion**

To purify and beautify the skin and prevent pimples, blotches, blackheads, redness, roughness, yellow, oily, mothy skin, chapping, tan, sunburn, and many other forms of skin blemishes, no other skin or complexion soap is so effective as CUTICURA SOAP, because no other soap reaches the cause, viz., the blood, and cleanses it in its inflamed condition of the pores.

**For Hair and Scalp**

SHAMPOO WITH CUTICURA SOAP, rinsed with warm water, dry and apply a light dressing of CUTICURA, protect of emollients, gently rubbed into the scalp. This will give refreshing, and inexpensive treatment to the scalp, soothe irritated and itching surfaces, stimulate the hair follicles, clear the scalp and hair of the crusts, scales, and dandruff, supply the roots with energy and nourishment; and make the hair grow, when all else fails.

**CUTICURA Consisting of Glycerin and Internal Purifier.**

The SET S-26 A single set is often sufficient to cure ITCHING SCALP, SORE THROAT, EACIEMIA, "ITCHY" TOOTHACHE, etc.

**For Red Rough Hands**  
SOAK the hands, on retiring, in strong, hot water, and rub with CUTICURA SOAP, until the hands are thoroughly dry, and anoint freely with CUTICURA Ointment. Wear during the night old, loose flannel gloves. For red, rough, chapped hands, dry, flamed, itching, and feverish palms, flannelless nails with painful finger-joints, this one night treatment is simply wonderful.

**For Sanative Uses**  
Its remarkable emollient, cleansing, and purifying properties, derived from CUTICURA, the great skin cure, warrant the use of CUTICURA SOAP, in the form of baths for annoying irritations, inflammations, and chafings, for too free or offensive perspiration, and also in the form of surgical washes and solutions for ulcerative weaknesses, and for many sanative antiseptic purposes which readily suggest themselves to women, and especially to mothers. The use of CUTICURA Ointment with CUTICURA SOAP will also be of advantage in the severer cases.

**Treatment of Erythema of Erythema.**  
To cleanse the skin, CUTICURA Ointment (see a label on the tin) is rubbed on the skin, and the excess removed when all the scales are gone. The Soap is then used.

**For Erythema.**  
Erythema is a skin disease which is characterized by a redness of the skin, and is often accompanied by itching and burning. It is caused by a variety of factors, including exposure to heat, cold, or sun, and by the use of irritating substances. The treatment of erythema involves the use of soothing and anti-inflammatory agents. CUTICURA Ointment and CUTICURA SOAP are recommended for this purpose. The ointment is applied to the affected area, and the soap is used to wash the skin gently. This helps to reduce the redness and itching, and promotes healing.

generosity may attend you in all future walks in life.

**SOME POSTAL FACTS.**

Mr. Matthews, in responding, said: The growth of the city of Los Angeles with its magnificent residences, streets, parks, public buildings and all that go to make up our great city has far outstripped the record the government has made in providing for the postoffice needs of the city. In the annual salaries of the office amounted to \$85,783.72; in 1899, \$125,718.89, an increase of \$39,719.87. In 1895 the receipts of the postoffice were annually \$177,811.64; in 1899, the receipts were \$228,417.61, an increase of \$50,605.97. The increase of employes during the four years was twenty-one, and stations six. The total increase in those of employes, both as to the increased number of employes, and the increase by reason of having the city ranked as a class, instead of second, is \$76,000.

"If I have served this city well, if I have been a faithful chief, if it has increased because I have had faithful subordinates."

Mr. Matthews as he bade good-by to the employes of the postoffice, bade good-by to his successor the hearty and well and cooperation of every employe of the office.

**POSTMASTER GROFF.**

Following Mr. Matthews came Judge Groff, the incoming postmaster. The subject of Judge Groff's address was "The President of the United States."

—Continued—

My Electric Belt has not only effected a permanent cure of my Rheumatism, but has also been of great service in curing my nervous system of all morbid influences. It has also been of great service in curing my nervous system of all morbid influences. It has also been of great service in curing my nervous system of all morbid influences.

**Dr. McLaughlin**

I have passed unscathed thro' the fiery trial of the Electric Belt, and I am fully entitled to those rights of scientific labor. In my grand work, "The Electric Belt," I have given you the most complete and accurate information regarding the use of the Electric Belt, and its continuous success in curing all kinds of nervous diseases. It is a new and original way of using Electricity, and it is the only one that will cure all kinds of nervous diseases. It is a new and original way of using Electricity, and it is the only one that will cure all kinds of nervous diseases.

**DR. M. A. McLAUGHLIN—sell my Belt at HALF PRICE.**

My Electric Belts—no Blistering or Burning.

**Rest**

**DEAR M. A. McLAUGHLIN—Dear Sir:** I am a general investor, and I have been a general investor for many years. I have been a general investor for many years, and I have been a general investor for many years. I have been a general investor for many years, and I have been a general investor for many years.

**DR. M. A. McLAUGHLIN—sell my Belt at HALF PRICE.**

ected. See programme on page 2, Part III.

# McLAUGHLIN

ected very astonishing cures, but it carries with it the same magnetic force as if the grandest remedy in the medicine chest.

## McLaughlin's Electric Belt

ord of a court of justice, whose decision has been rendered, which have accrued from my years of suffering, the extraordinary demand for my medicine has the only battery with my new medicine is proof of its wonderfully curative power. It absolutely cures RHEUMATISM, KIDNEY DISEASE, GRAVEL, GOUT, SCIATICA, and an woman. Call and see my medicine Free, or send for illustrated book, and list of testimonials. I will make a special price to those disappointed with the results of my Belt.

### Restored His Strength.

Monica, Los Angeles Co., California.  
I have used your Belt now for about one month, and I have no equal, and it is worth to me more than my life. Send it all to your company.  
ORLANDO

# McLAUGHLIN

... weapons, but did not do so. Mrs. WILSON'S VICTORY

... daily proving  
... harm, the same  
... world. The

...  
...  
... decision affirms  
... of medical and  
... appliances is in-  
... ly-invented  
... live power. By  
... VEY TROUBLE  
... latest improved  
... mated free.

... old style, burn-

... Feb. 2, 1900.  
... month and it has  
... many times the  
... wonderful belt.  
... SPRAGUE.

... LIN, 129 $\frac{1}{2}$  WEST



...ness, as frequently during her libels, and in our  
beravement.

**FACTORY!**



**SECOND STREET**  
LOS ANGELES, CAL.

**DRS. HARRIS**  
The Only Strictly Reliable  
**FOR MEN**  
In Los Angeles.

Our practice is confined to diseases and weaknesses of men and absolutely nothing else. We treat and cure Nervous Debility, Partial or Complete Loss of Vital Force, Unnatural Drains, Premature Weakness, Contracted Ailments, including Contagious Blood Poison, and Diseases of the Kidneys, Bladder and results of Badly Treated Cases.

We positively GUARANTEE to cure PILES, RUPTURE, HYDROCELE and large and twisted veins found in the left side.

We will examine you, tell you in due treatment, give you full satisfaction in every case.

You are not required to pay a cent until cured.

Room 213 Nolan & Smith Block, cor. Seaside & Broadway.  
Private Entrance on Broadway.

**Copper Plate Engraving**  
Wedding Invitations, Announcements, At-  
Whedon & Spreng Co.

**ISON & CO**  
**Reliable Specialists**



...ds, in one week.  
...tell what your disease is, explain o  
...ry way, absolutely **FREE** of charge  
...if you are entirely well.

**Second and Broadway, Los Angeles**  
**Second Street.**

---

**and Printing.**  
Home and Calling Cards, Fine Stationery,  
WILCOX  
., BLOCK, **204 S. Spring St**



















The B'way—the busy store. The B'way—the busy store. The B'way—the busy store. The B'way—the busy store. The B'way—the busy store. The B'way—the busy store. The B'way—the busy store.

**"To Have and to Hold"** By Miss Mary Johnston. On Sale in our book store the latter part of this week. Our order left Houghton, Mifflin & Co., the publishers, 17th inst.—the very day it came from the presses—and is now speeding westward as fast as the express can rush it. We when we placed the order that the demand would be so heavy—we are sure that these first few hundred books will go in a jiffy. You ought to get in line now.



# A Spring St. Stock of Shoes==less than 50c

Can you believe it? Whose? From one of the oldest established houses.

Allover Embroideries a Large Line at Small Prices.

## Now the New Millinery.

Tomorrow you may have the first peep at the new spring fancies. This is the first time we have mentioned millinery since our great clearance sale. We haven't had any to talk about. The entire stock was closed out, including every scrap of material. We opened the season with everything new. This season's style offers greater variety in coloring and combinations; requiring more skill in designing. The artistic manner in which the clever milliners harmonize all the pretty shades has resulted in some wonderfully beautiful creations.



New Neck and Juby Ruches are Here.

## Upheaval in Granite and Tinware.

We are doing great things in our house furnishing department. Excitement tomorrow will be intense. Needy folks are supplying their kitchens in great quantities these days, and well they may.

Prices Have Dropped Fully One-Half.

- |   |   |  |
|---|---|--|
| <b>Tin Cups for 3c.</b><br>Heavy retined and seamless.                  | <b>33c Buckets 16c.</b><br>Of the best gray granite, 10 quart size.         | <b>47c Dishpans 29c.</b><br>The best gray granite, 10 quart size.      |
| <b>Water Basins 4c.</b><br>Of heavy stamped tin.                        | <b>40c Colanders 20c.</b><br>The heavy gray kind, 10 and 12 in. across.     | <b>17c Soap Dishes 9c.</b><br>The best graniteware, made with a drain. |
| <b>Pudding Pans 9c.</b><br>Heavy retined deep, seamless; hold 8 quarts. | <b>60c Water Pail 41c.</b><br>Seamless and hold 10 quarts. Of gray granite. | <b>Water Dippers 4c.</b><br>Of a superior quality of tin and seamless. |

Liberty Silk Ruches, 89c and Up.

## Fine Offers in Rubber Goods

Prices are Much Lower Than They Ought to Be.

We could ask more and you would never know the difference, but we prefer to give you the advantage just as it came to us.

- 50c Bailey rubber complexion brush for 39c.
- 2 qt. duplex hot water bottle for 69c.
- 75c 2 qt. challenge fountain syringe for 59c.
- 75c 2 qt. hot water bottle for 59c.
- 2 qt. rapid flow fountain syringe at \$1.23.
- This is the best quality of seamless rubber, put up in a new partitioned box.
- 25c car and eye syringe for 19c.
- 10c ladies' toilet pumice, 8c.
- 25c wool puff for 19c.
- 25c infants' puff boxes, 19c.
- 50c celluloid soap boxes for 29c.

Our New Spring Line of Ribbons are Here.

## Sale of Sample Underwear.

1200 Garments Direct from the Mills at Actually Half Their Present Value.

And they're not riff-raff either. Garments designed for present wearing. They've netted their makers profits long ago selling other goods. These are the garments with which the traveling salesmen have sold their spring stocks—

There are Men's, Women's, Misses' and Children's—

But 4 or 5 of a Size. Now this is quite unusual. We've been very moderate in the statement of the facts—we want you to believe every word we've said. Let us make it a little clearer yet; wool vests that we paid \$9.50 for last season, cost \$12 now. We have samples of these identical garments on sale this week on the basis of \$6 a dozen.

## Just Exactly Half What They're Worth.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <b>Lot 1 Ladies' Vests</b> —high neck and short sleeves or sleeveless, taped necks, finished seams, worth up to 25c for 12½c.   | <b>Lot 4 Ladies' Vests and Pants</b> —Fleece lined, natural color, cream or ecru, silk taped necks, finished seams, gusset sleeves, worth up to 35c for 22½c.  |
| <b>Lot 2 Ladies' Vests or Pants</b> —Light or medium weights, high neck, long or short sleeves; also low neck and sleeveless—all fine jersey ribbed. Silk taped neck and arms, fancy edges, worth up to 35c for 17½c. | <b>Lot 5 Children's Vests and Pants</b> —Fine Jersey ribbed, natural color or white, suitable for boys or girls, all sizes, worth up to 35c for 19c.           |
| <b>Lot 3 Ladies' Vests and Pants</b> —Natural color, cream or ecru, fine jersey ribbed, silk taped neck, long or short sleeves; also low neck and sleeveless; large assortment. Worth up to 35c for 19c.              | <b>Lot 6 Children's Union Suits</b> —Fleece lined, cream or natural color, open down the front, extra good quality, perfect finish, worth up to 35c, for 22½c. |

Our New Spring Line of Ribbons are Here.

Not a very big stock, but a very good one.

This is, indeed, the best shoe news ever printed in a Los Angeles paper, chiefly because **They are so desirable---designed for present wearing.**

But don't misunderstand us; there are but a few scant hundred pair—not many in each lot, so don't be disappointed if you can't find your size in one pile—you may in another, for there are included

## shoes for everybody

from the baby to grandma and back again.

Plain facts bluntly put.

Now, don't blame us if you come late and don't find what you expect—the only discouraging feature about this whole thing is the limited quantity.

- 25c—For Infants' 50c, 75c and \$1 Shoes. Button or lace, sizes 1 to 6.
- 98c—For Women's \$4, \$5, \$3.50 Shoes. The finest kid, lace or button, turned or welted soles.
- \$1.48—100 Pairs Men's Satin Calf Shoes. Lace or congress, plain or French toes; solid throughout.
- 98c—Women's \$2.50, \$2 and \$1.50 Strap Sandals.
- 69c—Women's \$1.50, \$1.25 and \$1 Kid Sandals. With a few opera slippers. They are a mixed lot, but of fine kid and only a few hundred pair.
- 98c—Choice of Misses and Children's Shoes worth \$2. Fine kid, all styles, but not many of a kind.
- \$1.48—For Women's \$4 and \$5 Oxfords. Black and tan, and a few southern ties—splendid styles.
- \$1.98—For Men's \$3.50, \$4 and \$5 Shoes. Black and tan, lace and congress, standard and high class shoes; among them are James Means.
- \$2.98—Men's Fine \$5 and \$6 Shoes. Finest vici kid, wax calf and cordovan, hand welts; there can be no finer shoes, but look at the price!

## The last and best bargains from the Emporium Stock.

Reduced prices have been reduced again. Straggling lots have been bunched.

Everything has been re-assorted—re-priced. We are determined that every particle of the Emporium stock shall be sold this nesday night. We've made the prices with the intention of doing it in one day. It's likely that the best things here will be gone by night.

- |   |   |   |   |
|---|---|---|---|
| <b>Fine 8-4 Sheets 45c.</b><br>And of an excellent quality muslin, hemmed, torn by the thread and ironed. You'll pay 10c and 15c more for the same thing if you go any place else.  | <b>Children's Flannel Dresses, 47c.</b><br>They're worth 65c, for they're made of the very best 10c-outing flannel. Trim'd with serpentine braid. They have baby waists or square yokes. Ages 6 months or four years. | <b>Wire Hair Brushes 5c.</b><br>With black enameled backs and very well made.                                 | <b>Choice Outing Flannels 6c.</b><br>Stripes and checks, light colors, a quality that you usually see for 10c.  |
| <b>10c Percales for 7½c.</b><br>36 in. wide and in a handsome variety light or dark shades, stripes, dots or figures; but don't wait too long—they're sure to go fast.  | <b>Boys' 40c Overalls 19c.</b><br>Made of the best Amoskeag denim, stout and very well made.  | <b>Horn Hairpins 5c doz.</b><br>Large size in shell, amber or black. Emporium sale price, Monday, a doz. 5c.  | <b>Children's Black Hose 3c.</b><br>Fine ribbed, fast color, they can't carry long at such a price.   |
| <b>12½c Piques for 9½c.</b><br>Now that may seem funny but it's a fact. Every yard is worth 12½c, but we have a tremendous stock of these favorite stuffs and we want to get you acquainted with them very quickly—thus this remarkable concession. They are welled; white and colored. | <b>35c Window Shades 17½c.</b><br>Odds and ends of opaque shades, good colors. A few of them are a little damaged on the edges—not enough to hurt.  | <b>Glass Beads, bunch 3½c.</b><br>Such as used for portieres or fancy work. In large variety of colors.       | <b>Ladies' Fine Hose at 8c.</b><br>With double knees, spliced heels and toes. The last of the Emporium's 10c and 12c stockings.   |
|   | <b>17c Art Denim for 12c.</b><br>Its plain and 24 in wide. The colors are good and just the kind you want.  | <b>Net Shopping Bags, 19c.</b><br>In brown or ecru. Well and strongly made.                                   | <b>75c Corsets for 43c.</b><br>Gray or black, of fine steen or jean, and extra well boned. Tomorrow will likely be your last chance at these choice corsets, so take warning. |
|   | <b>Belt and Collar Clasps 15c.</b><br>In steel, gilt or oxidized. Plain or with fancy stone settings. A big variety to choose from.   | <b>Child's Nazareth Waists 15c.</b><br>Fine jersey ribbed, well taped, sizes 2 to 10 years.                   | <b>Child's Nazareth Waists 15c.</b><br>Fine jersey ribbed, well taped, sizes 2 to 10 years.   |
|   |   | <b>Ladies' Gauntlet Gloves 49c.</b><br>Made of heavy lamb skin, with clasp fastening. Good variety of shades. | <b>Best! Oiled!</b><br>However, they're not pieces here and there, but that's all right, only the price. Every pair.  |

**The Broadway Department Store**  
Broadway, corner Fourth, Los Angeles.

It is with pleasure that I state that I have had several teeth filled by Dr. Schiffman, and that he killed and extracted the nerve and filled the root of one of my teeth and put on a porcelain crown which cannot be distinguished from a natural tooth, all of which was done without pain.

**JUDSON R. HUSH,**  
Of Davis & Bush, Attorneys, 3 Rogers Block.

**NO PLATES REQUIRED**

I have had a great deal of trouble in having my teeth extracted, but at last I have found Dr. Schiffman, who has just extracted two of my largest teeth without pain whatever. I endorse his method with great satisfaction.

**JEWELL PEASE,**  
839 South Spring St., with Niles Pease Furniture Co.

The method of extracting teeth used by Dr. Schiffman is absolutely painless.

**CHARLES T. HEALEY,**  
Baker Block, L. A.

**Dr. Schiffman** pulled a large tooth for me, and I must confess he did it very nicely. I did not suffer a particle of pain and my gums were left in splendid shape.

**P. H. SHROEDER,**  
With London Clothing Co., Los Angeles.  
107 North Spring Street.

**Barnes White Flyers....**  
The Neatest Good Bicycle That Ever Came to Town.  
**\$40.00 \$50.00 \$60.00**  
**W. G. WILLIAMS, Sole Agent,**  
500 South Broadway, Corner Fifth.

**SHONINGER BEHR BROS DECKER**  
**PIANOS**  
Williamson Bros., 327 S. Spring.

**Shaving Out**  
Carving Sets, Manicure screws, Table Knives, Pocket Knives, Cold Meat Saws, Embroidery, Flower, Grapes, Razor and Shave Brushes, STEINER, 120 N. 1st St.

**LOS ANGELES CUTLERY CO.**  
Next L. A. The-ter.

**Steel Well Casing**  
Water Pipe, Tanks.  
**Thompson & Boyle Co.**  
310-314 Requena St.

See Our Black Clay Worsteds Suits Made to Order for \$17.50. Fit Guaranteed.  
**BRAUER & KROHN,**  
Tailors, 114½ S. Main. Next the Orpheum.

**Barnes Bicycles The White Flyers**  
The 1900 Models are being shown by W. G. WILLIAMS, sole agent for Los Angeles, at S. E. Corner FIFTH and BROADWAY

**CALLING CARDS**  
100 for 60 Cents, engraving, no plate, everywhere; latest from samples mailed. **TYPOGRAPHIC CO.**  
200 W. 4th Street

**AN FRANCISCO—INCLUDING**  
\$7.85 First Class. Mon., Fe departure  
\$5.85 Second Class. 1st Mo.

**HAWAIIAN ISLANDS—**  
Tickets and future sailings apply to agent.

**Los Angeles**  
COMPLETE 35 PAGES



**John Bull, in**

**DONE IN A DAY.**

**The Observation Car**  
on this train affords pleasant opportunity for seeing the sights. Tickets admit stopover at any point on the track—Round trip \$4.00.





ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY MAGAZINE

# Los Angeles Sunday Times

COMPLETE  
IN 10 PAGES

FEBRUARY 25, 1900.

PRICE PER YEAR....\$2.5  
SINGLE COPY....5 CENTS

UNCLE SAM IN THE ORIENT.



(The United States proposes to send a commission to investigate the needs of Oriental trade.)  
John Bull, in the background: "Confound that fellow! he's stealing all my trade."



## OUR SUNDAY MAGAZINE.

## SCOPE AND CHARACTER.

THE ILLUSTRATED SUNDAY MAGAZINE, though only in its third year, is an established success. It is complete in itself being served to the public separate from the news sheets, when required, and is also sent to all regular subscribers of the Los Angeles Sunday Times.

The contents embrace a great variety of attractive reading matter with numerous original illustrations. Among the articles are topics possessing a strong Californian color and a piquant Southwestern flavor; Historical, Descriptive and Personal Sketches; Frank G. Carpenter's incomparable letters; 'Sou' by 'Sou'west: the Development of the State; Current Literature; Religious Thought; Timely Excerpts; Scientific and Solid Subjects; Care of the Human Body. Romance, Fiction, Poetry, Art; Anecdote and Humor; Noted Men and Women; the Home Circle; Our Boys and Girls; Travel and Adventure; Stories of the Firing Line; Animal Stories; Fresh Pen Pictures, and a wide range of other fresh, popular up-to-date subjects of keen human interest.

Being complete in themselves, the weekly issues may be saved up by subscribers to be bound into quarterly volumes of thirteen numbers each. Each number has from 28 to 32 large pages, and the matter therein is equivalent to 120 magazine pages of the average size. They will be bound at this office for a moderate price.

For sale by all newsdealers; price 5 cents a copy, \$2.50 a year. THE TIMES-MIRROR COMPANY, Publishers, Times Building, Los Angeles, Cal.

## Los Angeles Sunday Times

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY MAGAZINE.  
ESTABLISHED DECEMBER 5, 1897.

## "THE MARKET VALUE OF A GOOD NAME."

THE TIMES has frequently urged upon those of its readers who sell or desire to sell goods of any description in foreign markets, the great importance of preparing their products in such manner as shall meet the tastes of those whose patronage they seek. Many a merchant has been unable to sell his goods in Europe or in South America simply because they were not received in a form which made them attractive to consumers. Our consuls have again and again urged the necessity of care in this regard, but our shippers have paid little heed to their admonitions. They think their own way the best, and persist in it, with the result that there is no demand for their goods; whereas, if they would yield to the notions of those whose patronage they seek, they might often find a valuable market.

The New York Tribune, in an editorial in a recent issue, under the title, "The Market Value of a Good Name," calls attention to the fault of which we have spoken, and also to another which is equally deserving of consideration, namely, carelessness as to the quality of products sent abroad. Referring to a statement made by a Mr. Baker of Southampton, Eng., before the Eastern New York Horticultural Society, it quotes him as saying that Americans receive a lower price for their products than any other people in the world, for the reason that in the markets of the world their products are reputed to be of uncertain quality. "The Tasmanian," he says, "gets three times as much for his apples in England as the American. He ships them in better form. His small boxes are transported at a cheaper rate than our barrels, which waste car and ship space. The consumer prefers them, and the goods keep better in them. Some Americans also try to take advantage of their customers by hiding poor fruit under good, and they not only disgust buyers and discourage dealing with Americans, but injure themselves, for the returns they get for their whole product from knowing purchasers are the value of their poorest and not their best stock."

Referring to these statements, the Tribune says:

"Anybody who knows how other American produce has been put at a disadvantage in European markets by careless and unscrupulous persons will be inclined to accept Mr. Baker's statements as well within the truth. The name which Canadian cheese holds, even in our own markets, tells the story. It is the same way with butter. Then Mr. Baker tells us the Australian has the advantage of a good name. His butter sells for 12s. a hundred-weight, while for American butter 9s. is an upset price. And so one might go through the list. Some gastronomic critic of Europe might modify the old question and ask: 'Who drinks an American wine—without a French label?' The investigators of the Agricultural Department have made frequent reports on the adulterations of canned goods. A glance at the advertisements in certain trade journals will make it evident that salicylic acid and other preservatives must be extensively used for meats, in spite of the denials of persons engaged in the packing business. So the horticulturist has plenty of company when he puts poor articles on the market as good."

"Unfortunately, no one producer or shipper can be certain of standing on his own merits in a foreign country. The just suffer for the reputation of the unjust. If American fruits are to enjoy the favor which is their due abroad, they must be put on the market there in large quantities of uniform grade. The consumer must be taught that at least certain specific shipments of American fruit are always worth having. This might, perhaps, be accomplished by union among growers or exporters. The case of Australian butter furnishes a suggestion. The government of New South Wales, and, we believe, some of the other colonial governments in their anxiety to develop a steady demand in England for Australian produce have established public warehouses from which goods conforming to rigid requirements as to quality and packing are shipped under official brand. Special attention has been given to the export butter trade, and Mr. Baker's figures may perhaps be accounted for by it. The United States is probably not prepared to undertake the warehouse business, though its meat-inspection system is a step

in that direction. It might be possible, however, for leading exporters who know the value of a good name and realize the folly of spoiling it for the sake of working off an invoice of inferior goods now and then to combine for the establishment of a system of inspection and standards of quality and packing. The foreign buyer would soon learn to look for an association mark and respect it if it proved worthy of respect. The shippers who preferred to be tricky or careless would be left to suffer for their own misdeeds, and after a time would probably learn that if they wanted a good and regular outlet, the way to secure it was to conform to the standard and secure the benefit of the cooperative approval, or to gain the confidence of buyers independently. As it is, the foreign consumer too frequently knows American fruits and other products merely as American, with no means of knowing good from bad, and with enough experience of the bad to doubt if there be any other."

When our producers of products for foreign markets learn two lessons, namely, to be honest in regard to the quality of the goods they ship and to prepare their products in a manner that comports with the tastes of the people to whom they are sent, they will reap the advantages which are ripe for them. Until they do this, they need not expect to find appreciative markets.

## GREATNESS THROUGH OPPORTUNITY.

THE Portland Oregonian is apparently inclined to think that the people of this country are in the habit of giving a little too much credit to Washington and Lincoln for the part these two men have played in American history. It notes the fact that its exchanges are full of speeches made on "Lincoln day," and remarks that there is nothing in those speeches but "a ceaseless wash of indiscriminate panegyric, which makes Lincoln almost as wooden and fanciful a historical figure as Washington was in our literature fifty years ago." It then says that Lincoln, like Washington, "became a great leader and statesman not because he compelled circumstances, but through opportunity."

Now, it is very true that neither Lincoln nor Washington created the circumstances under which he became great. Had he done so, he would have been responsible for all the calamities attendant upon a great war. The circumstances which gave opportunity for the exercise of the greatness which Lincoln is acknowledged to have possessed were the most trying under which this nation has ever passed. Lincoln did not "compel" these conditions, but he met them fairly and squarely and compelled them to yield to the force of his intelligence and his will. Providence permitted the occasion to come—for a purpose which it may not be easy even at this date to understand—but He also raised up the man to meet the opportunity. It matters not if Lincoln did not have the "many-sided mentality" of Franklin, or the broad statecraft of Hamilton or Marshall, nor that he was "not a man of national fame as a lawyer or a statesman" when he was nominated for President; his opportunity came, he met it better than did any of them meet theirs, and, for that reason, he will be honored more than they while time shall last.

Men often may, and often do, "compel circumstances;" that is to say, they bring about conditions through which they may achieve some purpose. The business man does this when he conceives and executes some plan by which he is given an advantage over his competitors. The politician does it when he so manipulates things as to organize a "machine," with himself as its operator. But all conditions are not man-made. Neither Washington nor Lincoln was called upon to create the conditions which made his greatest usefulness possible, but this does not detract from the debt of gratitude which the country owes them.

Each of these men rendered a service of incalculable value to his country. There is no danger of their services being held in undue appreciation. Living men sometimes are harmed rather than helped by a too-generous manifestation of approval. It makes them conceited; gives them an overweening self-esteem which destroys their usefulness. But no harm comes from recalling the noble services of men, the history of whose lives is closed. "De mortuis nil nisi bonum"—say nothing but good concerning the dead, is a maxim which it is generally well to put into practice. The only exception is in reference to men of vicious lives, which may be used to "point a moral." There was nothing in the life of either Washington or Lincoln which can give excuse at this day for criticism calculated to dim the luster of his memory. Both were human, and therefore neither was perfect; but both were men of high moral character, of marvelous powers of comprehension and wonderful executive force.

Even if it could be shown that there were other men of their time who would have met the duties which they encountered equally as well as they, this would be no reason for withholding the fullest measure of appreciation from Washington and Lincoln. The chief value which comes from the observation of memorial days, such as the birthdays of great men, lies in the lessons of patriotism to be drawn from their lives and the inspiration which a review of their services gives to the living, and especially to the young. These lessons cannot be made too impressive. Let them continue to be reviewed and emphasized on the rostrum and in the press, and let there be injected into them nothing to detract from them their fullest force and effect. There is no danger that the cultivation of patriotism will be overdone.

[Milwaukee Sentinel:] It is a pity that our Consul at Pretoria, when the war broke out, happened to be Mr. Macrum. If he had only been stationed at Weimar or Pasphebiac, there might have been an American man in the Transvaal.

## CURRENT EDITORIAL THOUGHT.

[Philadelphia Record:] Ex-Congressman Macrum, having himself out and off, should now be taken charge of by nearest friends and sent to a sanatorium.

[Kennebec (Me.) Journal:] The chief feature of the Chicago anti-trust conference was the reluctant delegates to trust each other or anybody else.

[Cleveland Leader:] Rev. Dr. Gladden will be date in one of the wards of Columbus for City Well, good-by, doctor; take care of yourself.

[Memphis Commercial Appeal:] When the doctor corkscrew from the vermiform appendix, the tuckian, confidence in appendicitis was gone.

[Baltimore American:] The safest plan is to canal first, reserving all rights. To give away before a spade has been struck into the soil is a serious embarrassment hereafter.

[Omaha Bee:] The report that Paul had borrowed money from Russell Sage, if true, is a story that the Frenchman is broke. Sage is lending money to people without plenty of cash.

[Cleveland Plain Dealer:] Mr. Frick's confession that open confession is good for the soul, acts like a man who sincerely hopes to be of remorse in the breast of his one-time victim.

[Hardeman Free Press:] We're for the boys who are fighting for their country; fighting for the Slingersfontain, and other places; but, for the Boers because they have us up to defend their Jagfontain.

[San Francisco Chronicle:] New troops are winning victories in South Africa, public expects an outbreak on the part of the poet laureate. The one consolation of defeat was that it kept him silent.

[Chicago News:] From some indications a "naval parade" on the drainage canal, Dewey will need all the nerve he had when 1898, to keep his friends from making him a well-meant but ludicrous demonstration.

[New York Sun:] There is reason to believe the palace revolution at Peking, which is the prospect of stimulating change in traditional methods, may prove unfavorable to projects to which European and American of late, given a good deal of attention.

[Boston Globe:] A country as rich as ours, hardly figure in annexing Hawaii and 2120 miles out to sea in utter isolation, to hear from our little baby community, way east. Once a direct submarine cable, "the world is ours," so to speak, telegraph shall soon have it is as good as settled.

[Washington Post:] If clergymen who believe have ceased to harmonize with the quietly step down and out, no heresy, infidelities attending them, would Christian churches, sects and denominations country to afford a large and varied the discontented. Almost every religious belief is represented in a greater or less number of sincere together. And beside this amplitude of contented preacher has a clear right to In fact, his rights are many and important not include the right to betray his his ordination vows. They give him main in the pulpit as a fraud or as which his church regards as false.

## CALIFORNIA WOOD.

We learn that Santa Barbara is not the most effective representation in the exposition. But it is not through the painter, or the chisel of the sculptor, but by the work of a cunning artist, California, Julius Starke of that city, an artistic table top, of inlaid wood, other articles of beauty which his skill, factured from the beautiful native woods. This table, as well as the other work, is skillfully inlaid, the different harmonizing, and making a perfect whole. Its artistic skill as the rare and precious The writer has seen it, and it is like a wonderful sunlight and color woven of wood that should endure for ages.

Mr. Starke, as an artist in choice work, revived all the skill known to the offers for our admiration all kinds of could only be manufactured from the woods of this golden State, and when must be seen to be appreciated. It is most noticeable and attractive exhibits fair.

## LIFE.

O life is grand! It is so great to be  
With soul that unto highest  
With being stretching through  
Unfolding with new hopes and

Time but a little moment is of life  
A shadowed hour before its  
The day of storm and of the  
Ere the full triumph of the

To be forever and to never cease;  
And as earth passes, lo! the  
Time's curtain lifts and God's  
Breaks in the light of His eternal

No more the shadow and no more  
The clogs of flesh drop off, the  
To boundlessness of life as passing  
From time and earth its heavenly



# A Commonplace World. By Robt. J. Burdette.

Man of 1900.  
The bird pines in its gilded cage,  
Its soul is in the wildwood,  
And I, in life's maturer age,  
Sigh for my lost, free childhood.  
For, oh, my sister came today—  
I could not say her, "No, sis;"  
She wore my derby hat away,  
And went to the "Societas."  
And, then, before I was half dressed,  
My household lightly scoffing—  
My niece put on my shooting vest,  
And went away a-golfing.  
But "man is man, and who is more?"  
Woman! For yet while talking,  
My daughter my new necktie wore  
When she went out a-walking.  
And last of all, and worse, alack!  
My wife—ah, was it kind to—  
Bring back—oh, bring my trousers back—  
And vote if you've a mind to!

Nothing New.  
What a commonplace old world it is, after all, when you start out to hunt for novelties in it. When there were far more new things to be discovered in it than there are now, Solomon the great and who gave it up, and said, after he "had seen all the works that were done under the sun," "Is there anything wherewith I may be said, see, this is new? It hath been already of old time, which was before us. The thing that hath been is that which shall be; and that which is done is that which shall be done; and there is no new thing under the sun." And about all the novelties in the world are perhaps the wonders and marvels that lie close to our own doors, the strange, wonderful, things that we are so used to we never see them.

Mr. Lowell tells us how, when he was a young man, he made a pilgrimage into the White Mountains and was very anxious to get the most striking view attainable for his first glimpse of the "Old Man of the Mountains." Guided by the hum of industry, he found a little sawmill, where a white-haired old man was sawing logs. Lowell asked him for the best point of view, and to his utter amazement the native couldn't tell him. He admitted that he had heard of this wonderful profile, but "didn't know 'st he ever seen it; didn't know 't he had, an' then agen couldn't say that he had; rather cal'lated that he hadn't; 'f he had, he didn't know it." The young man could not resist such an opening as this. He read the log-compeller a severe and rather lofty lecture on his indifference to the sublimity and wonders of nature, manifesting herself in such marvelous forms at his very door. The old man quietly rolled another log on the carriage before he replied: "Ye don't happen to be from Boston, he ye?" Lowell proudly admitted that Boston had the right to claim him as her child. The old man clamped the log in place, and said, "There's just one place in the world that I've always wanted to see, an' that's in Boston. That's Bunker Hill. B'fore I die, I sh'd like to go up there an' stand on Bunker Hill a hull day. I cal'late you've been there, many a time?" Lowell began to see where this Socratic questioning was leading him, but there was no escape. He had to confess that he knew nothing of Bunker Hill save what he had read in the books. The old man started the carriage, and the screaming saw devoured his words as he said: "Well, young man, you've learned one thing by comin' down here; nothin' vally, nothin' have." When I was a boy 15 years old I could repeat the names of all the capitals in Europe, and I believed I had an accurate idea of what a capital was, and one day I was paralyzed by making the discovery that the town I lived in was the capital of my own county. It has been one of the "Cities of the World" in my thought, ever since. Why, viewed in its proper light, the commonplace is always attractive. A traveler once described Niagara Falls to a servant girl in Aberdeen. He spilled great torrents of the English language all over his description, and he made it thrilling and impressive, and wound up with a picture of the whirlpool which you could hear roar. "And what do you think of that, my girl?" he exclaimed, with panting breath. "Ye've naught like that in all Scotland." "Ance saw a fair mair wunnerful thing than that," she replied; "ance saw a coo jump o'er a precipice." And the girl was right. That was more wonderful to her. She had seen that with her own horrified, bulging eyes. Niagara was a description to her. We laugh at that girl, but, at any rate, she had the power of glorifying the things that were nearest her own life.

## Seeing Our Own Glories.

A few years ago, I saw the embankments of the Pennsylvania Railway, leading out of Philadelphia, thronged with school children. They were happy, eager, expectant, carrying flags and dressed in their best. Presently a train came along, and as one open car came opposite the children, they shouted and sang "Star Spangled Banner," cheered and waved their flags. Old "Liberty Bell" was on its way to the Atlanta exposition, making a pilgrimage through the South. It had hung in the old State House there in Philadelphia more than a hundred years. And hundreds of those Philadelphia children had never seen it until that morning. I know a man—he uses my ink every day—who lived in the suburbs of Philadelphia a dozen years. He never saw the Penn treaty monument but once, and that was when some of his friends from out West came to visit him, and the patriotic boys wanted to see the monument. And a time that Philadelphia had found it. I have met Californians who have spent several seasons in Europe, who never saw the

Yosemite. And they can find nothing like it anywhere else in the world. But it's in their own State, right here at home, and they can see it any time. And many of them will die without seeing it. I remember meeting a Philadelphia friend in San Francisco half a score of years ago. "Whither away?" I asked. "I am going to the mint," he said; "I have long desired to see the process of making money, and have never before had the opportunity and leisure combined." And that man, at home, did his banking at that time in the old Keystone National, directly across the street from the mint that was coining money before San Francisco was born. "If there is a spot on the face of our broad land," says Lossing, "whereon patriotism should delight to pile its highest and most venerated monument, it should be in the bosom of that little vale on the banks of the Schuylkill, Valley Forge." Thousands of Americans have gone thousands of miles to catch an inspiration of patriotism as they sentimentalized over Thorwaldsen's "Lion of Lucerne," which commemorates the death of a Swiss guard of hired men, who had turned their guns against a people who were tearing down a rotten throne, who have never seen Valley Forge, and who have but a faint idea where it is.

## A Cold Blaze.

Once upon a day, loitering about Niagara Falls, Barabba, the guide, was showing us the wonders of the place at \$1.50 per. Presently, he took us into a cold, raw, draughty kind of place, and lifted a trap door with great solemnity. "Gas," he said, "natural gas, that comes right out of the ground and burns." So saying, he lighted a twisted newspaper and thrust it into the hole. A blue, sickly, feeble, shuddering flame caught fire, in a half-hearted, frozen fashion, shivered and got bluer and colder, tried to die and couldn't, until we gave Barabba a quarter to shut it up and end its misery. "Jever see anything like that?" he demanded. We had just come from the oil region in Western Pennsylvania, where the gas was burning to waste, twenty-four hours a day, in great, leaping, roaring, howling flames that scared the night and paled the day. But we couldn't bear to disappoint the guide. So we tried to lie to him, and said, "No, we never have." But we couldn't lie. It was the truth. We had never seen anything quite so feeble and slim and cold in natural gas.

## Commonplace People.

And not only commonplace things, but commonplace people are most interesting. And there is nothing on this planet quite so commonplace as people. Most people, that is. They are so interesting they deserve to be rated among "things." All things are not people, but a great many—that is to say, some people are things. Now, I have traveled a great deal—I don't like to say how much, lest I might discourage people who haven't been so far. But I have been to Monrovia and Santa Monica, and am contemplating a trip to Escondido and Compton, and all this travel broadens one's view and enlarges one's sympathies, and leads one to form a better estimate of one's judgment of one's prejudices about one. And in all the countries I have visited, outside of cattle and animals—and I have never visited any inside—I have scarcely found a living person except people. People! Why, they're as common as grass. Peoria county used to be full of them when I was a boy. I've seen hundreds of them. I suppose that is one reason why I stand so little in awe of them. I used to be afraid of them. But that was before I found out how many of them there are in the world. And all so much alike. I used to be afraid of Great Men and Distinguished Women. The people, you know, who look wise, and talk bass, and say "ah!" with a circumflex that fairly runs up and down your spine. You know; the people who are afraid to stand very near the edge of the world, lest they should tip it so far over it would shift its ballast, "turn turtle" and slide them off into everlasting space. I used to hold my hat in my hand when I talked with these people, and say "sir" and "ma'am." But after I began my travels, and got forty miles from home, I discovered that they were the same kind of people that inhabited the earth. The first member of Congress I ever met looked exactly like a man who used to keep store in Mossville. And when I walked up very respectfully to shake his extended finger, it was the same man. I used to admire the nice exactness with which he could cut cheese. And to the day of his death there was never anything else which he could do quite so well. He was in Congress eight years, and never knew what committee he was on. He never opened his head but once, all the time he was there. That was one morning when he arose at the close of the chaplain's prayer, caught the Speaker's eye, and moved that it be received and adopted. He saved up all his franks for eight years, to use when he got to be old and helpless, he said. "What did we keep him there so long for?" I don't know. Same reason the rest of the people kept their's, I reckon.

## Just Like the Rest of Us.

I once met a real lord in my travels. He looked the living image of Bud Harmerson, who used to come to Copperas Creek twice a year and hold auction sales of the "Old Masters." I've seen him knock down a genuine Raphael—he guaranteed it himself, gave a written guarantee over Raphael's own signature—for ten years, for \$2.80, that you couldn't buy in Los Angeles today for \$3. The lord was baldier than Bud, but his nose wasn't so red, and he hadn't such a good voice. I was disappointed, bitterly, at first, and was disposed to resent his lordship, until I had traveled a little farther, and begun to see that neither the auctioneer nor the nobleman could help being people. It is a hard matter to get out of the human race, after you have once been born, now I tell you. I was once introduced to a French Count. He was an Ambassador of some sort; I have forgotten what his title was. That is, I haven't forgotten, but I can't spell it. Not in print, I can't. I can spell it well enough in writing, where I

can make all the letters just alike, and put in dots and accents anywhere. But in printing, it's different. He looked like the twin of a man who was around here last summer selling a patent currycomb. I tried to tell the Count about it, but I very thoughtlessly spoke French, and he died trying to understand me. He hadn't been in this country long enough to acquire our French. Now it is different with us. We acquire anything that is next, if it is worth having. And if it isn't, we acquire it anyhow, just to trade with. That's what we call "expansion."

So, observing more and more that people in all places very closely resembled people in all other places, I fell into the habit of regarding all men and women as people. And I have never been able to divest myself of this prejudice in favor of the human race. If I were a young man I would never care to go outside of Los Angeles county, because you will find as great a variety of people right in this county as you will find all over the world. And if you can understand all the people in this county—well, you will be nearly enough omniscient to know when it's going to rain without praying for it. The best books—that is, the best-selling books—and you observe that is the way they are rated in the monthly trade reports, that's the value of a book—the best-selling books of the year are books about America, "David Harum," "Janice Meredith," etc.; all American books, American characters, American plot and color. You don't have to know many people to know the human race. David—no, not "David Harum," David the psalmist—"you never heard of him?" No, I didn't suppose you had; I merely mentioned him to gratify a pedantic desire to let you know how broad was my acquaintance with the world of literature—he didn't know a great many people, and never enjoyed the advantages of foreign travel, save on one or two occasions, when he was driven out of his own country; but he studied very carefully the few people whom he did know, and announced in his haste that "all men were liars," and so far as we know, though he lived to an extreme old age and retained his faculties to the last, he never reconsidered his decision. Study the people in your own store, or your own household, son, and you will be surprised by and by to find how well you know the world. "Ach me," sighed a disconsolate emigrant down in Connecticut, "I wisht dot I gat me money enough once to dake me pack py der oldt country." "And suppose I give you the money?" asked his kind-hearted employer. "Py chimin'etty, I shart for Californy dis afternoon alretty!" That's the kind of people who largely inhabit this world. You get along excellently with the inhabitants of the land after you learn their ways. A young man in Pasadena not long since thoughtlessly drew a revolver and pointed it at his widowed mother. With a hollow groan the old lady fell dead at his feet. "Oh, mother, mother," exclaimed the youth, "do get up! You make me tired. This revolver has seven loads in it." Heaven bless you, my son," she cried, leaping lightly to her feet; "I thought it was empty. But how could I be so suspicious of you, who have ever been so thoughtful and considerate." See what a world of people and action, and comment Mr. Dunne has found on Archy Road, and yet Mr. Dooley has scarcely written the preface to his "times," and his philosophy and observation grow profounder and keener day by day.

## Human Nature in a Nut Shell.

Eight or ten years ago, looking from the train window one day I saw a toy village nestled among some hills in Western New York. I got off at the next station, and drove out to the little nest, just to pass a quiet Sunday there. Such a picture of peace, and quiet, and happy content was never painted white with green blinds anywhere else. Two old-fashioned "department stores," selling everything from a mule harness to a ready-made wedding dress, each with a book and drug department, and in one of them the postoffice, located most conveniently in the darkest and most inaccessible corner. Rich country. A quiet people, shut away from the clamor and turmoil of the world. Three or four hundred happy, contented, honest people, none of them immensely rich, not one of them very poor. Neighbors and brothers, all of them. An ideal village. I was there less than two days. There were three churches, and they had been having a three-cornered fight for two months. I went to church twice; heard one sermon against close communion in the morning, in which the preacher smote the dust and feathers out of the pulpit cushion. Went to another church at night, and in his savage denunciation of infant baptism the preacher knocked a goblet of water off the pulpit and deluged the senior deacon, sitting bald-headed under his ministry. I saw an old woman loaded tenderly into a wagon Monday morning, to be taken to the county almshouse, and the postmaster told me her son owned a good farm and his wife owned him. The leading dressmaker of the village had run away with a drummer for a Pittsburgh whiskey house only two weeks before, leaving all her debts, but taking all her customers' unfinished dresses. A boy about 15 years old swore at me because I knocked down his bicycle which was leaning against a post, and as I passed the public school some of the children, seeing I was a stranger, shouted, "dude!" and threw stones at me. What need has a man to travel, merely to study human nature?

ROBERT J. BURDETTE.

## CASTOR OIL AS MEDICINE FOR PLANTS.

[New York Post:] The fine-leaved variety of fern, like the maidenhair and others, is not to be sprinkled on the leaves, says a florist. House plants of larger foliage, however, like the rubber plant and palms, need careful and comparatively frequent sponging and sprinkling with water. A further suggestion in the care of house plants is contributed by a woman who has phenomenal success with her large assortment. "If I find that a plant seems weak and ill-nourished," she says, "I give it a dose of castor oil some morning instead of the usual water, repeating it, perhaps, after an interval of a week or ten days, if the improvement does not seem sufficiently marked. The suggestion was given to me by a florist, a long time ago, and I have tried it repeatedly with excellent results."



## AMONG THE TITANS.

A HORSEBACK RIDE FROM THE HETCH-HETCHY TO YOSEMITE.

By a Staff Contributor.

**T**HOSE who go down to the sea in ships," do indeed "see the wonders of the mighty deep," but those who follow the windings of the Tuolumne, who penetrate the depths of the Sierra Nevada Mountains, touch the heart-strings of nature and hear the voiceless music of the spheres. There eloquent solitude speaks to the soul and Nature reveals her processes of world-making.

The Tuolumne River is famous in the Argonautic history of California. Beside its banks the searchers for the golden fleece still labor, and where the traveler to the Hetch-Hetchy country takes up the trail that leads him into the enchanted land that lies to the north of the famous Yosemite Valley, the mountains bear the scars of the conflicts of man with the dragon that guards the golden hoard. Hydraulic mining, now forbidden in California, there yielded large returns, and the placers are still worked with profit at Lagrange, where the Turlock canal will soon carry the waters of the romantic river down into the valley, for the prosaic uses of irrigation and the domestic supply.

It was late in July that, in company with a party of government hydrographers, who were visiting the section to examine the headwaters of certain California rivers, with a view to locating available sites for government reservoirs, that the writer set forth upon a journey unsurpassed in the world for scenic beauty. After leaving the railroad at Modesto, nearly the entire route was along the banks of the Tuolumne and its headwaters. This stream is often as majestic in the volume of its flow as is the Connecticut at Northampton. Its course was traced by the great glaciers that once covered this whole region to the depth of thousands of feet, and was ground out by the ice-floe on its way to the lowlands. It twists about the bases of lofty mountains, foams over rapids, sings itself to sleep in green glacial valleys, and everywhere mirrors the wild beauty of glowing summit and sun-showered granite spire.

The trail from Lagrange leads almost due east, and the

first day's ride is a steady and gradual ascent until, at an altitude of 3000 feet, the road dips abruptly to Coulterville. At first sight of this hamlet from the heights, it lies apparently directly below, and appears as though twenty minutes' easy riding would bring the traveler into its streets, but the descent is steep, rocky and trying to weary man and beast, and requires fully three hours in its accomplishment.

From Coulterville onward we learned the true meaning of the California idiom, "a hard trail to travel," for a single hill ten miles long gave us an ascent of nearly five thousand feet. This climb was one never to be forgotten. The trail wound in and out through manzanita thickets and groves of liveoaks, where the scarlet mountain fuchsia flaunted its blossoms, and dainty and lovely unknown flowers peeped from behind the boulders. Upon the upper reaches groves of stately sugar pines, firs and cedars, towered in the clear air, their great cones, eighteen or twenty inches long, and their fragrant needles covering the ground and sending forth a balsamic redolence that was very grateful to dusty lungs.

The sunlight sifted through these trees, making the groves very unlike the dark pine forests of northern lands, and though dense enough for beauty of prospect, the forests were nowhere impenetrable. Now and again through the trees we caught glimpses of some silvery trout stream babbling down a deep cañon, and the blue sky, the clear air, and the ever-changing prospect afforded by the myriad turnings of the trail, made this day's journey, like all those spent in the mountain wilderness, rare in its pleasures and its experiences. It was 9 o'clock at night when we reached "Crocker's," the wayside station where we procured fresh horses, and whence we started the next day at noon for "The Hog Ranch."

Hog Ranch is so-called in memory of the drove of swine upon which the bears and mountain lions made a feast almost as soon as it was driven into these wilds by the owners, who did not calculate upon "varmints," when they planned to make a fortune by feeding hogs upon the acorns of the liveoak that abound in this district. The ranch lies at an elevation of 4800 feet above sea level, and here begins the trail into the Hetch-Hetchy Valley. The first ten miles of the trail is very good, but the last eight miles is almost impassable for animals that have not been trained to mountain climbing, and is seldom traveled, except by cattlemen and adventurous mountaineers.

All along the way the glacier has written its serial story, and there are stretches where the granite rock, polished like glass by the movement of ice, affords no foothold for man or beast, and slides of many feet, with a

down-drop to the next point of descent. The experience even for the California horse, the best of his kind, and the California mule, the best of his kind, is a hard one. One of the men with our photographic supplies, and who came to a point in the trail where two horses together that she could not pass between the trail was so narrow that she could not pass side with her load. We were at a loss to do, for the nature of the trail was such that we approach the beast near enough to relieve her, and we expected to see her slide down the wall of the cañon to instant destruction, our impediment. It was then that the mule, ample of her sagacity and reasoning power, eyed the situation, reflected a moment, and fornia mule is a thinking creature, then edged her front feet around the two trees, her weight against the nearest bole and her body, gained a foothold, and, with a lunge and scrambling of posterior limbs, passed ward.

The spice of danger in this marvelous journey adds to its charm. He who gallops over a road, or down lanes bordered by green hedges, knowing of the true delight of horseback travel, would no other such horseback journey in the world which leads over the rocky trails into the Sierras and thence into the Yosemite Valley, the region of the Hetch-Hetchy, is a National Park reservation. The packing of the camp equipage is a work of skill, for the tenderfoot who has never learned the "diamond hitch," and how the cinch should prevent the pack saddle shifting to the danger or damage to mule. Such a sense of freedom, close touch with nature is given by this as is afforded by no other traveling, and he who knows its full enjoyment is subjected to no discomfort. The Southern Pacific Railway, elier to Wawona, Merced or Modesto, as he may enter the Yosemite Valley by this route, he may enter the Yosemite Valley by this shorter and more direct road by stage coach. A four-hours' hard ride over a rocky and picturesque trail brought us late in the afternoon to a bare granite knob, whence we saw below us in the yellow evening light, the Hetchy, next to the Yosemite the loveliest face of the earth. Nearly two thousand feet



(1) Dome of Mt. Fairview. (2) In the pine forests of the Sierras. (3) Typical rounded peaks of the Sierras. (4) Looking up the Hetch-Hetchy. "The Captain" on the right. (5) Waterfall and entrance to "Little Yosemite." (6) View of Mt. Starr King from "Backbone," elevation, 11,000 feet. (7) Lake Tenaya, showing glacial eroded rocks. (8) Looking down the Tuolumne to Hetchy.



Tuolumne, like a thin, silver wire, carved and twisted on the green floor of the valley, bordered by trees and shrubbery, walled in by granite cliffs, rising vertically from the plain. Opposite us a silvery fall leaped a giant crag, two or three thousand feet high, and, tumbling in a succession of cascades, sought the peace of the green valley. From this point of vantage the Hetch-Hetchy seemed an enchanted country. The shining buttresses of rock, swept in prehistoric times by the glaciers, and polished by Titanic pressure of sliding masses, seemed battlemented defenses, created to shut in forever its beauty and its mystery. Two hours more of the difficult and dangerous descent, and an hour's ride in the dark upon the floor of the valley, carried us into a grove of majestic cedars beside the river, where we made our camp fire, and when we had eaten a supper to which appetite lent the rarest of all spices, we lay upon the breast of our primal mother and were lulled to sleep by the singing waters of the Tuolumne, that here make a leap of fifty feet into a quiet pool, a pool where mountain trout more than a foot and a half long sport in the clear waters and rise greedily to the fly.

Three miles long and a mile wide, this valley, when the melting snows transform the Tuolumne into a raging flood, is almost submerged from one mountain wall to another, but in the summer the camper finds it a paradise. A climb of 2500 feet over the steep trail leading up the side of the encircling walls, and a day's ride through magnificent pine forests, takes one to the blue-eyed beauty of the Sierras, Lake Eleanor, a glacial jewel set in the evergreen foliage of pines and cedars. This lake is an ideal place for the fisherman, and the country about it is filled with mountain lions, grizzly bears and other large game, but being within the government reservation, hunting is strictly prohibited. All the trails that give entrance and egress to the park region are patrolled by United States regulars, who deprive all travelers of firearms.

After many enjoyable days spent in the Hetch-Hetchy we returned to Hog ranch, whence we set forth on our long and glorious ride to the Yosemite. "Ackerman's Meadows," 5500 feet above sea level, was our first camping-place, and in the thick woods where we made our bivouac, we heard all night the snarling half bark of the coyotes who circled about our camp, but were kept at safe distance by the snarling bark of the shepherd dogs at the ranch near by.

Forest fires that had raged in the mountains for nearly a month had approached so close to the solitary ranch-house at Ackerman's that they had partially destroyed the fences. These fires had also nearly obliterated the trail, and the rancher guided us upon our way the next morning through the blackened woods until we were beyond the signs of the conflagration, with a plain road before us.

When night fell on the day we left Ackerman's Meadows we had arrived at "White Wolf," a little valley 9000 feet above the level of the sea, where the mosquitoes were the largest and fiercest I have ever seen, refuting the oft-related theory that these insect pests cannot endure great altitude. Here they apparently survive cold weather as well, for the temperature sank so low during the night that our blankets were covered with hoar frost and a thin scum of ice formed upon the water pail.

For two days we had been steadily climbing, and about noon on the third we reached the crest of the ridge, and gained a magnificent view over the Sierras, to the east and south. We could see the bald, granite forehead of Half Dome, in the Yosemite Valley, eight or ten miles distant, and numerous other beautiful and lofty summits. The exhilaration of the altitude and the grand panorama of mountains and forests that diversified this day's ride, which was all at an altitude of at least 9000 feet, made it one of the most memorable in the journey and in our lives.

At Lake Tenaya we paused and enjoyed some fine sport in "still fishing." This body of water is a cold, glacial sheet nearly four hundred feet deep, surrounded on every side with high mountains. The trout here are very large, but extremely shy, and their favorite bait is composed of the eggs of the white ant.

Leaving Lake Tenaya, the trail led us among bald granite knobs, cracked and seamed by frost and sun, and gradually disintegrating under the alternate action of the opposing elements, into boulders, pebbles, and finally becoming soil, upon which grasses and flowers will grow to beautify the valleys into which their crumbling masses fall. Tuolumne Meadows, with its soda springs, lies at a height of 9000 feet, and passing through its verdant freshness, we maintained our road along the backbone of the American continent. Always climbing upward, our plane of vision was constantly enlarged. To our immediate right Fairview Mountain rose a thousand feet above the level of the meadows, its hoary head and its rugged sides, that had once felt the surging of the awful glacial sea, polished like marble. Mounts Lyall and Dana, and a score of other mountain sentinels lifted their snowy crowns into the blue sky, and many lesser peaks reflected the radiance of the sunlight from their rocky flanks.

Ranges of cloud Sierras constantly floated above these mountains, their varying forms enhancing the loveliness of the landscape. The beauty of sunset and moonrise, of the still midnight and the early morning, upon this glorious trail, transcends human speech.

Long Meadows marks the first stage in the descent toward the Little Yosemite, and on the downward stretch we caught another view of Mt. Starr King, which we first saw upon reaching the highest point of the trail out of the Tuolumne Meadows. Cloud's Rest, from which can be obtained one of the most glorious mountain views upon the face of the earth, Liberty Cap, Half Dome, the Three Brothers, guarding the Yosemite gorge, greeted our eyes as we slowly descended. The Little Yosemite, with the clear waters of the Merced flowing through its gorge, lies several hundred feet above the Yosemite Valley proper, into which the river makes a leap, forming the lovely Nevada Falls.

Space does not permit a description of the days and nights spent in the Yosemite Valley. Travelers who cross seas and continents but to read the preface afforded by the ride thither over the trail from Lagrange to the Hetch-Hetchy, and thence to the marvelous gorge, would be well

repaid for their trouble, and be given a keener relish for the grand scenery of the king valley of our National Park. When one has camped beside the limpid Tuolumne, fished in Lake Tenaya, which the Indians call "Py-we-ack," the Lake of the Shining Rocks, because there the boulders have a polish like onyx, and glitter in the sunlight like huge jewels, when he has seen the heart of the Sierra Nevada, he will admit that the Pyrenees are tame, that the wild gorges of Norway and Sweden are insignificant when compared with the cañons through which the Tuolumne and the Merced make their way.

The language of color, sound and speech as known to man are together inadequate to describe the ever-changing pictures these cañons present. From the green glacial meadows, where the silence is broken only by the song of the river, from the lofty heights, where the blue Arctic daisy is like a down-dropped bit of sky, from the cool depths of shady cañons, Nature speaks a language that the most inspired poet or artist can only feebly translate. She reveals to man how from ice and fire loveliness is born, and shows him that progressive creation that brings beauty from the breast of the rock. Going forth from the presence of the naked and majestic truth of her lessons; man-made theories and creeds sink into insignificance, and seem but the grotesque, painted toys that amuse the race's unthinking infancy.

Abler pens than mine, dipped in the eloquence of poetry, have failed to describe this beauty that is indescribable, and that must be seen to be appreciated. Once seen its influence remains forever, and it is worth the sacrifice of time and money of those who journey from the remotest foreign lands. Those of our own country have, happily, the means placed within their reach to view this scenic wonderland. The railroad carries the traveler within easy distance of the valley, and the expenses of the trip and of an extended stay are less than those of an ordinary summer resort, while the benefits conferred are those afforded by the noblest scenery, the purest air, and most perfect peace, and communion with nature in her grandest moods.

WILL E. CHAPIN.

## A CITY IN DECAY.

AN AMERICAN TOURIST DESCRIBES  
OLD ZACATECAS.

From the Mexican Herald.

ZACATECAS, Feb. 1.—Today we climbed Bufo, and we created excitement in one part of Zacatecas. Right above this city is a hill, about one thousand feet high and sheer, which is shaped like a buffalo, hence called Bufo. On top of this hill is a chapel, built in 1728 by a Spaniard, and called Los Remedios. Near it is a cross twenty feet high, marking a battlefield.

Of the three churches at Zacatecas, it is the least important. We took in all three and know. First we visited the church of Guadalupe. One chapel there is the most glittering thing from human hands I ever saw. An architect, a painter and a cardinal could together write a fair description of it. No one else would try. What impressed me most was the floor of this church; a very ancient, velvety wood, across which a platoon of heavy-booted policemen could walk without making more noise than so many cats. Then we went into the cathedral itself. Its magnificence of course is beyond one, and the mind, for foothold, grasps some small detail and clings to it. The detail in this instance was an acoustic charm, probably common to all great cathedrals, whereby the air is set quivering with the voice of some forty women kneeling in the church and telling their beads in unison. Technically, of course, this is an echo, but to the ear it is not an echo, but an answer to the bent fingers. Most of those who retired, knelt at the door and kissed the floor.

In the afternoon we set out for the church on the hill. Something after the fashion of working one of these circular puzzles, where you are to reach the center without retracing any lines, we dodged in and out of the tortuous streets and finally had to ask the aid of a policeman, and it is wonderful how useless pantomime can render language. Pointed to the hill, pointed up a street, and that was all. He smiled, shook his head, raised his hand to show the steep ascent, breathed hard to discourage us. We insisted. So away we went on a journey few foreigners care to attempt. We soon discovered that we were on an unusual journey, for while the past week the city has had many tourists, the population came to the door and chattered and smiled at us and shook their heads. Children began tagging after us, out of curiosity, and soon we had a procession of thirty half-naked little tots trailing in our steps. It was steep from the word "go," and as the altitude increased, it was exceedingly laborious, and we began to feel that strange taste of blood in the throat which comes with high climbing. The policeman, the limits of the city being reached, now left us, but the children remained with us. We soon reached ascents of granite, into which had been worn, with hands and knees of the penitential pilgrims for centuries, grooves. Finally we reached the top, and ascended the wall by a great flight of stone steps, the children remaining below. We went into the church and viewed it, but a solitary figure in zarape swaying before the lighted altar, made sight-seeing seem profane, and we tip-toed out again and stood on the wall and waved handkerchief and hat to the watchers below, and were answered by all of them, including the policeman's club. When we reached the policeman again he conducted us back to the end of his beat, where we knew the way.

Before leaving Zacatecas, this word: Zacatecas is dying. On the night of September 8, 1546, Jean de Tolosa built a campfire here. From that fire trickled out a little silver thread. In two years a city, a silver city, had grown here. For over four hundred years men delved and brought forth silver, and Zacatecas prospered. But the silver is pinching out. The mines are coming to be holes in the ground. The people are becoming poorer and poorer. Half of them, I am told, never take their clothes off, and sleep on the floor. I saw more wretchedness here than I ever saw before or will ever see again. The plaster is scal-

ing from the houses. Hundreds of other houses are deserted, their walls broken and cactus growing in their floors. I saw an Englishman, a mine owner, pacing the court of our hotel and looking all varieties of despair. One gentleman told me that Zacatecas had lost half of its population in the last five years.

Of all the cities of Mexico, this one, in its primitive way, most closely resembles ancient Jerusalem, and a recital of a plaza scene in its "last days" may not be amiss.

This is what happened in the plaza under our portico this morning. Daybreak and the rumble of bells, those on the hills answering the rumble of those in the cathedral near.

The click and swish of sandaled feet, from soldiers conducting fifteen convicts to work from the prison near by. Every convict has his zarape; soldiers in white. First two convicts have across their shoulders a wooden beam, on which is swung between them a barrel with brooms in it. Most of the convicts carry crowbars, and each has a little woven sack over his back. Soldiers careless; one shoulders his gun; another swings his across his back; another carries arms; soldiers and convict alike sandaled. Just as this group swings around our corner another group meets them. One group of convicts gives a uniform cheer of some length; the other group answers, seemingly derisively. It is probably the Mexican horse-laugh given in cases of mutual misfortune.

One convict and soldier are dropped in our plaza. The convict is armed with one of the old-fashioned brooms. Mother Goose is pictured as riding, round and shaped like a shaving brush. He sweeps around in our plaza. Evidently he doesn't do it right, for the soldier takes a hand, seizes the broom and shows him how. This goes on for some time. The east is flushing red now, and a man drives up an immense two-wheeled cart, with some cans caged in it. The cart is drawn by three burros. He disappears, and his cart remains there about an hour. Milkman? think. The water peddler comes along. There is balanced on the burro's back a wicker panner, in which are set small earthen jugs, containing drinking water from the mountains, for pure water is marketable here.

A dark man rides up on a burro, and driving before him about six other burros, and across the back of each are balanced bags of silver, tightly closed.

Another group of burros and drivers follow these burros, loaded mountainously high with great circular bundles of green stuff, which are cornstalks and husks cut up mediumly fine. More burros come along, loaded with chunks of meat; others loaded with bread; other with chili. Every driver instead of saying "Get up," or clucking, repeats again and again "S-s-s-s-s," like the short hiss of escaping steam. At first when you hear this sound you rather fancy that the drivers, who are staring at you and your strange dress, are geying you by expressing mock surprise. But you learn better.

By this time the convict has the trinagular plaza pretty well swept and puts all the dirt in that straw bag, and he and the soldier march off.

Then somebody turns the water on in the fountain. This water is not fit to drink, but is used for washing purposes. But the people begin to flock in, mostly women with jars about two feet and a half high. They dip these full from the fountain, and then load them onto their shoulders. This is an interesting operation. I saw no woman get the jug to her shoulder unaided. The jugful of water is very heavy; the women aid one another. The jug is lifted quickly to the left shoulder, while the woman reaches up and over with her right hand and grasps the top of the jug, the left arm going akimbo. There must be two or three hundred women who get water from this fountain. Two girls came up while I was watching, and a young fellow helped them with their jugs, and chuckled each impartially under the chin and sent them off giggling. Then scores of boys appeared, each with square tin cans, holding about three gallons, at either end of a beam. Filling these with water they would walk off with the beam over their shoulders, as Chinamen used to be shown in pictures carrying tea. Afterward three of these boys appeared on our plaza and proceeded to dash water on the cobblestones by the way of sprinkling.

There now rides by some sort of an army officer. He has a very big sword. The front of his stirrups are closed with plates of silver. His uniform is of dark blue, and is plentifully sprinkled with very tiny and inessential silver buttons. He has a heavy black beard, which he strokes. His is the first heavy beard I have seen in Mexico. The sun has now broken into the valley, and many people come along selling their wares. One particularly sad-voiced individual cries "Pulque! pulque! pulque!" a popular drink. Others sell tortoes, a kind of pancake.

A burro gets fractious, and dumps his harness off. It takes thirty-two Mexicans to get that harness on again, and then they accomplish it at arm's length.

The people across the way now begin to stir. All the buildings opposite are brilliantly painted. We discover that they are occupied by one family, who are aristocrats. About 9 o'clock a carriage, style of 1876, drives up, and a man in a silk hat, with a kind of black cape overcoat, comes and gets in and goes jolting away over the rockiest pavement ever laid in this or any other country.

Four men come along with that dog-trot which every peon has, carrying on their shoulders a rough coffin. They are bound for the new cemetery. The old one is full, and has been locked up. And you wonder if it is true that the city, too, is dying and that man will leave it at last, to let its cathedral and its graveyards struggle on alone along the road to darkness and decay.

VICTOR MURDOCK.

### GEN. GORDON'S BIBLE AT WINDSOR CASTLE.

[Philadelphia Public Ledger:] One of the treasures which the Queen prizes most highly is a Bible that once belonged to Gen. Gordon, who was killed in the Sudan. It lies in a casket of finest enamel, with sides of crystal, supposed to have been brought from Spain by Catherine of Braganza. The casket is placed in the great corridor at Windsor Castle, and the Bible is open at St. John's gospel, where pencil marks in Gordon's handwriting cover the margin. The sacred book came into Her Majesty's possession through the murdered general's sister.



## THE BASKETS OF ANITA.

By a Special Contributor.

"SIXTEEN in all. Five large ones, two small queer ones, four medium, three with the Greek pattern, the little brown one and this beauty. Just look at it, Manuelo!" and the speaker balanced in her hand the basket whose intricately-woven tints formed a fascinating whole. "It is a good one, señorita," admitted Manuelo, guardedly. "The señorita has as fine a lot of baskets now as any one in the valley, saving only old Anita."

Those who have read that exquisite conception, "The Basket of Anita," may, perchance, have wondered to what uses the baskets, "some small and dainty, like a lady's bonbonnière, others flat like tiny saucers for sweet-breathed violets," or "tall, delicate vase-like shapes, and odd ones, like hour glasses, broken abruptly," were put, originally. When we read further that one of the baskets brought by Manuelo to help swell Elsa's collection was "a miserable affair, small, dingy, and smelling most self-assertively of

there will not be left one basket, from San Diego to Monterey, worth picking up.

"If Elsa went back now to the village she would find baskets rarer than roses in an eastern winter and held at proportionate prices," so says the author of the story. Ah, would she not! Who knows better than the writer of these to find, after much diplomatic reconnoitering, that the wily curio dealer had stolen a march on the aforesaid writer, and that the basket could only be obtained by bargaining for it over the counter of the dealer in question, who would undoubtedly charge sixteen prices for the much-coveted article. Following the thread of the story, we find that Manuelo's rival appeared on the scene with a basket handsomer by far than any which the young Mexican had procured for Elsa.

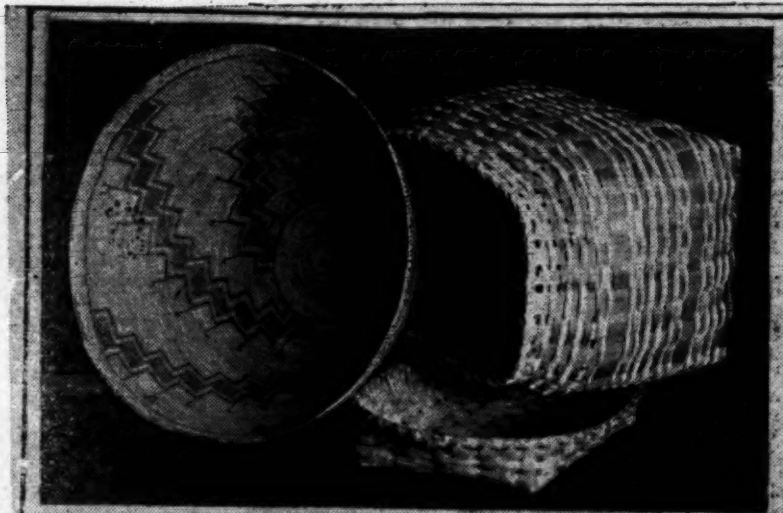
"On the top of the wide step sat Elsa, radiant; and in front of her, huge, mellowed by age to a beguiling brown, and with a great florid pattern sprawling alluringly about its wide mouth, stood the king of all baskets. She turned to Manuelo, confidently. "Did you ever see a basket more beautiful than this?" "Señorita," said he, "yes; the basket of Anita."

How, spurred by a desire to win Elsa's approval and a still stronger desire to discomfit his rival, Manuelo determined to possess himself of a particularly well-known specimen of Anita's handiwork—"big, brown, finer than woven silk, and woven in a marvelous pattern, which showed a constant scarlet gleam throughout it"—is well told in the story. He started upon his quest, and "three

head. To protect the head from the sun, the Indian woman wore a close-fitting cap, that was made of two colors, red and brown.

Jug-shaped baskets, coated with pitch, were used to carry water a long distance. When equipped for a journey, Anita carried, in addition to the conical basket, a shaped article, with which she beat the stalks into the wide-mouthed basket, piling the seeds as they fell. The grain was stored in a shallow basket—round at one end and pointed at the other—by the simple process of tossing it into the chaff being carried off by the wind. On her home with a goodly store of acorns, which they were converted into meal in a hopper, which fitted over a hollowed stone, laborious method of pounding and grinding on a stone pestle.

Where did the Indian woman get her patterns? Nature showed her the beauty of the patterns in the straightway she reproduced the patterns in the zigzag flash of lightning across the desert, and noted, as were the markings on the diamond-back rattlesnake. Geometrical designs, deduced with a mathematical exactness that has been the result of much patient counting of the pretty patterns were woven into the wiry black stems of the maiden's baskets for that purpose. When these were hard to fill, a hole the size of a peck measure, on the side, filling it with wild bird guano; and in the soaked the stems of the grasses and reeds.



Comparison of Splint and fibre weaves



Home of the Basket weaver



Water Jugs and Carrying Baskets



Gaming board, 2. Tulare bowl basket, 3. Little men basket, 4. Bottle basket, 5. Trinket basket, 6. Bottle neck basket, 7. Bottle neck, 8. Bottle neck, 9. Bottle neck, 10. Bottle neck, very fine

all its latest uses," we infer that it may have served purposes other than as a receptacle for "sweet-breathed" violets."

En passant, it may be well to state that the baskets made by the California Indians, in the days when coritas constituted the furnishings of the shack, and when the squaw's value in the matrimonial market was determined by the number and beauty of these articles, the work of her hands and her sole dowry, are today the finest specimens known of the textile art. Place a basket made "for the trade" beside one which was woven with as much care as was the linen which our great-grand fathers prepared for their "setting-out." Examine the weaves—four or six "stitches" to the inch in the "shop" article, twenty, thirty, and even fifty to the inch in the dowry basket.

Then, too, what crudeness of coloring do we find in the one, cheap, gaudy dyes having been used in the pattern, where vegetable dyes—giving the fabric the rich appearance of a time-mellowed tapestry—were formerly used. But to appreciate properly the beauties of a Californian's basket, one has only to contrast it with the "splint" weave of her copper-hued kin east of the Rockies. There is all the difference between them that one would find in contrasting Haviland and common delf.

That this art—for art it is—should not have been handed down to the present generation of basket-weavers is a matter of regret. In another decade fine weaving will have become a lost art; and what with the raids of the Smithsonian representatives and the invasions of the private collector, who hies him "back East" with his spoils, lines?—who has hunted a genuine "Tulare" to its lair, only

days and three nights Manuelo rode southward to the mountains." It was late on the afternoon of the third day when Manuelo beheld the object of his search, a gray patch which his experienced eye knew for a cluster of adobe huts.

Anita's shack was doubtless no better nor worse than the habitation of the Californian Indian of today—the walls of adobe, the roof layers of mesquite brush and mud, the floor of dirt, trodden hard. With due regard to the labor involved in "toting" water, Anita's humble dwelling was, presumably, located near the willow-shaded pool. Not that Anita or her household were greatly addicted to the use of water for sanitary or drinking purposes—oh, no! But it was convenient to weave her baskets there, where she could dip the fabric in the water, now and then, thus rendering it more pliable and less difficult to handle. Then, too, the material was close at hand, for on the margin of the pool were tall reeds and grasses, such as were sought far and wide by the other basket-makers. She was usually found here, seated flat on the ground, with an unfinished basket before her and a bundle of reeds and wiry grasses by her side; that is, when she was not scouring the country for grains, seeds, acorns, and like provision for the replenishing of the family larder. To begin with, she bunched the fine grasses and carried them round and round the reeds, which were set upright, binding the whole together with a separate strand, carried over and under each row, every coil or stitch being linked to the one underneath.

She wove of the twigs of the poison oak a basket larger than a barrel, which was her outdoor granary, and in which were stored acorns, barley, wheat or corn. A conical basket, "like an hour-glass, broken abruptly," was made for carrying burdens on the back, and was supported as she walked by a rope of twisted bark, passed over the fore-

dark enough for her purpose. Black, however, the colors most used in the patterns, the Indian woman used vegetable dyes.

What were the implements used in the making of the baskets? Only the Indian woman's rude bone needle which was the legacy of her father from generation to generation. In the summer sun, with the beaten earth for pillow, and with Want her constant attendant, lived when she was too old to weave baskets the wonderful basket "which showed a scarlet gleam throughout it" the longest of all; but one day a canoe came, and to him she sold her treasure, whom Manuelo met, as he came in sight of the huts late on the afternoon of the third day. A leather strap slung across the stranger's chest was a mammoth Indian basket. We are told how his heart in his eyes, begged the stranger to sell it to him, offering twice the sum the stranger asked for it, and how, after much persuasion, he succeeded in having already found it a cushion in a measure, we are prepared for the tale. Manuelo, his cherished violin sold to gratify Elsa's for coritas, found in the American the path in the moonlight, his gift in his basket, seen, he heard their words of love. And so away with his heartache—poor Manuelo!—passing indoors soon after, stumbled over the semi-darkness of the deep porch. They were "the scarlet gleam of woodpeckers' feathers" it was the basket of Anita.

J. T. TORRES



## WONDERS OF NIAGARA.

THE FALLS DO NOT COMPRISE THEM  
ALL, SAYS MACMANUS.

By a Special Contributor.

"SEE Niagara and die," my friend Fitz contentedly sighed, as he flopped down beside me in the trolley-car which we had held up on Main street, Buffalo. "Then, the sooner you see it, the better for mankind," I remarked in my innards. Fitz is sensitive, and a boxer. I know there are many pious Americans who, somewhat different from Fitz, say, "Lead a holy life, die, and go to Niagara." Such a creed (and I have found it a widely prevalent one, speaks trumpet-tongued for the wonderful charms of Niagara, for the professors of this faith know Niagara intimately and well, through the medium of guide books.

As we bowed along over the open snow-clad country I related to Fitz the story of one of these Niagara enthusiasts whom I had known. After looking forward for five years to a journey to his Mecca, Providence and a successful gambling transaction put a spare fifty-dollar bill in his pocket. He went off to Niagara with the precipitation of a Brooklyn banker. Four days later he was at home again, his pockets filled with interesting mementoes, and his purse empty as a politician's argument.

I heard him on the evening after his return, preaching Niagara's unspeakable delights at a crowd of friends. "Under the dome of heaven" (those were his words) "there was not, there could not be, another place as enchanting, as intoxicating, as Elysian as Niagara." Next night I got him by himself, and I held him with my eye, while I said, "Murphy, on your honor as a dry goods clerk, did you enjoy Niagara?" "Old man," said he, looking back over both his shoulders at the same time, and sinking his voice, "Don't give me away for the Lord's sake, but I've had a tooth-ache in my liver ever since I saw it." Murphy furthermore added that he had to act and talk a barefaced lie the night before because he couldn't afford to have half a score of idiots laugh at him; and because, also, everyone of aforesaid idiots was bent on going to Niagara some day or other; and why should he spoil fun.

"So, friend Fitz," I moralized, "blessed are they that expect nothing, for they shall have their anticipations realized." So entertainingly, thus, did I pass the time for Fitz, that when he limped off the car at Niagara he was as buoyant as a leaked football; and he would have fallen an easy prey to the Jesus that here descended upon us, had he had no one to watch over him.

The alleged carriages that these fellows coerce weak-willed people into are one of the wonders of Niagara. I know for a fact that people have ridden in them and lived; but indignantly refuse to believe what friends have tried to assure me, that upright men having been seduced into riding in these atrocities, went back into the bosom of their families, within less than quarantine time. No self-respecting man ever did. It is told that an aeronaut, who had been carried up into far space, whence the States looked each so small that he could not distinguish one from another, at length to his joy, located himself—"we're just passing from New York into Canada." How do you know that?" asked his friend in misfortune. He sniffed, and said, "Don't you smell the Niagara carriages?" Personally, I am of the opinion that this may possibly be a story concocted by some one who had spent his purse coming to see Niagara. But I know for certain, (a friend on whose word I can rely, told me,) that in the summer of (I think) '96, there were ten hot days wherein the carriages smelt so loud that the Falls would not be heard by one standing in close proximity to them. Such crowds rushed to Niagara, then, that I am told the carriage owners have since worked the dodge for all it is worth. But it has now ceased to be a phenomenon.

Holding my nostrils, I explained to the clamoring drivers that as my friend was only going to commit suicide, he would not need a carriage until after the event, and it would give him exceeding pleasure to engage his services then. They looked at Fitz pitifully, and backed away.

How did the Falls strike you? is the question that rises naturally to everyone's lips. I suppose I would be sneered at as a very unoriginal joltist if I ventured to naturally reply, to-wit, that the fact of my being here to tell it is evidence sufficient that they did not strike me at all. There are so many "only original" joltists nowadays that a man's surest chance of distinction is to be unoriginal. Apocryph of everything I may here mention that in Buffalo I was entertained with the account of the man who lived all his life there, within sound of Niagara, and died recently at the reverend age of four-score years and ten, without having once gone to see the Falls. At 18 years of age he felt small amongst his contemptuous fellows; but at 80 the same fellows began to say with admiring smiles, "Why here's Jonathan B. Brown, and fancy, he's never yet seen the Falls!" At 50 years of age the man who had never seen the Falls was grown vain and pointed out on the streets for the marvel of strangers, at 70 strangers were brought to see him, at 80 a syndicate got hold of him much to the chagrin of Niagara, which depreciated such a serious counter-attraction, but after a time it was found that both attractions were of mutual aid to each other. No visitor to the Falls could think of returning home without having seen the man who never saw the Falls; and no visitor to Jonathan B. could think of returning home without going also to see the sight he never saw. So every visitor, henceforward, took in both attractions, or rather, thought they took them in. Anyhow, after a year or so, if my memory serves me right, it was in May, '91, the Niagara Falls Company and the Jonathan B. Brown Company limited, amalgamated, and an efficient and serviceable electric car system connecting Buffalo and Niagara was established. I was told, too, that when Jonathan B. closed his eyes on the world, to the intense indignation of the shareholders, his last words, whispered in the ear of a friend who stood by him, were "I have never-ever-seen-the-Falls." As he had lived

vainly he died vainly; a remarkable contradiction to the dictum that pride will always have its Falls.

Jonathan B. resided twenty miles from Niagara, so I hold that his case is not a tithe so remarkable as my discovery—a discovery which for the benefit of mankind, I give freely and unhesitatingly, to the world-to-wit, Silas O. Judd. He resides, and has resided since he was a little boy, just so high, three miles only from Niagara Falls. He says he remembers coming to the little house, in which he now lives all alone, coming with his mother, who bore him on her back, sixty-seven years ago, or it may be sixty-six, he will not say positively. Anyhow, he has lived these three score years and six, and he has heard the Falls every night he has lain down, and every morning he has risen out of his bed, in that long space of time; yet, he told me (and his neighbors all vouch for the truth of it) that in all of those sixty-seven or sixty-six years he has never once seen the Falls. Anyone who doubts this, can verify it for himself. Silas, who is still quite a bright and entertaining old fellow, lives to the right of the road, about a hundred yards from it, three minutes after you pass the turn beyond the Devil's Rock, on the road to Lewiston. You will probably find him reading the New Testament (if it be evening) with his fingers, for (I should have mentioned) he lost his sight completely, when he was only three months old.

I consider the most remarkable attribute of the Falls is their disappointment. They don't comply with the bill-of-lading, at all. Goat Island is there, all right, though with the exception of the presence of one donkey—Fitz will please take my word for it, that I do not mean any personality—I saw no stronger reason for giving it this name. I admit, too, that I found there was an American side and a Canadian side; furthermore, the guide-book was correct in saying that many times as much water went down on the Canadian as on the American side, and any one who knows the condition of the British moral linen will readily appreciate this hint of Providence. Also I grant there is a precipice from which water comes down; though, considering the laws of gravitation, which even the Monroe doctrine failed to affect on this continent, I really see nothing so very remarkable about that. Likewise there is a river below, the most noticeable thing about which is, that it runs between the banks, and is crossed by a bridge, and a trolley-car, and an intermittent stream of grumbling strangers.

If you have not been to the Falls I think you may have a fair idea of them when I say that they are about as big and as high as one of the biggest apartment buildings in New York City; they are noisier than the twenty-first round of a prize fight, and not so noisy as six women at an afternoon tea; they kick up a spray as dense as the wits of the stupid fellow that differed with you last night. I do not now recall how many hundred thousand tons of water come over the Falls in a minute; but I do know that at the time I reduced the immensity of the thing to the level of my understanding, by calculating that there was sufficient to wash the consciences of the government officials at the astonishing rate of two per fifteen minutes, I reckoned that if the citizens of the United States arranged to keep the whole government shebang penned up on the banks, and every morning hawl them forward and back beneath the Falls on a wire cable, a comparatively clean administration would be the result—if they survived. If they did not survive, I foresaw that the immense reserve of philosophic resignation possessed by the American nation, would enable it to bear the shock with superhuman calmness.

The awed whisper with which, when you have crossed the bridge to the Canadian side, the name of Victoria is mentioned, makes an irrelevant Irishman (like myself) smile aloud. The carriages on this side of the bridge have one other equal on earth; and that is the carriages on the American side. In a weak moment I allowed myself and Fitz to be trapped into one of them, to be driven to Tablerock. "This," said the driver, "is Victoria's Park that I am going to take you through." "Victoria Park," said I, "then please go around it, or under it, or jump over it." He leant back to me and said with bated breath, "But it's named after Queen Victoria—Queen Victoria!" "I know, I know," said I, "I have heard of the lady. She's all right—till the rain's coming; but when the corn on the top of her small toe begins to whisper, the hired girl has got to stand around and look out for the poker and other portable aids to domestic felicity." The poor fellow turned up his eyes in horror. "But it's all right," I said, "if there's no other way, scot through Vic's park; and perhaps she'll never hear it was I." And as we slid over the holy ground, I entertained the driver with an account of a crow-picking which the Queen owed Fitz, because of some of her family's employés having hung divers of his progenitors for sheep-stealing. Fitz did not strike me, for fear of confirming the thing in the fellow's eyes. And again, at the government building the young lady in charge of the visitors' book, seeing me sign my name in Gaelic, drew me into a political discussion, that necessitated me quoting some history to her, with the result that she accused me of being a Fenian, to which I blushed a modest assent. She threw up her hands, and fled; and by-and-by I observed her where she had drawn about her a group of sympathizing officials to whom she was with trembling finger pointing out the zoological specimen. Fitz, who is normally as inoffensive as a babe, has a craving for being thought something as bad as an Anarchist. "I do believe," he said vainly, "those people think I'm as bad as you, even if I did not say much." "Yes, Fitz," I said, "they think you are my dupe."

At the government buildings, wherein you take a ticket for a descent by the side of the Falls they love to encourage in strangers the pleasing fiction that they are entering on a perilous undertaking, and whilst an attendant encases you in water-proofing from the crown of your head to the tips of your fingers and toes, your guide does likewise to himself. Then, that in case the worst does happen, there may be some memento of the lost for the loved ones left behind, a fellow thrusts under your nose pictures of other idiots taken in their descent suits. (I did not say decent—it would be a gross untruth,) and informs you that you need to have the same thing done.

And if you reply "No Sir!" with indignant decision, he says "well, that is a remarkable coincidence," and backs away. I do not know how he came by the phrase; but he evidently feels assured it is one not to be ashamed of, and one that will bear being produced on any occasion. Then, for the sum of 50 cents you are taken to the bottom of the precipice in an elevator which would easily bear sending to the wash. Along through the cliff and through the tunnel you stumble after your guide, for some hundreds of yards, until you reach a corner where there comes down a carefully-trained squirt of water with rather more volume and less force than that from the nozzle of a garden hose. Then you stretch forth your neck (under the careful direction of the guide) until seven distinct drops have rattled on your head covering. Then the show is over, and you return flattered by the guide with the revelation that you have just had a most remarkably exciting and hazardous experience, and that he never, only twice before, saw a man display the same cool nerve that you did. When you get to terra firma you are wrought to such a pitch of excitement that instead of giving the fellow the dime which for him you had carefully placed by itself in your vest pocket, you unthinkingly put your hand in your trouser's pocket, and reach him a quarter. And the chances are, too, that you bribe the photographer to take your picture in the picturesque garb in which you had just covered yourself with glory.

Let me say a word for the public library at Niagara. It pleased me very much. It is a fine library, and the books well chosen. I found my books in it. It is a very fine library, and the books remarkably well chosen. It gave me real pleasure to see many children burrowing among the books. "Oh, but you should see the crowds of men that come," said the friend who was showing us around. "Yes, it is remarkable the number of men that come," said one of the lady librarians. My friend, taking in at a glance the three pleasant lady librarians with whom we conversed, said, "No, but it would be remarkable if they could keep from coming." "We forgive him," said one of the blushing trio magnanimously, "he's an Irishman."

As Fitz and I were trundled back to Buffalo, and thence to New York, we confessed that, say what we might of Niagara, it gave us a pleasant and happy day anyhow.

I should add that all statistics, and anecdotes and illustrations quoted in this article are guaranteed genuine by me. I should know, for I made them myself.

SEUMAS MACMANUS.

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## TATTOOING IN OLD TIMES.

IT WAS A COMMON CUSTOM AMONG THE INDIANS  
OF LOUISIANA.

[New Orleans Picayune:] Tattooing was a universal custom among the Indians of old Louisiana with both sexes. Among the men it possessed a significance attaching to their career as warriors, and their tattoo marks were testimonials of distinction; with the women it seems to have been merely a matter of adornment. From their girlhood the women caused themselves to be tattooed on the face. Sometimes it was a line of tattooing across the top of the nose; sometimes the line was up and down the chin, and not infrequently the entire upper part of the body was thus marked. The young men of the nation also subjected themselves to the tattooing process by being tattooed first on the nose, like the women, and not until they had given evidence of their courage were they privileged to receive tattoo marks on any part of the body. This testimony of their merit as warriors was reserved for them when they had distinguished themselves in war by killing an enemy in battle or by bringing with them from the field of carnage the scalp of an enemy taken in the fight. When they had thus given evidence of their worthiness to be ranked among the warriors they had the right to tattoo their bodies with emblems and figures illustrative and commemorative of the incident in which they had proved their valor.

Every man and woman among the Indians yielded to the arbitrary custom of tattooing, but the warriors, above all, were carried away by this sort of vanity, and not one of that class by any chance allowed his opportunity to receive this patent of knighthood to pass by unutilized. One of the ordinary methods adopted by a warrior to commemorate a heroic deed in battle, in which he possibly had killed or in some way overcome an enemy, was to cause a tomahawk to be tattooed upon his right shoulder and under it the hieroglyphic sign of the nation to which belonged the conquered man.

The operation of tattooing required considerable fortitude to be borne without so much as wincing. A design was first drawn on the skin, and this design was then pricked with six needles, firmly fastened on a line in a flat piece of wood. After this, finely-powdered charcoal was rubbed into the punctures made by the needles, leaving an ineffaceable print of the design. The operation caused much inflammation, and sometimes fever, which brought on severe sickness, in case the patient was neglected while the swelling lasted. While the sickness remains the only food given was Indian corn, and water was the only drink.

## CHURCHWARDEN PIPES.

[Philadelphia Record:] "There is a demand just now for churchwarden pipes," remarked a Chestnut-street tobacconist yesterday. "Maybe you don't know what a churchwarden pipe is. You can't exactly be blamed if you don't, for of recent years they have rather sunk out of sight. They are the long-stemmed white clays, such as you see old Tony Weller smoking in the illustrations to old editions of 'Pickwick Papers.' Now they are coming in vogue again, but largely, I fancy, because they have certain decorative properties. Young bachelors who live in apartments come here and buy them by the box. They are hung about the walls of the den, and every fellow who drops in has his own pipe. He writes his name on the white bowl, and thereafter that pipe is his, and his only. They really make an odd effect strung around a room, and the autographs on all the bowls add to the charm. It seems to be quite a fad; judging from our sales."



## FIGHTING THE ICE.

AMERICAN PROTOTYPES OF THE FAMOUS RUSSIAN ICE BREAKER.

By a Special Contributor.

VESSELMEN and shipbuilders who are interested in keeping the ports of the Great Lakes and the St. Lawrence open have been generally advised to study the great new Russian ice steamer, Ermack. Without doubt she is the most powerful craft of her class ever launched, and she is certainly doing great things for the winter commerce of north European ports. But, though built on the other side of the Atlantic, under the direction of the Russian Admiral Makaroff, the Ermack is essentially an American invention.

From 1881 to 1888 the Straits of Mackinac were the scene of many desperate battles with the ice. Early in 1880 three railways arrived at the straits—two from the south and one from the north. Between Mackinaw City, the northern terminus of the two southern lines, and St. Ignace, the southern terminus of the northern one, lay the straits' broad channel, six miles in width from wharf to wharf, and blocked with ice for weeks and months every winter and spring. A connection of some kind was absolutely necessary, and the three roads cooperated in organizing the Mackinac Transportation Company, whose sole business was to keep a steamer running continuously, summer and winter, across the straits.

The Algoma, the first boat built for the service, was modeled on the tug Pilot of Cronstadt, Russia. The Algoma is only 135 feet long and 33 feet in breadth, but she is strong, heavy and substantial. Her hull is of wood sheathed with steel. She draws thirteen feet aft. Toward the bow her bottom rounds up out of the water in shape somewhat like the front of a sledge. Her engine is large for her size and her owners thought she could force herself up on to the heaviest ice, and that her weight would crush it. Her arrival at the straits caused

was not very good at making use of it. The current would not reach to any great distance, and every little while it was necessary to stop the engine, back the boat into the opening which she had made in the jam, take a new hold with the anchors and lines, and repeat the operation. But she kept at it, now stern foremost, now bow foremost, now pausing to give the dynamiters a chance, and after three weeks' work she steamed into St. Ignace. McCool then tried to get his principals to build a bigger ice-breaking steamer of an entirely new type. Her principal feature was to be a screw in her bow, which was to throw a current of water forward and break up the ice, while another and larger wheel in her stern kept her moving ahead. But while some of the men to whom he submitted his plan were enthusiastic over it, others held back, and so the matter was dropped for the time. McCool's idea was much talked over among vesselmen, however. One lake captain declared that he had once worked through the straits by lashing two propellers together, bow to bow, and causing one to push the other, stern first, through the ice, thus making practically one boat with a wheel in each end, though his story can not be vouched for.

Meanwhile the Algoma fought her feeble way through the ice fields for years. Sometimes she would be weeks getting across the straits. Several times her steel sheathing was torn off. Her screw was twisted out of all shape by the ice repeatedly. One winter she was laid up for weeks, the ice being so bad that attempted navigation was apparently equivalent to shipwreck.

It took patience and perseverance, courage and energy, to run the Algoma. My father's house stood on high ground overlooking the straits. When the boat was stuck we boys used to drive pins into the window sash and sight across them to see whether she was moving. Sometimes she did not seem to make an inch of headway from one day to another. Sometimes, when we came down to breakfast and paused at the dining-room window to glance across the pin heads, we found that she had moved a few lengths since the previous day. Or perhaps she had disappeared altogether from her old position, and, looking from another window, we could see her plowing steadily through the ice toward one or the other of her

exactly the same way, but in much larger and more

Early in the '90s the Russian government ordered the construction of a steamer that could transfer cargo on the line of the Trans-Siberian Railroad. The design was drawn to the work of the St. Ignace. Russian officers came from time to time upon the boats, and at last their design was adopted. It was expected that the boat built in Detroit and delivered "transferred" terms offered were unacceptable and the design went to an English shipbuilding firm. The boat was a little shorter than the St. Ignace, but was much heavier and substantial in her construction.

Since then several ice breakers of the same type have been built in Europe, one of the latest being in the service of Finland. She is 200 feet in length by 40 feet beam, and is keeping the port of Hango open throughout the winter.

The Ermack is the latest. Her construction was spent in the Baltic, and during the opening of the sea was to cruise northward to the Kara Sea, on the northern coast of Siberia. The task was the hardest ever allotted to any ship, and the design, her designer, was evidently determined to make as much as possible of the experience of the Algoma. Not satisfied with reports made by the Algoma, he came himself, and spent some time inspecting the St. Ignace, watching her work and consulting with her commander. The result of the admiral's investigation was that the planning was the most perfect ice breaker yet planned. The Ermack is the same length as the St. Ignace, considerably broader, deeper and heavier. She has three propelling screws, each fourteen feet in diameter and in her bow is a fourth wheel, thirteen feet in diameter, for breaking ice. All are of nickel steel, and are of a thousand horse-power, and they, with the main engine, made so strong and substantial that the ship can stand up all standing, by striking heavy ice, without serious injury. One of the Ermack's most peculiar features is an arrangement for pumping water into the hull to allow it to flow through suitable valves and out of the ship's skin, melting off the ice that has accumulated on her bow in freezing weather. Another peculiarity is a V-shaped room in the bow into which the bow of another vessel can be run, enabling the Ermack to tow a vessel, or to help the Ermack in pushing through a narrow ice gorge. But the great secret of her success is the features which Admiral Makaroff designed in the wheel under her bow.

WILLIAM B. CHASE

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### PELICAN HEADQUARTERS.

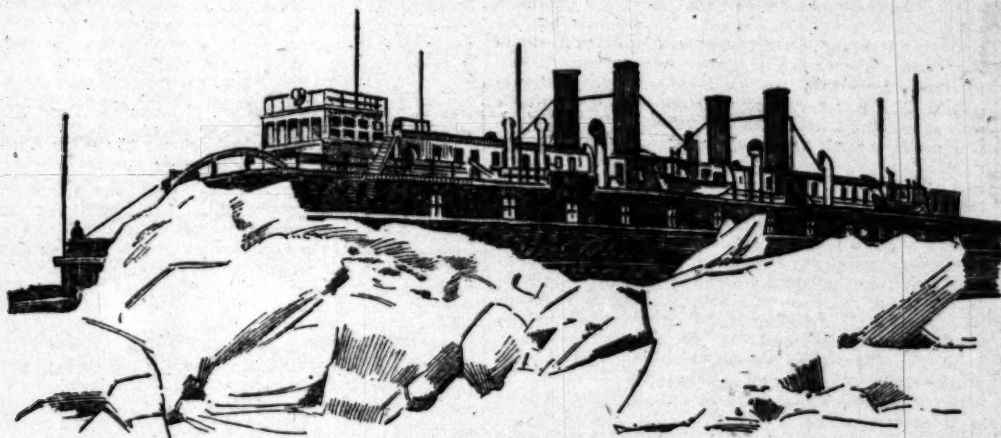
[St. Louis Republic:] Pelican Bend, on the Mississippi River, near St. Charles, Mo., is the annual gathering of pelicans. There is a large flock of river there, which has endured for many years the existence of a bar's existence in the treacherous waters of the Missouri. This bar is the usual place of vast flocks of pelicans that migrate to north in the spring and from north to south in the fall.

Persons who have observed their habits invariably arrive at Pelican Bend in the winter, remain until cold weather sends them south. The pelican is not an attractive bird to the eye and the nose. But he is not in his habits. The parent birds catch the young of their fill deposit the others in the water, their bills and carry them to their young. They will hold from three to eight pounds of food in their bills, and when distended to their capacity, the ground. When empty, the pouch hangs down the long bill, and is merely a mass of water. The pouch that gives the pelican his characteristic agreeable odor, caused by particles of food.

The pelican's legs are short and weak. Many have large webs. It is not a fast swimmer, but it is practically tireless in its work. On land it is awkward and unwieldy. Its plumage is pure white, except for a tuft of black on the head. It is seen on the top of the head for about a month in the early summer. This tuft disappears in the fall, leaving a pimple bald pate that is red, then black. By November 1, the skin on the head is a horny crest, which grows as the winter approaches by the time the bird arrives at its home. Northwest it is so prominent that it is called "board," because of its resemblance to the board of a sailboat. When properly cured, the plumage are largely used in women's hats.

### INDIAN BEVERAGE.

[Milwaukee Sentinel:] A civilized man down yesterday said that the reservation was quiring a taste for Jamaica ginger. "The reservation," he said, "all handle ginger, and the Indians have discovered that the beverage as cheap whisky. A teaspoon of ginger and coughing for several minutes is accustomed to swallowing the powerful ginger. It is another favorite beverage of the Indians. Authorities have begun to exercise strict control over their copper-skinned wards. It is the only beverage which a book-keeper uses in his balance sheet. Bookstores sell for writing purposes. The cultivated tastes will buy bottles of ginger, swallow the contents with relish. Some people use for puddings are swallowed by the Indians, and have been used in that way for alcohol, accounted poison in most parts of the world consumed in considerable quantities, although



STEAMER STE. MARIE.

much excitement, naturally, and her subsequent struggles with the ice were watched with intense interest, both at St. Ignace and Mackinaw.

The first winter of the Algoma's service was comparatively open, and for some time she had things her own way. But late in January a howling gale came down the straits from the west, bringing great quantities of ice, which blocked the channel completely. It took the Algoma a week, though helped with dynamite, to make her way across, and her final victory over the ice was a hollow one, for clearly she could not maintain continuous navigation. She had little further trouble that winter, however, but in the middle of the next January a 37-mile-an-hour gale arrived at Mackinac, and the straits began to fill up with ice gorges, much as they had done the previous winter. The Algoma left St. Ignace at the height of the storm, and, after battling with the gathering ice for two days, succeeded in reaching her wharf at Mackinaw City. Starting back, she worked along for two miles, and then ran up on to some very heavy ice and hung there. Superintendent McCool of one of the three railroads was sent for and he came down from Marquette on a special train, bringing a dynamite expert along. They saw at once that the blockade was the worst they had encountered and that even with the aid of explosives it would be difficult, if not impossible, to open a channel from shore to shore.

#### Superintendent McCool's Idea.

But McCool remembered having seen a tug fastened to the bank on the Hamburg Canal at Buffalo, and working at full speed to make a current and carry off the sewage which drained into the ditch. Her wheel was making a tremendous disturbance, and McCool conceived the idea that a current produced in the same manner and thrown against the ice pack might loosen it and wash it to pieces. So the Algoma was turned around and the crew made her fast by lines and anchors to the solid ice that surrounded her. Then the engine was started ahead, and as she could not move forward on account of her moorings, the water was forced to move back. The big screw threw a perfect cataract astern. It might not have had much effect against a wall of solid ice, but, like most ice gorges on either the lakes or the ocean, the frozen windrow in this case was composed of many layers, cakes and fragments, and the rushing water, penetrating every crack and cranny between them, swept them away as a spring freshet carries everything in its course. The problem was solved; McCool had hit upon the secret of the successful ice breaker. Out there in the ice pack of the Straits of Mackinac the Ermack was born.

But, though the secret had been found, the Algoma

two ports. But there came a time when McCool's idea was put to the test.

#### McCool's Idea Utilized.

All through the winter of 1888 reports kept coming up from Detroit of a wonderful steamer which was being built for the Mackinac Transportation Company, and was to be capable of demolishing all the ice in the Great Lakes. There was an unverified rumor, indeed, that if desired the new boat could dig a canal across the upper peninsula. She was to be named St. Ignace, in honor of our town, and was to be 100 feet longer than the Algoma, half as broad again, and very much deeper, with railway tracks laid upon her deck so that she could carry a train of cars bodily across the straits. The feature which most interested us was the screw in her bow. There has been a good deal of discussion as to who first suggested this feature. Some say that it was McCool, others that it was Capt. James Millen of Detroit, and still others have claimed that Capt. George C. Ketchum of Mackinac Island was the real inventor.

The new boat was completed in the early spring, and Capt. Boynton went down to Detroit to take command. She left Detroit April 7, and Port Huron on the 8th. A morning or two later she hove in sight, fifteen or twenty miles away to the eastward, and surrounded by solid fields of ice twenty-four to thirty inches thick. All day she drew steadily nearer, munching her way through the ice fields as a darkey goes through a slice of watermelon. Many and many a time we had watched the steamers coming up the north channel by the exact route that she was taking, but never before had one come sailing through the ice pack in this fashion. And never before had a steamer received such a welcome to the straits as she got. Five miles to the eastward she was met by a crowd of men, women and children, some on foot and some in sleighs, who walked and drove beside her and in front of her, and escorted her in triumph up the channel. For many years it had been the custom for Ft. Mackinac to fire a gun as a salute to the first boat that reached the island after the ice went out in the spring, but the St. Ignace received three guns. She reached her wharf at about 10 o'clock in the evening, and the cheering and shouting of the welcoming crowds were heard a mile away.

#### Copying the St. Ignace.

The best testimonial to the prowess of the St. Ignace is the manner in which she has been copied. After a few years she was found to be too small for the increasing traffic at the straits, and in 1893 the St. Ignace was launched. She resembles the older boat and operates in



## LOUISE

By a Special Contributor.

"I ALWAYS grieve me to contemplate the initiation of children into the ways of life, when they are scarcely more than infants. It checks their confidence and simplicity, two of the best qualities that heaven gives them, and demands that they share our sorrows before they are capable of entering into our enjoyments."

That Louise was in the depth of the shadow of discontent and rebellion was apparent. Her eyelids were red and swollen, her pretty dimpled hands were engaged in twisting and spitefully pulling at her apron while she said between her sobs: "Twins! Oh, dear; oh, dear; now we will have as many children as the emigrants have. I hate twins, and I hope they will both have red hair."

Her own hair, with its golden touch of color, that was rapidly mellowing into a rich auburn, to match her hazel eyes, was the source of many wounds to her sensitive nature. The merciless teasing of her school mates had led her to feel that it was a great affliction to have what they termed her, "red hair."

She was a winsome, attractive child, with a kindly sympathetic nature, but was capable of making herself exceedingly disagreeable when indulging in her moods of vexatious spitefulness.

Two arms stole lovingly about her, and her Aunt Carrie said coaxingly:

"Never mind, dear; you are to go home with me and stay tonight and tomorrow. I'll take you to grandma's and leave you there for a nice long visit, and when you return you will love your little twin sisters, because your mamma and papa do."

To which Louise ungraciously replied: "I won't, either! And I don't want to go to grandma's without my mamma."

Then there were more tears, and more coaxing. When Louise awakened the following morning, the sight of her aunt recalled her imaginary grievances, and by the time she was dressed, she was in a disagreeable mood. The first object her eyes fell upon as she entered the kitchen was her aunt's pet cat, Pee Wee, peacefully eating its breakfast of milk. Stealing up behind the cat, she gave it a kick that sent poor Pee Wee flying and upset the saucer of milk. The entrance of her aunt at this moment surprised her, and, looking up, she said, with an assumed air of innocence:

"What a fool that cat is to be afraid of me."

There was a merited rebuke upon her aunt's face, but there was no time for a lecture, as their trip to her grandmother's was a day's journey, and it was necessary for them to take the early-morning train.

When they were finally settled in the car, seeing that Louise was quietly interested in the strange faces of its occupants, her aunt gave a sigh of relief, leaned her head against the back of the seat, closed her eyes in an attempt to rest, which, however, soon proved futile. When she saw how annoying Louise seemed determined to be, she felt that when the journey was over and Louise was safe with her grandmother, it would be great relief.

As the day wore on, Louise became more restless, and passing from seat to seat in the car, persisted in relating an account of the affliction that had befallen her family, by the advent of two new babies, concluding in each case with:

"Twins! Don't you hate twins? I do."

Across the aisle from Louise and her aunt sat an old lady whom Louise had made several unsuccessful attempts to engage in conversation. Late in the afternoon, as they were nearing their journey's end, she discovered that the old lady was fast asleep. Bent upon mischief, she stepped across the aisle, and, putting her face close to the old lady's, raised her voice to its highest pitch and screamed. Thoroughly startled and aroused, the old lady said:

"Madam, is that your child?"

With an undisguised annoyance, Louise's aunt replied: "No, I am thankful to say she is not. She is my niece."

"Where is she going with you?"

"She is going to visit her grandmother. I am sorry that she was so rude."

After a few moments the old lady, in a gentle, solicitous voice asked: "Has her grandmother any help?"

Many years had passed since it had developed upon Louise's grandmother to have the full care of a little girl, and when Louise's conduct while in Aunt Carrie's care was related to her, she felt a little disturbed.

After Louise's arrival, she was interested and entertained by her surroundings and her grandmother began to feel that a mistake had been made somehow, as she and her son, Kenneth, found the child particularly agreeable and lovable.

Because of her temerity, to which was added a touch of homesickness, when put to bed and left alone for the night, the light was left burning and she would sing from the "Gospel Hymns" one or more of the hymns she had learned at Sunday-school, till drowsiness would close her eyes and she would slip away into slumberland. Then grandmother would come, snugly tuck her up, kiss gently her rosy cheek and turn out the light.

With an irresistible desire to tease her a bit, Louise's uncle Kenneth told her one morning that she had sung him to sleep the evening before.

"Yes, I like the hymns, and 'Dare to Be a Daniel' is so comforting," Louise said.

To which, with an air of sincerity, he replied: "Of course, Daniel was so brave, you know, that he went into a lion's den, though he was cute enough to take along a piece of meat for the lions. You remember that, and so as Daniel did, if ever you go into a lion's den."

Into her grave, brown eyes crept an expression of perplexity as her uncle finished speaking, and she walked away without a reply.

There had been a shower, that, with the consequent dampness, had kept Louise indoors, but the summer sun burst forth in all its glorious warmth, as it ceased rain-

ing, and the clouds passed by. Louise stood interestedly watching, through the barnyard fence, the great white Emden geese, as they were lazily sunning themselves, while adjusting their snowy plumage, by driving their yellow bills in and out and up and down through their fluffy feathers. She admired those great, white geese, and she said aloud, "Oh, you pretty things! God has washed you white as snow."

Soon, however, her sympathy was aroused on account of a hen that was clucking about in seeming distress, because all of her eggs had been taken from her just as she had concluded to set. The more she clucked about, the more solicitous Louise became, till, deciding to take action in behalf of the hen, she surreptitiously filled her apron from her grandmother's egg basket, and started for the barn yard to replenish the poor hen's nest, saying to herself as she went: "You poor old hennie; you shall have some baby chickens."

The click of the gate as she closed it around the geese, and thinking they were to be fed, with a stretch and flap of their great wings, and a loud, hoarse quack, they started toward Louise. Frightened, she turned to run, stumbled and fell, which not only increased her terror, but was disastrous to the eggs, as well as to her dress and apron. Her face and hands were also besmeared with the broken eggs. Louise's screams alarmed her grandmother, who, hastening to her, was amazed at her appearance.

The following day Louise made the acquaintance of a little girl who lived in their neighborhood. It was but a few days until they were inseparable friends, and Louise soon became imbued with a desire to attend school with her friend Helen. After thoughtful consideration, she was permitted to do so.

One evening soon afterward, her uncle greeted her with, "Well, Louise, how do you get along at school?"

With a sigh, she said, wearily: "Oh, it's the same here that it was in Albany. A day or two after I start to school my seat mate has to have her seat changed."

Her uncle's long-drawn whistle and look of inquiry disconcerted Louise, and she changed the subject at once.

Helen was a very amiable and conscientious child, with a seriousness far in advance of her years, and Louise never tired of extolling her virtues and quoting her upon every opportunity. It soon became apparent that her example and influence were exerting a beneficial change upon Louise's disposition.

One evening, when she went to bid her uncle Kenneth good night, he put his arm caressingly about her, as he said: "So you spent the day with Helen? What did you play at?"

"Oh, we tried to see which could go up and downstairs the most times on one foot, and I beat her."

"Well, now, that is a splendid idea. You keep on doing that, and you see you won't wear out but one foot at a time, and your feet will last longer. I saw a dog the other day running on three legs. No doubt, for that very reason."

"Oh, Uncle Kenneth, what do you mean? I never understand you. Helen says maybe you never went to Sunday-school, and I ought to pray for you."

As she kissed him good-night, there was a shadow of trouble upon her expressive face, and the hymn with which she sang herself to sleep that night was, "Oh, turn ye; oh, turn ye."

Time sped apace, and Louise's visit was drawing to a close. For several days there had been an unwonted seriousness in her appearance, and demeanor, attributable, her grandmother surmised, to the contemplated separation from Helen.

The silence of the night was broken. From the barn yard there rang out the chattering shrill notes. Birds from vines and trees twittered a welcoming melody to the rosy light of the rising sun.

Louise stole quietly out of her bed, went to the window where she stood for a moment, apparently interested in the awakening dawn, but in reality disturbed by uncomfortable thoughts. "I'll just talk it over with grandma," she said, and stepped into the adjoining room to her bedside, with "Please, grandma, are you awake?"

"Why, my dear child; what are you up at this hour for? Cuddle down here with me a while, and take another nap." She unhesitatingly accepted the invitation and lay quietly in her grandmother's arm, but without any inclination to sleep.

Finally, she asked, "Say, grandma, was Aunt Carrie ever naughty when she was a little girl?"

"Yes, dear, I fear she was sometimes. Why do you ask?"

"Oh, 'cause, Helen says that if any one has been naughty and knew they were, they will never be happy till they are forgiven, and I thought if Aunt Carrie was ever hateful when she was little, she might forgive someone that was hateful to her."

"Of course she would. You just ask her when you go home, and see."

"And, grandma, Helen says that if I don't go home and love the twins, God will take them, and then mamma and papa will grieve and mourn, and I will know that it was because I hated the twins. Oh, dear; oh, dear, grandma, I want to go home to my mamma, and I'll never hate the twins any more. I hope they won't have red hair. Oh! oh! oh!" Sobs and tears were evidence that Louise was truly penitent. Tenderly and lovingly her grandmother consoled her and soothed her sorrow.

Not until Louise had fallen into a fitful sleep did she attempt to leave her. Then Louise moved, and with a tremulous sob settled down for a restful sleep.

"You poor little troubled heart," her grandmother said, as she smoothed the covers about Louise and hastened away to attend to her belated morning duties.

For months after Louise's return home, her aunt Carrie would say, occasionally, "There is a decided improvement in Louise since her visit to her grandmother's."

ELLA M. FILKINS.

For 1899 the world's corn crop is 2,611,000,000 bushels, of which the United States furnishes 2,300,000,000 bushels; Austria-Hungary furnishes 98,000,000 bushels, a serious falling off from the 153,000,000 bushels of last year. Argentina comes next, with 72,000,000 bushels; then comes Italy, with 68,000,000 bushels. The crop is about 111,000,000 bushels more than the average crop of the last four years.

## A FLOWER ENTERTAINMENT.

HOW A NUMBER OF CHILDREN SPENT A MOST DELIGHTFUL EVENING.

By a Special Contributor.

The invitations were out for Lady Marion's May party. "The pleasure of your company, as a rose, is requested at the home of Lady Marion, No. 22 Lake street, May first, nineteen hundred, from six to nine in the evening. The boy who wears a rose will be your partner for lunch and games. Your names for the evening will be Mr. and Mrs. Rosa. R. S. V. P."

The cards, on which the invitations were written, were pale green, and as if carelessly dropped on it were painted in water-color the six flowers to be represented. There were to be twelve children in all, six boys and six girls. The girls were to represent some flower by their dress, and the boys to wear a corresponding flower. The flowers represented were the daisy, rose, violet, poppy, pansy and lily-of-the-valley. The gowns worn by the six little girls were simply charming, and well carried out.

Miss Daisy's gown was white muslin, and round the waist was a bodice of yellow velvet, and with her white slippers and stockings, and white ribbons tying her golden curls, she was a daisy indeed. Mr. Daisy, needless to say, wore a few marguerites or daisies in his buttonhole.

Miss Rose had a beautiful pink muslin, daintily trimmed with green ribbons, while Mr. Rose had a lovely Duchess bud on his coat.

Miss Violet's gown was a figured challie, the background of which was cream white, with beautiful violets thickly scattered. Mr. Violet wore a small bouquet of California beauties.

Miss Poppy was really quite showy in her flaming yellow and orange gown. The skirt, of yellow, was accordion pleated, and the bodice and sash of a deeper shade. Mr. Poppy had no trouble in finding his partner, as the colors just matched those of the poppies on his coat.

Miss Pansy was dressed in purple and yellow, the narrow bodice and boroels being of pale yellow, and the draped skirt of two shades of purple and yellow ribbons tied her hair. Mr. Pansy wore purple and yellow pansies.

Miss Lily-of-the-Valley wore a white skirt, made to resemble a lily bell, with a pale-green accordion-pleated ruffle showing beneath and a white waist, with green shoulder caps and sash. Mr. Lily-of-the-Valley—well, I guess you know what he wore.

The day was perfect, and the party a glorious success. After greetings, and a few minutes for social talk, the lunch was served, after which flower games were played. The lunch was a simple affair, but very daintily served.

At each plate was a small, round box of candies, on the cover of which was a flower to represent the guest who was to sit there. Both box and paper were made of tissue paper. The bonbon caps, also, were of home manufacture, and represented flowers. Sandwiches, chicken salad, fancy cakes, ice cream, fruit, and for dainties sugared rose petals and violets furnished the principal part of the repast.

One corner of the room was prettily furnished with a punchbowl of lemonade, by the side of which was a large vase of orange blossoms.

After lunch the merry party were seated in the drawing-room, which was artistically decorated with flowers, to enjoy some games. At one end of the room was a blackboard, a box of dustless colored crayons, and here sat Lady Marion's mamma with a card like this in her hand:

- |     |                |   |
|-----|----------------|---|
| 1.  | Pink.          | : |
| 2.  | Poppy.         | : |
| 3.  | Daisy.         | : |
| 4.  | Daffodil.      | : |
| 5.  | Tulip.         | : |
| 6.  | Pansy.         | : |
| 7.  | Rose.          | : |
| 8.  | Sunflower.     | : |
| 9.  | Lily.          | : |
| 10. | Dandelion.     | : |
| 11. | Violet.        | : |
| 12. | Morning-glory. | : |

The children each had a plain card, with pencil attached. At the left of the card were the twelve numbers. Each child in turn was called to the board to draw a flower, the name mamma would whisper in their ear or show a picture of. After No. 1 had drawn a pink, as well as he could, each child was to write the name of it as best he could after the No. 1. Then No. 2, and so on until the cards were filled. Then the one holding the card nearest like mamma's was given a prize of a beautiful glass vase for flowers, and the one who had the fewest names right was given a pretty tissue-paper flower, all wrapped in a box and wrapping paper. After this followed a flower pantomime—the room being darkened and shadows of flowers thrown on a sheet hung for the purpose, then the "smelling game," where the guests passed around with eyes blindfolded, and tried to tell the names of as many of the flowers as they could by smell. They were going to play another game, to see who could write the most names of flowers in five minutes, but some of their papas and mammas had come for them, so, after saying good-by to Lady Marion and her mamma, the happy party was broken up, but it will long be remembered by the merry boys and girls.

G. L. E.

## WIRE FENCE USED FOR TELEPHONING.

[New York Press:] Not long ago the spirit moved Cassius Alley of Ingalls, Ind., to build a telephone line. But the necessary expenditures in connection with the wire that was needed was an obnoxious item to his ingenious mind. He got around it. No money was spent for the wiring, and the farmers have the telephone anyway. That is because Mr. Alley was bright. He noticed that almost every farm in the territory that he wished to cover was inclosed with barb-wire fencing. All that he needed to do to get a continuous line of wire was to connect a few gaps.

As a result there is a long-distance telephone service between Anderson, Pendleton and Ingalls, and it is to be extended to Greenfield, making a total distance of fifteen miles covered with the cheapest telephone on record.



## GIRL RANCHERS..

THEY WEAR GARMENTS SACRED TO MEN,  
BUT FEMININE NEVERTHELESS.

By a Special Contributor.

Gussie and Louise Lamn run a sheep ranch covering fifty miles of California mountains. They run it both mentally and physically. Both the financial and out-of-door work they do themselves, and it is a success.

Gussie is 19 and Louise 20. Each girl spent six years in a convent in San Francisco over books and needle work, and then went home, put on garments sacred to men, be-strode a broncho, and is doing the work of a farmer.

Two years ago their father died, and since then the girls have managed everything except the usual work al-lotted to a woman. That their mother does.

They asked me to make them a visit, and I gladly turned my horse's head toward their ranch, one day last summer. It was just before sundown, and in a country where a neighbor within ten miles is too close for both to breathe freely, away up in the higher levels of the Coast Range Mountains. When I had closed the big gate



GUSSIE LAMN.

and entered the Lamn domain, I could fancy myself riding through the park of some great English country house in Surrey.

There are four miles of roadway from the Lamns' front gate to the door under a wide porch laden with roses.

A little house it is, and bare, as all the mountaineers' dwellings, but all about are the marks that a woman made her home there.

Mrs. Lamn was cooking supper, and Gussie and Louise were setting the table. Deft both girls were, but it was as if the Venus de Milo or a Victory had resumed her lost members, pinned up her draperies and gone to work. Both were dressed in blue jean overalls, tucked into heavy top boots, shirt waists open at the throat, and piles of braided hair. Their little tired German mother seemed like the witch wife in a fairy tale, who held the girls under spell. But it is no fairy's life the girls live.

Supper must be hurried, for there were thirty-two head of cattle which Louise had driven into the home paddock. We went out to look at them, and the girls picked out one cow which was to be tamed for milking, and ten others to be sold to the driver who had come by in the morning on his way to the market. The rest were turned loose again on the hills, after four of them had been lassoed, thrown down, and then branded with a big L.

"How did I come to begin this sort of life?" Gussie said, as we sat on the steps. "Well, it was five years ago when wool first went so low. Before that father had three men, but after he could only afford to pay one Indian. I was at home for my Christmas vacation. It began snow-ing, and it snowed all day and all night, and was still snowing, and father and Sam were out trying to get the sheep in. They did not come to dinner till after 4 o'clock, and when father came he was so tired he could hardly get off his horse.

"About seven hundred sheep were in the snow down in the gulch back of Chinese Mountain. They would just lie down and die unless they were driven out. 'Father, I am going to help get those sheep in,' I said, and just made father let me.

"We worked in the snow till every sheep was out and safe. They were wet and chilled, so we had to keep them moving till they got some life into them. It was nearly daylight when we went home, and mother was waiting, asleep in her rocking-chair, but with lots of hot coffee and a blazing fire in the kitchen stove. Such a sight as I

was! Every time I jumped off that horse I caught my skirt, and it was torn from top to bottom and off the band, and I was wet to my neck. When I woke up next morning father was getting ready to ride the range to see how the other sheep had stood the storm. You know he was an old man, past 60, and it was at least thirty miles' hard riding. I put on his clothes and went, and I have been doing it ever since. I don't think it is half as hard as mother's work, and I know there is not one thing about it which hurts any girl, and we like it, don't we, Liebchen?"

### Every-day Ranching.

Next day at dawn, Sam, the Indian, had been attempting to milk the cow, who did not want to be civilized. He had been obliged to call Louise to take up the white man's burden. The cow was tied to the "bumpers"—four posts, one for each leg—and was left to meditate while we started out after breakfast to ride the range. All the dogs begged to go, but Gussie untied only three, talking to the others like children and promising them futures. The dogs are an industry by themselves, furnishing the girls "fol de rol" money, and two women's magazines, for both of the girls revel in the heart-to-heart talks of the woman's own page.

Over the hills we rode, each girl with a great bag of salt over her saddle to scatter on top of a hill where the sheep sleep. Each carried a rifle, too, and frequently jumped off her horse to examine the sheep or see if a panel of fence needed replacing.

Later on, while Louise was cooking, Gussie and I lay in the shade.

"It was just in here," she said, "some hunters were camping last summer. They had no right to, but we can't keep them off. Half of them cannot tell a deer from a sheep. They kill twice as many sheep as deer. The hunters who were camped here left a fire and it got started. I saw the smoke and rode over here. No one else would be liable to be near enough to see the smoke before night, then every one would come as fast as they could.

"I tied my horse and looked around and saw the fire could not wait. If it got much more of a start it would be so hot we could not fight it, and it might burn for miles, everything was so dry. It burns the trees and goes down into the roots and kills all the brush and burns up the grass and fences and buildings. It leaves nothing behind. I had only Perro, the dog you wanted to bring this morn-ing, with me. I took my handkerchief and held it in the fire till it was half burned and then tied it to Perro's col-lar, and told him to go home and find Louise and bring her.

"He understood just as well as you do and started on a run. I went to work and beat out a trail. The fence was burning all the while, but the trees and brush are



LOUISE LAMN.

worse when started, so I worked till I had a good trail around the fire. Then I began on the fence. Do you see these little, white scars all over my hands? The fence is put together with wire instead of nails, and tearing down the fence, the wires would stick in my hands and they were red hot. When Louise saw Perro with the burnt handkerchief, she knew right away, and rode over for the Wilson men, but there was only George at home, and they came as fast as they could, with Perro to show the way. The fire had been gaining, though I had worked for four hours with all my might. It was so hot my face was burned, and Louise just ran back and forth from the creek with wet handkerchiefs to put over our faces. We worked all that night and all the next day, and then some men passing on the road over there saw the smoke. They came and worked, and about dark the fire was pretty well down and only had to be watched.

"I was blacker than an Indian, and so were George and Louise. I never felt so queer in my life. I think I was what you call faint. The men had something to eat with them, and they got some out for us. It was the first time I had sat down at all."

### The Way to Gussie's Respect.

"Another hunter who can't tell a quail from a sheep or a cow from a deer, has been about," said Louise, and she

dismounted, and after looking at a woman beyond its misery with her rifle. We were an hour afterward there was a shot from the rocks.

"There he is now," and Gussie put her rifle in the direction and wheeled in the direction and we shot him from the city was aiming his rifle into the sky.

"You get off this range, and don't you dare here till you know a sheep from a squirrel."

"The devil you say," the youth answered, and I tell you this is my land, and I have been shooting here. If you don't move off, I'll shoot you.

He stopped and picked up a thick man's tail, looked at it critically and threw it away.

He looked up at the angry girl.

"Sir, or—madam, I was about to invite you to improve your manners—what are you?"

"Thraashing," and Gussie jumped off her horse and have something to say about it."

"Madam," and the youth removed the hat he wore and bowed low. "I always say to I present you with my bag of game."

Ten rattlesnakes lay dead on the table.

"They are all shot through the head," she said to her finger tips and too honest for diplomacy.

"Aren't they beauties? Mayn't I cum a snake at me, and a few days later the young man me a fine skin and he had been invited to the Lamn range.

As we rode along the girls told tales of the girls might tell of excursions, tales of lion and bear who decimate the sheep in the lion and coyote hunts at night, for the coyotes in the the sheep and easily got on the wrong side of so carefully built coyote-proof fence.

"At the point nearest Laytonville, the pack we left the range, and went to see if there was The usual quota of horses stood in front of the buildings which made up the town. All the most respectful toward the girls, although they talk of restraining them from wearing such moun-taineers have ideas of their own, and are are coincident with St. Paul's. They believe a place is in her house and every wife of a long term of years, wherein they have home inclosure. But when one compares the turnoutness with Gussie and Louise Lamn, why do not more of the women get out of hills?"

As we rode back the girls took note of the along their land and which they must keep animal.

A plank was loose and next morning it was ridden down and driven in some spikes into the Gussie had been noting the prints of animals in the dust of the road. They were very fresh to a place where the tracks even to my horse out in at least one dew. At the same time her fence had been mended and on the hill only bare, brown earth.

"That Pete Lyons pastured his sheep on the night," she said to Louise. Now, Pete Lyons well. He never was above getting a dollar a method of its getting. Ten miles further, what may be called a sheep's hotel, giving the sure and rest, in his many paddocks at the per sheep for twelve hours.

Pete Lyons had saved the board of his saw or two thousand sheep. Moreover, he was careful about taking any sheep which might with him.

"It means a round-up tonight, and if we see sheep, I'll just bring them back," Gussie said.

It was near sunset and we had been in the early morning, except for luncheon, but after the two girls with Sam, the Indian, and four dogs, rode off to a high hill, where we saw sheep feeding upward to their beds.

Soon they came bas-ing down, tramping and guided by the dogs and the voices of the late when all the 5000 and something sheep paddock. As soon as it was light in the paddock stood at a gate leading out of the paddock and the gate so the sheep could run out one by one. He counted the swift tide. There were about less than the contingencies of life allowed, called Perro and rode down the road.

She did not return for four days, and was driving her flock before her.

### COLLECTING CAR FARES IN GERMANY.

[Chicago Record:] The chances of evading the street cars of German cities are very slight. The senger steps on a car the conductor immediately where he is going, and then prepares his ticket, serves also as a receipt for the fare. The ticket of a ticket consists only in detaching it from and punching it or marking it with a post. The cess involves much more work than the usual ringing up the fares, as conductors do not the task is lightened by the fact that only a ber of persons are permitted to ride on a car at time. The number of sitting and standing plainly marked on each car. If a car is full, thirty persons, no more than thirty persons, is mitted on that car at the same time. When Germany is forbidden, it is settled once for all.

In order that every person who rides shall a scribed ticket, inspectors are employed, and time in ascertaining whether the conductor is their duty. These inspectors step into the the passengers for their tickets. They also the tickets and whether they correspond to the stubs retained by the conductor. The clerk the blocks of tickets to the conductors and of the uppermost ticket, and at the return he collects from the conductor who returned it as there are tickets detached. The rate of fare from 2-1-2 cents to 5 cents; according to the Small children are carried for one-half fare for the sum of \$2.50 may secure a ticket for him to ride as much as he wishes for one car is full, the conductor displays a placard word "Occupied."



## A TALE OF TWO BURROS.

By a Special Contributor.

**Y**EARS ago, wishing to spend a summer in the mountains of Southern California, I purchased a pair of burros, having the classic names of Moses and Samson, but familiarly known as (Moses and Sam. Samson, the older, was a bluish drab in color, and had a white face, one black eye and one "watch" eye. He had earned his title by muscle and merit. Moses, the younger, was an exact "double" of Sam, excepting the white face and variegated eyes. Like his mate, he was a tower of strength, but his meekness was not monumental. He had developed a great attachment for Samson; and Samson in turn was his friend. Their manner of expressing their fondness for each other was a little rough at times, but none the less sincere. When meeting, after a few days' separation, their first salute was an exchange of kicks—as though trying to shake hands with their hind feet—after which they would put noses together and fondle each other in well-nigh human fashion. In fact, I have seen Moses at such times actually shed tears. (Perhaps I should explain, however, that they were caused by one of Sam's whiskers sticking in his eye.)

The camping season over, I came down from the mountains and left the burros for the winter at a bee ranch, owned by a man named Parker. The place was in one of the washes from Mt. San Antonio, and an ideal spot for an apiary. Parker was attracted to it by the great sycamore trees and the broad stretch of white sage, which promised bounteous crops of the best of honey.

At the time the burros wintered there, Parker's family contained five boys, between the ages of 6 and 13 years—sturdy lads, schooled in all the makeshifts of the pioneer homesteader. There was great rejoicing among them when they learned that they were to have the burros all winter to ride to school; and equally great sorrow that the schoolhouse was only two miles away.

Parker had never built a barn, but simply designated certain of the sycamores as places of shelter for his various animals and vehicles. Under this régime it was natural that worn-out harness and implements should find repose in unused portions of the grove; and it was not strange that the small Parkers, becoming possessed of a desire to drive the burros, decided to levy on these abandoned trappings for materials for a vehicle and harness. Their mid-winter picnic was to be held on Washington's birthday—a thing not unseasonable along the sunny southern slopes of the Sierra Madre; and they concluded to make their debut on that occasion with the donkeys in harness.

The week preceding the February holiday seemed a long one to the boys; but the day came at last, and with all the charm of the Southern California springtime. When the sun peeped over the mountain wall it saw itself in miniature in the golden globes on the orange trees; it saw birds and bees and flowers in profusion on every hand. It saw something else under the Parker sycamores—something it had often seen before, but never in its present peculiar aggregation. Briefly, the morning disclosed a great heap of materials which the small Parkers had collected for the construction of their festive chariot—a heap which might have been pictured in the single word chaos. Like the component parts of the "one-horse shay," they were all of equal strength, or, more correctly, of equal weakness. Any shortcomings as to quality, however, were more than offset by the quantity and variety; but it was plain that it order was to come out of this unique type of chaos there must be a liberal admixture of genius.

A gig, with one shaft gone, formed the nucleus of the new creation; but it was an easy matter to replace the missing shaft with a sycamore sapling, bound on with old flailing wire. The task of hitching two burros to a two-wheeled vehicle, with shafts for a single animal, would have puzzled older heads, but it did not faze the small Parkers, for five fertile intellects and ten willing hands had grappled it.

Two old horse collars were buckled on the burros' necks, but they were so large that it seemed as if the little animals might step through them and go free. Accordingly, two gunnysacks, filled with hay, were put on their necks to raise the collars into place. The rest of the harness was not a neater fit than the collars; and the reins, of discarded baling rope, did not lend the semblance of strength or safety to the outfit. In due time, however, the span was hitched to the gig. Sam inside the shafts and Moses beside him on the outside. Then the five boys distributed themselves on and under the rickety seat, and persuaded their one sister to cast her lot with them, instead of walking to the picnic.

In a narrow clearing beside the road stood the beehives, each one protected from the sun by a board cover, weighted with stones. In the mild climate of Southern California the bees are seldom idle, and they were improving the shining hours of that February morning in their wonted manner.

A single burro under a pack can be provokingly slow, and two burros tandem are no faster; but with packs removed and hitched abreast to a light vehicle they can, on a down grade, develop an appalling speed. But the passive indifference of Moses and Samson to the preparations for a drive satisfied the boys that their trip would at least be a safe one, and at a word they were off. The burros moved briskly, and there was hilarity aboard the gig, for the boys had fondly pictured to themselves the ovation they would receive when their unique equipage should roll into the picnic grounds.

Before the beehives were reached, however, in descending a little pitch in the road, the gig ran onto the burros, and the boys remembered, too late, that their harness lacked holdbacks. The burros, though not frightened, spurred forward to keep out of the way; but the gig at the same

time quickened its speed, and, whatever the cause, the result was a runaway.

The first thing lost from the gig was the hilarity. With pallid face the driver tightened his grip on the reins, but without effect. Then another small Parker grasped one rein, but at the three-hand pull it parted, while the continued hold on the other turned the galloping span in among the beehives. Then the casualties began. The burros ran astride a hive, and the gig tried to do likewise, but the hive was too high. In the resulting collision the hive lost its top and the gig box its bottom, dropping the lunch and the two small Parkers, who were under the seat, in the midst of mad bees and spilled honey. A portion of the colony immediately pounced upon them, while the others followed the fleeing gig. The remaining Parkers could have dropped through the yawning hole at their feet more easily than they could have stayed aboard; but, having grown up with the bees, they knew that it would be wiser to cling to the gig—if they could. The flying detachment pressed hard upon them, however, and amid the passionate swinging of hats, the remaining rein was dropped.

The burros, now unrestrained and goaded by fiery darts from every quarter, quickly disappeared in the sagebrush. Just what happened there was never concisely known, for each of the small Parkers who straggled back to the ranch-house at intervals during the afternoon told widely different tales.

The picnic at Claremont was short six Parkers and two burros. At the sycamore homestead the odor of the amica was the ruling feature of the day. The sun which had gladdened the morning was darkened, so far as the boys were concerned, before its appointed hour; for an apparent epidemic of acute mumps had temporarily obscured their vision.

As for Moses and Samson, they were found the next morning quietly feeding at the Parker haystack. They were innocent of gig or harness, for they had scattered the shattered parts thereof more widely than before the boys gathered and fitted them together.

WILLIAM M. BRISTOL.

## HAVE INVENTED A NEW LANGUAGE.

TWO CHILDREN OF THE CALIFORNIA REDWOODS SPEAK AN INTERESTING TONGUE.

By a Special Contributor.

In the redwood forest of the mountains of the Coast Range in Mendocino county, six miles east from Ft. Bragg, stands a cabin with neatly fenced garden and corrals. It is the home of two children who have built up a language. They are children of well-bred, well-educated parents, who have been too busy hewing a livelihood out of the forest to give the little ones even enough of their society to teach them to speak.

Sixteen years ago George Hicks and his young wife came out from the East to find a home where the new West offered, as they thought, wider possibilities. They had a good sum of money to invest, but like thousands of others, Mr. Hicks was not sharp enough to keep it, and he was quickly plucked as clean as a pigeon in the kitchen. With two horses, some cows and chickens the young couple went by boat up the coast to Ft. Bragg and thence struck out into the primeval forest to take up the nearest unlocated government land. The redwoods offered them a home and a livelihood, but great labor and little profit. They were destitute of everything but love and hope, the best capital to put into a home, and the husband's ax sang out merrily, and soon there was a cabin in place of the hollow tree they had first sought shelter in. He added stables and fences and a garden, and his gun supplied plenty of venison and quail and grouse, and they were able to welcome their first little son to a comfortable home.

When Frank was 3 years old his parents rejoiced to give him a baby sister, to be a companion for the boy, who, before, played alone all day under the trees.

The baby, Mollie, was placed almost from her birth in the boy's charge. Mrs. Hicks isolated her children from the rough contact with the Indians, and as they must all eat at one table by the laws of the western usage, she placed a little table in one corner of the porch and here the two children ate the meals they did not prefer to carry off into the woods.

Almost before the baby could walk Frank carried her beyond the green open on which the house was built and to his favorite nooks in the forest, and she slept her midday naps safe in a great house-like, hollow tree.

The rain in tree tops, the smoke of forest fires, the white fog floating dimly in from the ocean, the gray whisk of a squirrel or the blue flash of the chattering jay, each had a meaning for the boy, and how could he convey that meaning to the little sister? There was no one to tell them the accepted word to express the forest sounds and life, and, naturally enough, the little ones invented a language of their own from the sounds they knew, and that language is a true language and has nouns and pronouns and verbs and adjectives and adverbs. More than that, their words are almost identical with the root words of our language. Take, for instance, "phin" for fire or heat, which is identical. Sin is fig, and on is don, think is horse, boo is cow, wala is squirrel and wa is to run, and wawa to fly. Jaho is the redwood, saya the fawn, moea the doe, jawawa is the rabbit.

Their voices are soft and their language is the vocalized type of the forest, where they have grown like two little squirrels, healthy and happy and gentle. They are not savages. They have distinct ideas of right, and theft is to them the greatest conception of wrong. They learned it from the birds when they saw a winged thief help himself from the hardly gathered store of the woodpecker, which they had watched, carried nut by nut from the ground to a hollow tree.

Mrs. Hicks noticed that the children did not speak in English, but thought it was the usual prattle of babyhood. She tried at spare moments to keep the little ones near her, but they spoke in a language which neither she nor her husband could understand.

It worried her and amused their father, but when a

school was opened at Ft. Bragg Mr. Hicks presented himself to the young schoolma'am with Master Frank, who was to ride the six miles to and from school on an ancient Mexican pony.

The boy was 8 years old, but he had never seen a child in his life before, nor any woman except his mother, for his home was separated from the world by the silence of the redwoods.

The boy was impressed by the novelty, but could not understand what was said to him, nor could he make the children understand him. They began to tease him and were pummeled well, and Master Frank regularly ran away from school and rode off home on his pony. The teacher was patient with him, for she could see he was an unusually bright boy, but she could not do anything with him, and one Saturday rode through the forest to his home and consulted with his mother. Little Mollie's devotion to her brother and his protection of her suggested to the teacher to make her a little pupil at school as a balance wheel to her brother.

They ran away occasionally and still talk in their own language when alone, but they are rapidly becoming proficient in English and when she can take the time Mrs. Hicks rejoices in her two fine youngsters.

HELEN GRAY.

## THE BEAR AS A HOUSEHOLD PET.

THE CUNNING WAYS OF TOPSY, A NEW HAMPSHIRE BRUIN.

[Joe English in Mirror and Farmer:] A bear is one of the last animals that the ordinary person would select as a household pet, yet no more gentle, affectionate and cunning specimen of the brute creation could be found than a domesticated member of the bruin family now in the possession of W. J. Shattuck of Manchester. "Topsy," as Miss Bruin is called, is but 18 months old, but she will weigh as much as a good-sized man, and when sitting on her haunches her snout stands level with her master's shoulder. She is an animal whose size and appearance would strike terror to any stranger, outside an old hunter or a well-read disciple of "Deadwood Dick." But "Topsy" is a lady. To say that she is as gentle as a kitten would not do her justice, for kittens will cuff and scratch; Topsy is as tender in her caresses as a mother with her child.

A Mirror man was introduced to Topsy the other evening. Mr. Shattuck led the way to the shuttered back room in which the bear is kept tied up with a long chain and collar, and lighted the gas. A big black form rose up from one corner, and a set of red jaws, with glistening white fangs, were shown in a yawn. The visitor started back with alarm, but Mr. Shattuck smilingly walked forward and patted the animal's head.

"Hug me, Topsy," he said; "kiss me." The bear rose up-right on her haunches, gently laid her paws on her master's shoulders and softly licked his face, keeping up a low, half-whining sound as she did so, as if endeavoring to express her pleasure or affection. Mr. Shattuck gave the animal a grape and she masticated it delightedly, then put out her nose for another. But her master stepped back, and, pointing to a ladder-like arrangement of slats on the wall, commanded her to "climb." Topsy give one longing glance at the bag of grapes, and, inserting her claws in the crevices of the slatwork, climbed clumsily, but willingly, as high as her chain would allow her. A grape was handed up as a reward, and she backed down.

A lump of sugar was next given, and she ate it even more eagerly than she had the grapes. Her master would not allow her to take the tidbit directly with her mouth, as she seemed inclined to do, but would command, "Your hand, Topsy; your hand," until she would gently reach out her paw and feed herself. Then she would show her gratitude by licking the hand of the donor.

It was most amusing to see her secure the dainties when thrown on the floor. She seemed reluctant to put her nose in the sawdust, but would carefully gather in the candy with the long nails of her fore paw. A lump of sugar was laid on the floor just beyond her, and though she strained the length of her chain she could not reach it. But Topsy knew a thing or two in the emergency. Quickly heading around she backed outward until her collar was drawn up around her ears, and reaching back with her hind paw drew in the coveted sweet. A lump of sugar wrapped in paper was extricated with equal cunning.

But Topsy was sleepy. At this season bears in their native wilds lie in their den in a half-dormant state and "suck their paws," and civilization cannot quite break Topsy of the habit. When the sweets were all gone a look of bored weariness stole over her bearish countenance, and, rubbing her eyes with her paw, she stretched her "arms" in a yawn just like a sleepy person. Then she dropped to a hunched position and turning up one fore-paw began sucking at the "palm" industriously.

This has been Topsy's chief occupation, when not sleeping, for several weeks past. She will always brighten up when a visitor enters and make herself as agreeable as ever, but the winter spell is on her. Usually she eats a loaf of bread a day, but she has hardly tasted this amount in the past fortnight.

Mr. Shattuck bought Topsy not long ago of a showman who had exhibited her quite extensively during the past year, and the fact that she had not been made cross by the teasing of her audiences proves the sweetness of her disposition. She is a pure black bear of the old New England species. She was captured in the northern part of Maine when a few weeks old, and was brought up as a pet. Her chief food is bread, and she is passionately fond of nuts, candy or any pure sweets, but, strange to say, she will not eat meat. She is remarkably neat, and her rich black coat is as clean and glossy as a wild animal's. She weighs 135 pounds, and Mr. Shattuck places her value at \$100. Her fur or flesh alone would bring a high price, but Topsy as a pet is a treasure.



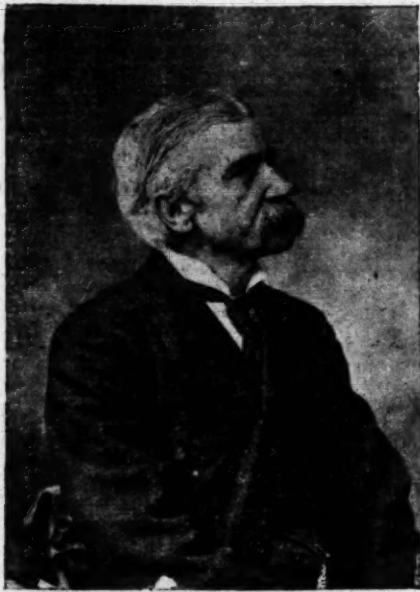
## CHARLES B. LEWIS.

HOW THE FAMOUS HUMORIST STARTED  
IN NEWSPAPER WORK.

By a Special Contributor.

"WHEN I first knew Charles B. Lewis, who signs himself 'M. Quad' and is the creator of Mr. and Mrs. Bowser, the various members of the Lime Kiln Club and the 'Ariona Kicker's' editor," said Robert Barr, the novelist, the other day, "he was writing about all these people of his brain for the Detroit Free Press, and besides was contributing extensively to almost every department of the paper, from the editorial page to the local columns. His work appeared in every issue, daily, Sunday and weekly. Some of it was humorous, some pathetic, some picturesque, while some was 'just plain copy,' and there was a tremendous lot of it."

"Yet, despite the variety and volume of his work, Lewis used to spend less time in the office than any other man on the paper. Each member of the staff had a room to himself, and so could work in perfect seclusion if he were sensitive to the presence of others. M. Quad was more sensitive in this respect than almost anyone else I have ever known, and did not like to be around the place at all when the full force was at work. It was his practice, therefore, to appear promptly at noon, just as everybody else was going to lunch. I was then a new man on the paper and my room was just across the corridor from his. I soon learned that M. Quad's key would be heard turning in the lock of his door invariably on the stroke of 12; that



CHARLES B. LEWIS.  
[From his latest photograph.]

for a solid hour after that time he would work like a steam engine; that on the stroke of 1 he would begin to prepare for departure and five minutes later would shut up his room for the day and go away.

"Quad and myself became very good friends after a bit, and for some reason he didn't mind having me present when he was at work. I admired him intensely then, as I do now, and I used to go in and watch him put up the copy. He had a daily department entitled 'Currency' to make, and this was always his first task. He would begin by glancing hastily over half a dozen of his favorite exchanges, occasionally cutting out something that specially attracted him, and then he would write the required number of 'Currency' paragraphs. I don't remember just what his standard was, but he never wrote more and he never wrote less—save when, for some reason, one or more paragraphs had been dropped out of his contributions of the previous day. If the standard was twelve and only eleven had been printed, he would write only eleven. If the number was diminished the next day by two, on the following day he would write only nine. When the number would dwindle too much, Mr. Quinby, the editor, would suggest a return to the old standard, and then Lewis would begin all over again. After he had finished the 'Currency' copy, he would turn out a 'Bowser,' or a 'Lime Kiln Club' sketch or perhaps a seemingly truthful account of an amusing local incident.

"In those old days the Free Press fairly bristled with little 'single heads,' two or three sticks in length, telling how some stranger or citizen had said or done some funny thing. Each of these little sketches was cheerfully located on some well-known street or square or in some prominent building, and though almost always wholly imaginary, the stories were told with such realism that the readers invariably believed them. In consequence it was the general impression everywhere at that time that more truly funny things happened in Detroit than in all the rest of the United States.

## Quad's Introduction to Mr. Quinby.

"Mr. Lewis had been on the paper a long time when I joined the staff, and was known far and wide as the Detroit Free Press man. You have probably heard how he got his job. He was a printer by trade, working somewhere in the West, but not in Detroit. One day he got a letter asking him to go to some place south and set type on a paper there. He went by steamboat and the boat blew up. He was laid up for some time, but on arriving at his new place of employment he set up an ac-

count of the accident, in which pathos, humor and the picturesque were happily combined, and signed it 'M. Quad.' An 'em quad,' as you may know, is a bit of metal of a certain size used by printers in 'spacing out' a short line, and Lewis signed as he did so that printers who read his effort should know it was the production of a fellow craftsman. The owner of the paper had sense enough to print the sketch and it was copied far and wide. Mr. Quinby, of the Free Press, was among those who gave it circulation. He also wrote to Lewis and asked him to join the editorial staff of the paper.

"Lewis didn't answer the letter, but pulled up stakes and hastened to Detroit. On the evening after his arrival a rather queer looking chap lounged into the office and laid a roll of pencil-written manuscript on the city editor's desk.

"'Account of a dog fight I saw today,' said the stranger, and lounged out.

"The city editor read the manuscript, and as he read he laughed till the tears ran down his cheeks. When Mr. Quinby read it in the paper next day he sent for the city editor.

"'I made a fine last week,' said Mr. Quinby, 'in a man who wrote up a steamboat explosion for a country paper, and I sent for him, but he hasn't come. I guess you've made another find in the man who wrote that dog-fight story. Who is he?'

"'Haven't the least idea,' said the city editor. 'Stranger came in last night, left it on my desk and walked out.'

"'Send him to me when he comes in again,' said Mr. Quinby.

"Next night the stranger appeared with another story.

"'Mr. Quinby wants to see you,' said the city editor.

"'Oh, yes,' said the stranger. 'Had a letter from Quinby and he hired me to write for the paper, but I've never seen him yet. Hope he liked what I wrote.'

"That was how M. Quad and Mr. Quinby met the first time. Next day a room and a desk was provided for Quad, and for years he was the original and only 'Detroit Free Press man.'

## The Once Famous Bijah.

"One of Quad's best known characters in other days was 'Bijah,' the janitor at the central police court in Detroit. Unlike most of the people Lewis wrote about, 'Bijah' had a flesh and blood existence, and was a real court attendant. He was a fat, rather stupid chap, who often said funny things without knowing it, and whose odd personality appealed to Quad. He seldom said or did the things Quad described, and at first was much put out because of the notoriety which had suddenly been thrust upon him. Later he became reconciled, largely, I fancy, because many strangers in Detroit used to go to the police court and ask to see him. In time the visitors who wanted to see Bijah became too numerous for the convenience of the court, and he was transferred to a station near the periphery of the town, where he couldn't be found easily. In time Bijah came to believe that he was really as funny as Quad made him out to be and undoubtedly used to half believe that he had been the making of the writer.

"In those old days whenever any part of the paper got dull, Quad used to be asked to liven it up a bit. His contributions bearing on the 'civil war,' then recent, and in which he had played a part, were commonly known in the office as 'thrillers,' and properly so. They used to thrill Mr. Quinby, even, despite his long experience as a newspaper man. Sometimes Quad was extremely valuable in the local columns. He could make an interesting story out of something that would degenerate into a list of names or worse in other hands. But he was particularly strong on facts. I shall never forget the account of a certain fire from his pen. It was one of the most lurid reports ever handed over to a city editor, but it didn't contain the names of the burned buildings' owners or tenants or a word about the insurance. So a man who had a nose for facts was sent to gather the details. Combined, the two reports made a remarkably fine local feature, but after that Lewis was rarely or never expected to do the whole of any news story.

## Wonderful News Specials.

"While on the Free Press, Quad acted as Detroit correspondent for a big New York paper, and the things he telegraphed to it were marvels. Each had a basis of fact, as a rule, but the 'filling' was mainly fiction. Not often was one of his dispatches less than two columns long and the telegraph tolls made them pretty expensive to the New York paper, but they were eagerly accepted, and printed, and more would have been taken readily could he have furnished them, for they made circulation and caused the paper to be copied wherever the English language was read. One of the most remarkable of these specials appeared the day after the great railroad accident at Ashtabula. The special told the personal experiences of an old man and his wife who had survived the catastrophe and had been interviewed in Detroit on their way home by the correspondent. The story was nothing less than a human document. It related the sensations of the couple as they went down with the bridge, of their terror as they disappeared under the ice in the frigid waters of the creek, of their struggle to the surface, of the burning cars and the dual peril—fire and water—that threatened all hands, of their ultimate rescue, of the scenes about the wreck and of the kindness of strangers to them. No other paper had half so absorbing a story of the wreck, and the correspondents of all the other sheets were brought up with a round turn by their managing editors for missing the old couple. There was one point about the story that none of the fault-finding editors knew of, however—there wasn't a grain of fact in the whole thing, the old couple and their thrilling experiences being creations of Quad's imagination.

"Quad used to be constantly on the lookout for good pegs to hang his long and picturesque telegraphic fiction on, and on one occasion he got all ready to write a corking account of an expected execution in Canada, not far from Detroit. He didn't propose to see the execution, his intention being to supply the details from his own fertile imagination.

"But, working through the Free Press, I managed to have the proposed victim of the law reprieved, and so he

wasn't executed. The day after the reprieve was sent to me, almost with tears in his eyes, he told me him a low-down trick. Then he asked me to lay out of the jail in which the man was imprisoned.

## Jollyng a Disgruntled Sheriff.

"I gave him the information and a day or two later the New York paper he wrote for printed the story as a special. It had had from Quad for a long time, but he didn't tell me until the day set for the hanging, and he was in his sleep and walked to the door with measured step.

"There he had gone through the motions of a flight of steps, had bent his head as if to take a cap and afterward the noose, and then he had stood air, strangled, as if actually hanged, and then he had come down apparently lifeless.

"All this was witnessed, the dispatch said, by a attendant who, was rendered speechless with the sight he saw. The special continued with the story of the man believed himself dead on the gallows, and for a long time would not be conscious. At the wind-up it was stated that a head had been found round his neck, as if he had been hanged, when he was taken back to his cell. 'The sheriff,' as they will, ran the concluding sentence, 'and fact is exciting much comment here.'

"The story attracted no end of notice, and the people at large, but also among themselves thinkers. One, a professor of science, wrote elaborately to show how it was a scientific possibility that the man's belief in his execution could actually cause a black mark on his forehead. Of course, all the other papers were bound to follow.



ROBERT BARR.  
[From his latest photograph.]

other correspondents were severely humiliated. Moreover, the Sheriff in charge of the prison was reprimanded by the Canadian Minister of Justice for allowing the cell door to be left unlocked. He told me why he was asking about the lay of the land, and told him that the cell doors were always locked, and no condemned murderer could get out but by the night.

"The Sheriff asked me to help him, and I took him to Quad for advice, and he told me that he was the correspondent. Quad gave me an account he himself had written, and the Minister of Justice.

"'It's all a frightful shame,' he cried, 'and I don't wonder you want a double dose of justice. I really you shouldn't have any such thing as a man of some dignity—the highest official in the land—and you can't afford to pay any attention to a scoundrelly scribbler like the fellow who wrote that. It would be sadly infra dig. Just say you're his head.'

"The Sheriff agreed to this, and that was the end of the matter. It was never denied."

## AN UNPARALLELED VICTORY AT VASSAR.

[New York Letter:] At 4 o'clock on the morning of the 19th, while the freshmen were peacefully sleeping, 1902 at Vassar held their three ceremonies. The first pointed time groups of red-coated Americans and shields, gathered silently about the Strong Hall and the main building by the side of a multitude of red lights.

They formed in a circle, and softly passed by which the tree is secured to the door, and proceeded to hold their impressive ceremonies. The speeches were followed by cheers for the freshmen, echoed from the main building by 1902's. Then the party adjourned to the gymnasium for a ceremony of knighting the sophomores, and amid much laughter.

Then the class dispersed. The most interesting part during all this time not one of the freshmen was on the scene, and this was a success that has never been the history of the college.



# Stories of the Firing Line \* \* Animal Stories.

## Col. Long's Gallant Men.

THE Boer guns began a little later throwing shrapnel, and the machine gun fired solid shot at them, but the gunners never flinched or winced, buckling to their work like men who grip a heavy load. Nay, more, some of them in derision began to "field," as at cricket, with the badly aimed spent shot of the machine cannon. Running aside, they would make a catch and call, "How's that, umpire?" Boisterous and high, indeed, leaped the gunners' spirits, but their guns were all the while served accurately and hotly, and the ridge of Fort Wylie rang and hissed with the rush, burst and splutter of shrapnel, unsteady and thinning the Boers' fire from there. Capt. Goldie and Schriber fell, struck dead. Within a quarter of an hour Col. Long, their chief, was knocked over, shot through the arm and body, a bullet passing through his liver and kidneys. He was carried aside 200 yards into a shallow donga, where lay several of the Devons and others. There, wounded as he was, Col. Long sent for help to overcome the enemy's rifle fire. But it did not come, for there was a difficulty about quickly finding either Gen. Buller or Gen. Clery.

Col. Hunt next fell, shot through both legs, and he also was carried to the donga. As the men were being shot down very rapidly—for the Boer fire was by that time increasing—Col. Hunt advised that it would be better to abandon the guns, but Long's characteristic reply was: "Abandon be damned! We never abandon guns!" Subsequently Col. Hunt called attention to the fact that it was no use firing. There were scarcely any men left and next to no ammunition. After that an order was given to abandon the guns, which, for over an hour, had fought in the face of the fiercest fusillade a battery ever endured. Yet even then all was not over, for four men persisted in serving two guns and remaining beside their cannon. One of either pair carried the shell, the others laid and fired their beloved 15-pounders. But two men were left. They continued the unequal battle. They exhausted the ordinary ammunition, and finally drew upon and fired the emergency rounds of case, their last shot. Then they stood to "Attention!" beside the gun, and an instant later fell pierced through and through by Boer bullets. These, I say, by the light of all my experience in war, these gunners of ours are men who deserve monuments over their graves and even Victoria Crosses in their coffins.—[Correspondence London Telegraph.

## A Gunner's Fearful Experience.

BOMBARDIER STEPHENSON, of the Sixty-sixth Battery has sent to his relatives at Manchester an account of the attempt to save the guns at Colenso. The following are extracts: "When I tell you I was the only man of a gun detachment and three drivers (making twelve men altogether) to return safe out of that hell fire, you will wonder why and how I got through it. . . . The range was 1200 yards, and our gunners and officers worked at those guns as if on parade. Then the enemy's artillery opened fire. I was the lead driver of No. 5 gun, and we were right in the center of the two batteries, and there we stood facing the guns, exposed to all that fire for nearly three hours. It was after we had lost half of our drivers and horses that we found a donga, exactly 1000 yards from the enemy's position; we unhooked the horses we had left, and every man, as cool as a cucumber, walked his horse into this donga. We had to leave several horses on the bank, and they were instantly shot dead. It was while doing this that I nearly lost my life.

"While we were in this donga Gen. Buller galloped up and told us to try to save the guns at all costs. He was as cool as ever. It was just at that moment my center driver got shot in the head. When he got shot it left myself and the wheel driver with six horses, and we had to go and face death to try to capture our gun. I unhooked the center horses, and we started off at a mad gallop with four horses in the limber; and, just as we were about sixty yards from the guns, both of my horses were shot dead under me, and the wheel driver was shot in the leg. . . . I crawled from under my rider and considered what I should do. I wanted to get to the gun, as I had got so far, but I had two dead horses and they were hooked to the other two. While I lay trying to get the horses unhooked, I became aware that my wheel driver was shot.

"Then," concludes the gallant gunner, "I cut the harness away from the dead horses and freed the other two. Just as I was going to mount these other horses the rider got shot. I had one live horse left, which was hooked to a limber, and it was behind those horses and limber I lay for three and a half hours. Another team of four horses started off at mad gallop to try to reach the guns, but the horses ran straight into my dead horses and would not move an inch. I told the two drivers to crawl up against me for more protection. Up comes a trumpeter, with two horses, to try to reach the major, but he was shot in the ankle and fell from his saddle. He also crawled up to where I lay; that made three of us uninjured and two wounded. The wheel driver, who came up with me and was shot in the leg, got shot again through the left cheek and died immediately." At last these heroes made a run for it, and after many escapes safely reached the camp.—[London Leader.

## An American on Joubert.

THE London correspondent of the *Matin* has wired some extracts from the letter of an American volunteer with the Boers. The writer describes Gen. Joubert as an old fox, who knows his business well, and who will not move unless he is sure of success. He says that he leaves the attack to the English, the result being that while they lose five men he loses only one. The English artillery is good, although the guns are inferior in range to those of the Boers, but the English cavalry is far less useful than theirs. Gen. White and his 10,000 men are closely blockaded, and the town is bombarded from time to time, but

the Boers reckon on sickness, thirst and hunger to reduce the garrison of Ladysmith, which they regard as important on account of the arms and ammunition that it contains. The Boer forces, continues the writer, are increasing every day, and, including the reinforcements which have arrived from England and America, they now exceed 100,000 men. They have allies and spies everywhere, and they know everything that is being done and planned in the British army. Then, if the worst comes to the worst, they have their mountains to protect them, and if the English would seek them there they would require a force of a quarter of a million troops. Volunteers, moreover, are still pouring in, and only a few days previously a body of fifty arrived from the United States. They had all served in the American army, most of them in Cuba and the Philippines, and they came from New York and Chicago. John Bull, concludes the writer, will have hard work before him if he is to beat the Boers, and will find that all this is not a mere picnic.—[London Telegraph.

## A Case of Boer Chivalry.

THE Manchester Courier relates, on the authority of an officer's private letter, a remarkable instance of Boer chivalry. At Magersfontein the Boers were so moved by the heroic indifference to death displayed by a party of two officers and twelve privates, who charged up to the very muzzles of their opponents' guns that, casting aside their weapons, they rushed in an overwhelming number on these men, seized the whole of them, and dragged them into their trenches. Then, when they had been disarmed, the Boer commandant said: "There, you are free to go, and we will not open fire until you are within your lines."—[London Chronicle.

## Knew When a Fight Was Coming.

GEN. STONEWALL JACKSON'S body servant was a negro boy, who seemed to have a prescience of any forward movement; his camp utensils and his master's baggage were always ready, packed in anticipation of the order to advance. This peculiarity excited remark among the general's staff, and one day several young officers called the black boy up and asked him how he guessed so accurately the intentions of the general. "Well, gentlemen, whenever I see Massa Stonewall get up in the night and go to kneeling and saying his prayers, I know there's a fight on hand sure, and I makes preparations accordin'."—[The Lost Cause.

## ANIMAL STORIES.

### An Interesting Quartette.

A READER of the Magazine contributes the following story:

Some years ago a farmer in Eastern Iowa cut down a large oak tree near his home, in which a pair of fox squirrels had made their nest. At the time, although early in March, there was a family of baby squirrels of very tender age. The tree in falling was broken into many pieces, and the old squirrels fled, leaving their quivering offspring to the cruel mercies of a cold world.

It so happened that a pet cat of the farmer's little daughter had just made her young mistress a present of four kittens. As the demand for cats was well supplied, the farmer substituted two of the young squirrels for two of the kittens. He thought the mother cat would soon discover the base treachery and that her feline instincts would as quickly lead her to dispose of the tender rodents.

Great was his surprise, when the cat seemed not to notice the theft of her own offspring and the substitution of creatures of a different race in their place. She lay down, purring, with her family of four, two kittens and two squirrels, as contentedly and with as much maternal pride as before the change was made, and nursed them all with equal and unselfish devotion.

The family prospered greatly. In a very few weeks there were two as fluffy, roly-poly, playful kittens as ever gladdened the heart of a little maid. The squirrels also grew, under the faithful care of their foster-mother, into two of the sauciest, spriest and most mischievous creatures imaginable. The inborn characteristics of the two families blossomed out in great perfection in the two pairs. Their frolics and antics furnished amusement for the whole neighborhood. The kittens played kitten-fashion, by rolling, wrestling, and tumbling over each other in all sorts of ways. The squirrels resented any freedom of that kind. No amount of coaxing could induce them to endure any handling or caressing. When the sport "was on" and the kittens were performing on the chair rounds or were making tangles of balls of yarn and spools of cotton, the squirrels were giving a trapeze entertainment of a high order, on portieres, lace curtains, or any other pendent available. The maneuvers of the squirrels were always on a plane above the reach of the kittens. Every movement of their bodies gave evidence of their compact muscular organization. Peristaltic movements, at first hardly perceptible, originating anywhere along their spinal column, terminated in grand flourish of their graceful tails, of which they seemed very proud. They delighted in posing; posing on the top of the bookcase, the back of a chair, or any elevated perch, their tails always beautifully arched over their wiry backs. The squirrel spurned the ground. He felt that his sphere of action was above it. He condescended to touch terra firma only for food. His recreation and sport in his living were in the air. The sequel:

As summer came on, the family played out of doors. The squirrels freely explored the trees about the house, skipping from branch to branch in true squirrel fashion. The kittens at first tried to follow, but soon gave it up. As the days of June sped, they began to visit trees more distant from the house, or to make a run on the fence. At

first these wanderings were brief in time and of narrow range. But these they increased daily, so that in a few weeks they passed the entire day in the woods near by. This continued till near the end of summer, when one evening only one of them returned to sleep in the bed which had been so religiously kept for them by the little girl. What had become of the companion? Had he fallen by the hand of a hunter, or had he found a mate more to his mind than the companion of his youth. Or had he found his parents that had left him to his fate on that cold March day? Alas! that we shall never know. The other one continued to return at night, alone for some time. Then he began to fail for one night and return the next. He kept this up for some time and then he became more irregular. His periods of absence became greater, and finally he failed entirely to return, and here the story of this very interesting quartette must end.

### A Canine Acrobat.

HIS is an acrobatic fox terrier, and he learned all his tricks himself. His master is an expressman and took him with him on the seat for company's sake when the dog was only a pup. The pup learned to do all his tricks on the wagon during the long, lonesome drives about town. He learned to ride on the seat like a man, to leap from the seat to the horse's back while the horse was moving and to bark in the horse's ear that he must move faster.

Not long ago the expressman put a ladder in the wagon and drove downtown with it. The ladder was so long that it stuck out the end of the wagon several feet, and the dog ran out to the end of it when he got downtown, just to show what he could do. There he stood, barking with excitement and joy while the people pointed at him and laughed. But his pride had a fall. The wagon bumped over the street car tracks at Eleventh and Walnut streets one day unexpectedly and up went the dog as if he had been shot off a springboard. He landed in the street and cruel people laughed at him as he fled to where his master stopped to take him on the seat again. Since then he has ridden no ladders and he does not like crowds.—[Kansas City Star.

### The Cat Spoke French.

A FRENCH lady, well known in Philadelphia, tells a pathetic little incident which occurred at a cat show recently held in one of our large shops.

Among all the proud, beautiful Angoras that were being admired and petted by the throng crowding the show was one forlorn little cat sitting dejectedly in a corner with its head against the wall.

It was the object of much sympathy and inquiry among the visitors, and the lady learned that this cat had come from France.

Wondering if this could be so, she called to it in her native tongue. Instantly the little creature raised its head and came forward. Then, as the lady continued to talk to it in French, the cat began to purr, and walked up and down, rubbing against the wires of the cage with the most evident delight.

The people who had witnessed the incident gathered eagerly around, and, embarrassed by the publicity of her position, the lady retreated until the crowd should have dispersed.

Returning a few moments later, she found her little protégé once more in his corner, as homesick and dejected as before. When she called him again the cat at once forgot his loneliness and ran forward to purr and be petted as before.

Then the situation became known to the bystanders, and several other people with knowledge of French began to talk to the little foreigner. When the lady left he was still being well entertained, and was perfectly happy, under the impression that he had been suddenly transported across the ocean and was once more at home in France. It was the most amusing sight, and the only thing that bothers the lady now is whether, after all, a French family bought it; whether the lonely little thing is learning English.—[Philadelphia Press.

### A Dog's Life Saved by Tears.

A BOY about 10 years old went to the Central Police Station in Kansas City, Kan., one day last week, leading a fine shepherd dog by a short piece of rope tied to his collar. The boy's face was red and swollen and he was crying.

"Well, well, well, what's the matter here?" asked a big policeman, stooping down and looking into the boy's face. It seemed like a long time before he could stop crying.

"Please, sir," he sobbed, "my mother is too poor to pay for a license for Shep, and I brought him here to have you kill him."

Then he broke out with another wail that was heard all through the city building. Shep stood there mute and motionless, looking up into the face of his young master. A policeman took out his handkerchief, wiped his nose and the desk sergeant went out into the hall, absent-mindedly whistling a tune which nobody ever heard before, while the captain remembered that he must telephone somebody. Then Chief McFarland led the boy to the door, and, patting him on the head, said kindly:

"There, little fellow, don't cry any more; run home with your dog. I wouldn't kill a dog like Shep for a thousand dollars."

"Oh, thank you, sir." They were tears of joy now. He bounded out into the street and ran off toward his home, with Shep prancing along and jumping up and trying to kiss the boy's face. It was hard to tell which was happiest, the boy or the dog.—[Kansas City Star.

Germany's army is to have, shortly, a number of automobiles that are to be used not only for the transportation of the baggage, provisions and ammunition, but also for the rapid transportation of detachments of soldiers.



# DELFINA.

By Isabel M. Austin.

[Continued.]

AS SHE neared the cabin, she heard a great commotion on the lofty hillside on the other side of the cañon. In a moment she could distinguish two horsemen, and heard a wild barking of dogs and grunting of pigs. They dashed out of the brush so she could see; two lank, huge, old boars, their long, curved tusks gleaming white from their ugly heads, were fighting each other and the dogs in mad confusion. A shot ran out, then another, and one of the men got off his horse and came near. Still the animals charged furiously, and threw up the dry earth with their tusks. Delfina's heart stood still; she knew the ferocity of these beasts when enraged. The man had a long spear, which he drove into the side of one of the boars. It did not fall, however, but turned on him. He lost his footing on the steep bank, and fell; the creature was upon him. "Holy mother, have mercy!" cried Delfina, and ran into the house sick and faint from fright. She did not see that the boar had rolled past him, over and over to the bottom of the bank.

She waited in terror for her husband or José to be brought in, dead or dying. By and by she summoned courage to look out of the door. She saw the two men on their horses slowly climbing the hill again, the dogs at their heels. "Bless the holy virgin! it was a miracle!" and she drew a deep sigh of relief.

That night Theodore came home with his hand bound up in his handkerchief.

"Was it you that fell?" exclaimed Delfina, involuntarily, as she saw the bandage.

"Why?" he said, throwing down three pairs of the big, semicircular tusks.

"I saw it from here, and I thought when you fell you were killed," she said.

"And I suppose you are sorry I wasn't," he said, shortly, and went out and shut the door.

The days were growing short, and in the depths of the cañon the sun was very late in shining. The next morning was foggy, and even darker than usual. Delfina slept late, and waking with a start, she reached out as usual to touch the baby at her side. The baby was not there! She sprang up in wild alarm—the door stood open; she ran to it and called and called, "Nital! Nital! Nital!" but there was no little voice to respond.

With agonized haste she dressed and rushed out. She went to the spring; maybe the baby had wandered there to play in the water, but the spring was deserted. Theodore had gone hours before, and there was no one to help her. Then she thought for the first time that she had found the door ajar. He must have carelessly left it open when he went out. The baby never could have reached the latch herself.

A mighty wrath rose in her breast against him. "He has done it—he has killed her!" and she wrung her hands in an agony of hatred and despair. Looking up the long, deep cañon, she thought of the wild hogs and the cattle and the eagles that might hurt her darling. No, Nita had never been up the cañon; it would be down to the sea that her baby mind would lead her.

A new thought, more sickening and horrible than all, sprang to her tortured brain. The Chinamen! What if they had stolen her child and would keep her! Falling on her knees, she turned her face up to heaven in a mute, supplicating prayer for mercy. Then she bounded down over the stony trail, crossing and recrossing the creek, with no thought of where she stepped, till she reached the Chinamen's huts by the sea.

The door was shut, but she opened it and walked in. The place was almost totally dark, the only light coming from the door and chinks in the loose, board walls. An indescribably noxious odor sickened her as she entered. Food, old clothing, tin cans, abalone shells filled with dirty grease, feathers, hides of sheep and foxes, all jumbled in disgusting confusion. She pressed through till she came to another room, with bunks, one above another against the wall, reaching to the low ceiling. She could dimly see that these were filled with abominable-smelling blankets and rags, while a curious, smoky odor pervaded all.

"Nital! Nital! Nital!" she called. Her voice seemed strange, even to herself. She began to feel among the filthy coverings of the beds. "Nita, Nital!" Just then she uttered a wild scream of terror, and recoiled as if from touching a serpent. She had put her hand on a man's face! He did not move; he could not—he was drunk with opium, but this she did not know. With another long shriek of horror, that ended in a wail, she turned and fled from the place; and sinking down in the sand her frame was shaken with a few convulsive sobs. But she sprang up instantly.

Where should the next place be? The seal caves! Maybe they had hidden her there; or possibly the little thing had followed the shore around herself—the tide was low, and she loved the beach. Quickly springing over the jagged, wave-eaten rocks, she threaded her way for half a mile to the southward. She began to hear strange sounds, like groans mingled with the echoing bark of many dogs. She must be nearing the seal rocks. Turning an abrupt point of rock, she was brought to a vast natural arch under the shelving bluff. The wandering rock creepers and delicate mosses and vines overhung the lofty opening like an airy fringe. Going through this, the moans and roarings grew louder. Another lower arch was passed, bringing her into a great amphitheater formed by steep, curving cliffs and studded by rocky islets, which rose abruptly from the shallow, tideless water. These rocks were almost hidden by myriads of seals, which looked not unlike a mass of colossal snails. The sun had come out from the fog, and they lay there basking and writhing in grewsome comfort in its warmth. As Delfina appeared, a few of the old lions sniffed the air and barked loudly, turning their queer, mustached faces toward her inquiringly. She followed around the rim of the water

on the narrow beach, and came to the enormous mouth of a cavern. This must be the great cave, whose hidden galleries extended an unknown distance into the heart of the mountain, and where the seals hide and go to rear their young. As she drew nearer the black depths appalled her. It seemed like the gateway to Hades itself. The floor as she entered was white, and as soft as a velvet carpet, but as she proceeded the shadows grew dark and grotesque; and the low roof changed into weird and horrible shapes, while from somewhere beyond came a constant groaning and wailing.

"Nital! Nital! Nital!" she raised her voice, and it echoed and reverberated till the returning sound frightened her. She listened, but she heard nothing except the distant moaning which maddened her with the idea that it sounded like her child's voice.

All at once she came to two arches near together. One showed a lovely opening where the sun shone down from a rift in the rock far above. At the top was a bright cornice of the beach lilac, and festoons of vines, while at the bottom was a great pool of golden green water, full of queer crawling things, swirls of seaweed and ferns, through which brilliant fish darted to the pebbly bottom. An amber glow came from the deeper water, which formed a halo of little yellow points around every submerged object, and with each pulse of the tide there was a strange undulating movement, as by a hand from the further depths. Through the other arch the water rushed and churned in a dark caldron, and pale apparitions—the phantoms of the spray—could be seen climbing and melting on the hard rough breast of the rock.

For what seemed ages she groped and wandered in the great heart of the cavern, following each new channel and recess, and calling every moment the name of her beloved. At last she came to a new opening that brought her directly on the beach. The seals were nowhere to be seen. The sun was high, but the white mist of the fog was drifting in from the ocean. The bank rose above her for hundreds of feet in an abrupt declivity, and she stood for a moment absently gazing up the height. The moans still sounded in the unknown distance with their awful fascination. Could she leave the place with those cries tearing her heart?

She stepped to the edge of a sharp decline near her. All at once something below caught her eye. It was a tiny shoe. "O God! God! Madre de Dios!" she cried, plunging down the precipice. Her feet scarcely touched the rocks as she descended.

There, hidden in a little cove, on the warm, golden sand, was her baby. The sun touched the soft hair tenderly, making a halo about the lovely marble face. The sweet lips smiled, but it was the answering smile to the angel who had taken her. A small, purple scar on one temple, under a damp curl, showed where she had struck the rock as she fell over the bank.

Delfina knelt and touched her lips mutely to the cold forehead, and held her face against the tiny breast; but the dear heart was still. "Oh, my love, my love! My little baby!" Her voice was like a dying moan. She lay down with her head close to the beloved form. She did not weep nor pray; for her anguish there was no expression. The sun glowed red and sank low in the West, and still she did not move.

The sea began to glow with red and gold, and she rose slowly like one in a trance and went to the cabin. Taking a fine Indian blanket which she had brought, and some of the baby's daintiest clothes, she went to the back of the house and picked the blanket full of the aromatic, fern-like leaves of the ironwood trees. Then, gathering the bundle up, she took an old spade and started back. Climbing up the opposite bank, she stopped at a mountain spring where a glorious old bay tree spread above a green level space. Here she dug a little grave, and going back to the beach she dressed the baby form in its frock, white clothes, and tenderly laid it on the blanket among the sweet leaves. She cut one long shining curl from the precious head, and hid it in her bosom. Then she kissed the perfect face again and again and covered it. A fierce light flashed her eyes: "No! Theodore should not see her baby; he had never loved her, and he should not see her now."

The sun had gone down in a heavenly glory, and it was growing dark when all was done. A heavy, flint-like stone she had rolled to the head of the tiny grave, and with her stiletto had marked in the hard surface, "Juanita, 1837." It was very dark when she had struggled back to the cabin. Reaching it she fell across the threshold, and a merciful oblivion set her free for an interval from her agony.

She was on the bed when she opened her eyes, and Theodore sat on the log bench watching her.

"Now, let me know if you can tell me what all this means," he said, not even waiting to ask how she felt.

"Means? What it means?" she said, in a dazed, slow way. "It means the baby is dead and buried; and it means that you have killed her. And now I am going to die, too." She closed her eyes wearily, and the next time he spoke he could get no answer. And he sat and looked at her till his dulled senses, too, began to swim. For hours he and José had searched for them, and had no clew, except that the Chinamen had seen Delfina disappear around the abalone rocks early in the day.

The next morning she roused, and they took her home. For weeks she raved in a delirium, and when at last she rallied and lay passive and weak, she prayed day and night that she might die, but she did not.

It was November, and the rains had come early. When she first crept out to the sunny east porch, the hills wore a carpet of tender green, and the great lonely ocean stretched pale gray and blue, to the faint line of the mainland peaks. She sat listless, letting the sun shine full on her face; it seemed a welcome touch.

Her sickness had robbed her of the massive braids, and her hair clung to her head in crisp black curls. Her cheeks had rounded again, and the luster had come back to her beautiful eyes, but an infinite yearning sadness dwelt in their depths. She was even more lovely than ever before, but it was now the beauty of the Mater Dolorosa.

Theodore did not in the faintest degree fathom the mystery of change that suffering had wrought in her. The

loss of their child had caused him much pang of regret and he secretly stood in endless and profound grieving and apathy. Delfina. He wished she would be angry and toss her head and flash sparks of fire from her wonderful eyes. This absolute indifference irritated him, but his manner remained unchanged. He had determined to go to land for Christmas, but he had said nothing.

One night after supper, he brought her a room a square wooden box, carefully placed on the floor. He did not open it at once; he would show some of her old curiosity. He only sat still, and watched the sparks from the peculiar island wood, as it burned brightly.

"The Bonita will be here tomorrow to take sheep to San Francisco," he said, presently, not move.

In a moment she said: "There is a strong wind blowing; I hope you are not going to take things aboard to starve in a storm. These things are slow even in good weather."

"I know what I'm about," he returned, smiling. "You may as well save yourself the trouble of trying over my affairs."

Delfina was silent. He fixed his eyes on her but she did not turn, though she felt that he was looking at her. "If you would stop moping over that little time mending my clothes, it might be a little time to have no woman in the house," she said nothing, but two tears gathered in her eyelids, and glistened in the firelight. He picked up the box and deliberately opened the string. Lifting the cover, he shook out a long, bright dress, bright red with yellow lace, and laid it on the floor.

"I hope that is Spanish enough for you," he said, looking at her.

"What is it for?" she asked, looking at him. "What is it for?" he echoed, mockingly. "Suppose I buy a woman's dress for? To put on in the grain field? Are you mad?"

She started up, two scarlet spots burning on her cheeks, and her white hands clenched. Her strong sense of the significance of black as a token of mourning, raged beyond endurance by this gaudy display at her. She knew her humblest countrywoman go without food in order to buy cheap clothes, honor the death of even a remote relative, and he had bidden her dance over her child's grave.

Taking it from his hand she held it up and said, "Shame on you!" she cried, "to flaunt such a thing, when you know my heart is breaking, and the deepest crape would not be enough to cover my heart—it is a stone! Shame! shame!" and she threw it down violently on the floor, and stamped her foot.

His face turned livid, then purple, in the darkness. He rose and came toward her swiftly; and she, thinking the first brutally-cruel thing he had done, struck her, and then rushed for the door, but he caught her and faced him. Something bright in her clothing and tinkled to the floor? She ran quickly to reach it, but Delfina's cat-like paw caught his heavier movement, and she snatched it and swore a horrible oath.

I was the dead priest's rosary, the thing that had been taken, when he did the work of the before, at the Mission at Santa Barbara. Theodore stood mute. He did not even try to take the beads from her hands. She seemed angry, and above him, and her presence to fill the room. She came slowly from her as from the gathering of an accusing angel. She began to speak. He quivered, and her breast heaved fast with the force of her passion:

"Theodore Hayden, this is the end! You murderer! fiend! You shall die—die a murderer! You are a prisoner on this island. The man who shall avenge the church. I will tell them a thousand pieces, and there shall be no more and the black ravens and vultures and the black shall watch and then pick the flesh from your bones."

With trembling fingers she pressed the rosary hard against her palm. It flew open, and a medallion holding a picture of herself fell from this, she closed the cross again, and, with her head, she hurled it full at his face.

"By this sign I curse you! Take it! The hand shall poison your soul. The hand of heaven shall ever and forever." She flung open the door with a sweeping movement. "Go! go from my sight, breathe, my eyes shall never more rest upon your face." His head sank deep on his breast, and he covered, past her and out into the darkness. He felt himself driven on as by some unseen hand.

[To be continued.]

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## DANGEROUS OCCUPATION

[New York Tribune:] Much time and money have been bestowed by scientific men in experiments on the use of phosphorus in the manufacture of matches. It is found that while the present factory processes have led to improved conditions and lessened the advances are imperatively necessary. Some of the most serious processes are said to be largely manual, in which the danger is further aggravated by the fact that the machinery is particularly unsound. The fact is particularly noted in substituting machinery for hand labor in the processes, in the want of attention to the operators' teeth, and neglecting to report cases of phosphorus poisoning, or even worse, occurrence—deliberate and long-continued rather being practised in the latter.



## GOOD SHORT STORIES.

Compiled for The Times.

## New "Buffalo Bill" Got His Name.

JOHN READING of Denver was speaking of the changes in western life in a few decades, and in the course of his remarks said: "It is a popular form of amusement to manufacture jokes about the dime novel and to poke fun at the Deadwood Dicks and Calamity Janes who got through their pages, but the doings of those fantastic heroes and heroines (Calamity Jane, by the way, was a character in real life, a camp follower with a face that would curdle milk and a flow of billingsgate that would have turned a London fishwife a deep sea green from pure envy, so diffuse and widespread was it,) when they single-handed stood up barrooms full of infuriated men, or alone rode in and rescued beautiful maidens from the clutches of bloodthirsty savages, were not more wonderful than some of the things that did happen in the checkered career of many a frontier bad man of real life. Take Wild Bill, for example; some of his escapades read like fairy legends, yet reliable men have told me that they were not exaggerated, and a man I knew was present in a barroom when Bill was playing cards with a man who, with another, had resolved to kill him. The other man was behind Bill, but when the trap was sprung he killed both, shooting the other man over his shoulder, with only a looking-glass some distance away to assist his aim. At another time, after having been given the customary notice that he would be shot on sight, Wild Bill walked into the square of the town, to find himself between the man who had served the notice and a crowd of his friends. So short was his time and so dangerous his position that he was compelled to fire at the single man from his hip, but without a glance he swung around and covered the crowd with his gun before they could take action against him; but he knew his skill, and his opponent was dead even before he began to turn.

"Cody, while never a killer, like Wild Bill and his prototype, earned fairly his name of Buffalo Bill. My brother-in-law, who is an army officer, told me that Cody was once the scout of an army post to which he was attached, and one day, coming in, reported buffalo in the vicinity and asked for a detail to go out and kill some, in order to supply the post with fresh meat. For some reason the officer in command refused, and, Cody being importunate, finally testily said: 'Oh, well, if you're as great a buffalo hunter as they say you are, why don't you drive them down this way, and then we'll kill them for you.' Bill left at that in high dudgeon, but a few hours later, when the thunder of hoofs announced the coming of a buffalo herd, and in great excitement the garrison rushed out to secure the game, there was Cody, riding behind them like a demon, and he had actually rounded that herd and driven it down on the fort, as the commandant had sarcastically told him to."—[New York Tribune.

## Not a Good Anatomist.

THE daughter of a Mississippian, who has adopted Memphis as her home, tells the following story on her father: "Papa was relating to the family and some of his friends one day the experience he had gone through in having a tooth pulled. He said the dentist pulled so hard that he pulled him clear out of his chair. I was only a little girl at the time, but I mustered up courage to say, half-musically:

"Well, papa, that must have hurt mighty bad."

"Well, I guess it did," he replied. "If you could have seen the two roots of that tooth that were wrapped around my backbone, you would know how it hurt without asking me."

"I suppose he meant jawbone, but the laugh that followed was too loud for me to hear the correction, and I do not know to this day where the roots of that tooth had taken hold."—[Memphis Scimitar.

## The Programme Had to Be Changed.

ALEXANDER MACARTHUR, author of a successful study of life in the Latin Quarter of Paris, which brought to the writer both popularity and profit, is also the pupil and biographer of Rubinstein and is a close friend of Paderewski. The author lived for two years in St. Petersburg, corresponding for the London press, and taking part in some thrilling adventures, but the most singular of the writer's experiences happened in Chicago after the novel had been brought out by a publisher of that city. The book had been so successful that the publisher decided to give the author a dinner to which a dozen of the leading men of letters in the Lake City were invited. The guests had assembled when the author was announced.

Through the blue haze of smoke there appeared a handsome young woman attired in evening dress.

"We are expecting Mr. MacArthur," said the host; "Mr. Alexander MacArthur, the novelist."

"So I understand," returned the unexpected guest. "I am Alexander MacArthur."

"You?" gasped the publisher.

"Yes. Didn't you know? I am Lillian MacArthur, at your service. I have been writing over the name of Alexander ever since I left my home in Dublin."

It was only the work of a minute to rearrange affairs, and the dinner was a great success.—[Saturday Evening Post.

## Wasn't That Kind of a Cake.

A N EAST END car was loaded down with shoppers, almost women, for it was in the middle of the afternoon. Conversation was proceeding at a great rate. It was like a pink tea or a session of the sewing circle. But all at once a hush fell over the fair chattering. A negro had entered, bearing in his arms an immense cake, three or four decks high, and frosted over from pit to dome, as they say of a theater. There was a profusion of flowers

by way of decoration, and delicate traceries of gauzy lace completed the embellishments. The cake was so large that the negro could scarcely carry it.

The cake told the whole story of the wedding, bridesmaids, the orange flowers, the flower girls and the banquet afterward. Every feminine heart in that street car was aflutter as its owner gazed speechlessly upon the evidence of a wedding to be.

Finally, when the car stopped to let on another passenger and everything was very still, one lady took courage to ask the negro where the wedding was going to be.

"What wedding?" asked the negro, his eyes protruding.

"The wedding that cake is for."

"Dis ain't no weddin' cake."

"No?"

"No'm. Dis yeres er cake walk cake."

There was a smile that reached from one end of the car to the other, and very soon conversation was resumed as before.—[Memphis Scimitar.

## The Sermon Reminded Him.

A PASTOR of a colored congregation was warming up to the climax of his sermon and his auditors were waxing more and more excited. "I wahns yer, O my congregashun!" exclaimed the exhorter, "I wahns yer against de sin uv crap shootin'! I wahns yer against de sin uv whisky-drinkin' an' de sin uv chicken-raisin', an' I wahns yer, my brudder, against de sin uv melon stealin'!" A devout worshiper in the rear of the church jumped to his feet and snapped his fingers excitedly. "Whufo does yer, my brudder, r'ar up an' snap yo' fingers when I speaks uv melon stealin'?" asked the preacher. "Kaze yo' jest minds me whar I lef' mah overcoat," replied the devout worshiper as he subsided into his seat.—[Atlanta Constitution.

## No Commiseration Necessary.

TWO girls met in a dry goods store recently. They had evidently not seen each other for some time, as the trend of their conversation proved.

"What good times we used to have at the lake," said one.

"Yes, I like our own resorts," replied the other, "better than on the coast. Oh, say, where is my old flame, Perry? I think the world of that boy."

"Oh, he's married."

"You don't say! Who to?"

"Me."

"Well, of all things," replied her friend, flushing.

The conversation drifted, but a short time later reverted to its old channel.

"Say, Hetty," remarked Perry's wife, "did you meet Johnny — out in San Francisco?" and then added, "He told me that summer he was there that he could not live without me."

"Yes, I met him in Los Angeles."

"Poor fellow! I feel sorry for him. He is a bachelor yet, I suppose."

"No, he's married."

"You don't say! Who to?"

"Me."—[Salt Lake Herald.

## Not So Easily Disconcerted.

LIKE many other public speakers, a well-known lecturer has a great dislike to being interrupted during his lectures, and if any one happens to come in late he has a habit of stopping short and watching the intruder to his seat, generally with the effect of making him look very sheepish and disconcerted. Some time back, while lecturing in a large town, he was interrupted by a man coming in late and making a great noise with his creaking boots. The speaker stopped and stared as usual at the intruder, who seemed not to be in the least conscious that all eyes were upon him. At length, getting out of patience, the lecturer remarked, icily: "I am waiting for you, sir." Apparently, quite unmoved, the offender spent a few seconds in arranging his coat on the chair. Then, sitting down, he turned to the lecturer with a charming smile, and said: "Now, Mr. B., I am ready if you are."—[Utica Observer.

## An Embarrassing Question.

IT ALL happened in a North Side street car, and was the result of a pretty girl's kindly thoughtfulness.

The long car was crowded with shoppers and men and women were seated close together, when a tired-looking woman entered in haste, her arms filled with bundles, a cunning little boy clasping her skirts. The pretty girl looked to the right and left, but there was no movement of life from the men along the benches. Hurriedly rising herself she offered her vacated seat, only to have it promptly but politely declined.

Reluctantly complying with the wishes of the shopper, the pretty girl returned to her place, drawing the small boy with her, where he leaned comfortably against her skirts, resting one little mittened hand confidently on the girl's knee, the other happily on the knee of the young gentleman seated next to the pretty girl.

All went well for a time. The little boy talked to the girl, and her questions and the child's answers soon engrossed the amused attention of the passengers in the car. After a time the boy began to remark upon the pretty girl's apparel, admiring the cut of her jaunty jacket and the big white buttons which fastened her gloves.

All this time the child's other hand lay unmolested on the knee of the man at the side of the pretty girl, a man probably 25 or 30 years of age. A little interval of quiet evidently brought realization of the man's presence to the memory of the child, for suddenly, looking up at the pretty girl, he exclaimed, in audible accents:

"Is this your papa?"

The pretty girl blushed, the gentleman hastily buried his face in his newspaper, and the passengers ceased their amusement in an audible laugh.—[Chicago Chronicle.

## He'd Just Sold the Last of Them.

"I RAN across a clerk the other day who is worth his weight in gold, or, at least, in gold bricks," said a guest at one of the hotels, as he lit a fresh cigar and settled himself in a comfortable lobby chair. "I was stand-

ing in a store down the street, waiting for my wife to decide what she didn't want, when a tailor-made girl walked up and asked to see some golf clubs. The young man behind the counter showed her several, and in a few moments she found one that suited her, and went away with it under her arm. 'Are there many players in New Orleans?' I asked, after she had gone. 'Oh, yes; quite a number,' replied the clerk, affably. 'Have you golf links here?' I continued, getting interested. A look of real pain crossed the young man's face. 'I am sorry,' he said, 'very sorry, but the fact is we sold our last golf links this morning. However, we have ordered a new stock,' he added, brightening up, 'and they will be here in a few days. Which did you wish—the plain or the—er—fancy links?'—[New Orleans Times-Democrat.

## Lost His Advantage.

TACT in the management of your judge is a great thing. A certain well-known British Treasury counsel was driving over Blackfriars Bridge one day, on his way to Surrey sessions. Noticing Sir Peter Edlin trudging along in the mud and rain, he instantly stopped his hansom and offered the judge a "lift." It was accepted, and the pair proceeded to Newington in great amity. Arriving, the learned counsel hurried in, as he had an important application to make on the sitting of the court. To his horror and surprise the said application was curtly refused. He was dumfounded at the sudden change in the demeanor of the judge, until the usher, in a husky whisper, said:

"Do you know what you've done?"

"No! What is it?"

"Why, you ran in and left the judge to pay for your cab."

—[Chicago News.

## Thayer and Bryan.

MR. BRYAN told a good story at the banquet. He said: "Years ago, when I first came to Nebraska, I was young, poor and anxious to get ahead. Thayer was a candidate for Governor and the opposition, finding that I could talk a little, engaged me to make speeches against him. I took to the work like a duck to water. I made fifty speeches against Thayer and often said some pretty severe things against him. I am willing to admit that since then I have often thought that I said things about him that I ought not to have said. But I did, and that was all there was to it."

"Thayer was elected. After he took the Governor's chair he was called to be toastmaster at a banquet to which I was invited, and at which I was down for a speech. I did not wish to meet the Governor. I remembered all that I had said of him, and I felt cheap. I had also no doubt that he knew what I had said and would show that he did when we met face to face. But I went and was given a place near the Governor, and sat there through the early proceedings quite uncomfortable."

"Finally it came time for the Governor to call upon me. He rose from his seat, with the programme before him, and slowly said:

"Mr. Bryan—Bryan."

"Then he slowly turned his eyes upon me and addressed me:

"Do you speak or sing?"

"That was as much as asking me what my 'turn' was, and inwardly I shrivelled to the size of a pinhead. I never felt more humiliated in my life, but I lived through it, and that is all I ever heard from Gov. Thayer as to what he thought of my campaign speeches against him."—[Chicago Times-Herald.

## Made Them Forget the Errand.

AT THE annual dinner of the Michigan Association, Senator McMillan told this story: "Burrows came into my committee-room one day," began Mr. McMillan, "to see me about an appointment. Bringing his fist down hard on a table, he declared: 'Senator, we have got to have this place, and we must make the President know it. The thing to do is to go down there now, right away, and insist upon it.'

"Burrows was so forcible about it that there was nothing else to be done; so I ordered my carriage and we started for the White House. President McKinley received us, and was very kind. He offered us cigars. We smoked. He discussed current topics, and finally told us a story. It was a good one. As he finished, a messenger came to tell Mr. McKinley that a deputation was waiting. Graciously excusing himself, the President retired, and Senator Burrows and I went out, still laughing and discussing the President's story. Entering our carriage, we continued in a jovial mood until we were opposite the Treasury building, when I ventured to remark:

"By the way, Burrows, what was it we went to see the President about?"

"By Jove, I forgot all about that," exclaimed my colleague.—[Detroit Free Press.

## An Excuse That Failed.

CHARLES MILLER, a Standard Oil magnate, whose home is in Franklin, Pa., has a precocious son less than 10 years old, in whom hard business sense and worldly caution are highly developed. One day Mr. Miller said to his son: "My boy, it's time for you to go to bed. I want you to get up bright and early tomorrow and go to church with me."

"I don't think I care about going to church tomorrow," replied Master Miller.

"Why not?"

"Last Sunday the preacher said he was going to preach about the devil."

"Well?"

"I know he will say lots of hard things about the devil—awful hard things about him."

"Well?"

"Don't you think, papa, that if we listened to that sermon it would be rather unpleasant if we ever met the devil some day?"

But the boy went to church in spite of his clever excuse.—[Philadelphia Post.



# Circling the Pacific. By Frank G. Carpenter.

## JAPAN IN 1900.

### PRESENT CONDITION OF THE EMPIRE AND ITS GROWTH SINCE ITS WAR WITH CHINA.

From Our Own Correspondent.

**O**SAKA (Japan,) Jan. 15, 1900.—I first visited Japan ten years ago, and it then had on the seven-league boots of modern industrial progress. I came again just before the war with China, and found that the country had again made giant strides. Since then its business has been growing like a snowball rolling down hill, and it is now one of the great manufacturing nations of the globe. New mills of many kinds are going up. Here at Osaka are two score large cotton factories, operating more than one million spindles, and last year 80,000,000 pounds of cotton yarn were exported to China. A great part of the cotton used in Japan is made here, and the business is so growing that in the case of the division of China among the powers, this region will be turned into one vast cotton mill for making clothes for the Celestials.

Just above Osaka is Kyoto, where there are now modern silk mills run by electricity developed by water power and about here and below at Kobe are factories which are making matches by the millions of gross for shipment to China, Korea, India and Australia. In Tokio, 300 miles to the eastward, some Japanese have just completed a woolen mill, and have now 1300 hands employed in making cloth to supply the Japanese demand for warmer clothing, and at Nagasaki, the extreme western port of the empire, a ship-building yard has been established, which is making 6000-ton steamers as good as any constructed in Europe or the United States.

#### Japan Growing Rich.

The Japanese are, in fact, growing into a rich nation. They are already the nabobs of the Orient, the richest of the native races of the Far East. I do not mean that they are wealthy in comparison with the Americans or the

Europeans, but they are far ahead of any people of their own kind. There are no beggars. I have not been asked for alms once during my stay in the country, and I see no unemployed. Since the Japanese-Chinese war wages have increased from 50 to 100 per cent., and men who were working before that time for 8 and 10 cents a day, are now getting 20 and 25, and more than double the prices paid for the same class labor in China and Korea. Wages are steadily rising, and though they are still not more than one-tenth the sums paid our workmen, they are enough to be riches to the people here. They are so high that many of the working people are saving money. There are now more than \$12,000,000 on deposit in the postal savings banks, owned by about twelve hundred thousand depositors, and this notwithstanding the people chiefly invest their savings in other ways.

#### Big Things in Japan.

As to the growth of wealth among the capitalists and the business classes this is still more remarkable. There is no end of factories, banks and companies of various kinds which are paying good dividends. The Nippon Yusen Kaisha Steamship Company, for instance, is paying 25 per cent., and there is a horse railway in Tokio which is paying 15 per cent. The road is the only one in a city of 1,500,000 population. Its owners were recently asked to increase their capital and equip it electrically. They refused, saying they were doing very well, and they doubted if they could pay a bigger percentage by the electric system. There is no doubt, however, but they will soon have to make the change.

The railroads of Japan are paying, even those which belong to the government. There are now between two and three thousand miles of track in the empire, and more have been projected.

As to banks, they are to be found everywhere, and as a rule they are doing well. Two per cent. a month is not an uncommon interest rate, and the banks as a rule pay interest on deposits. The total amount of native capital now used in this way foots up more than \$125,000,000, the

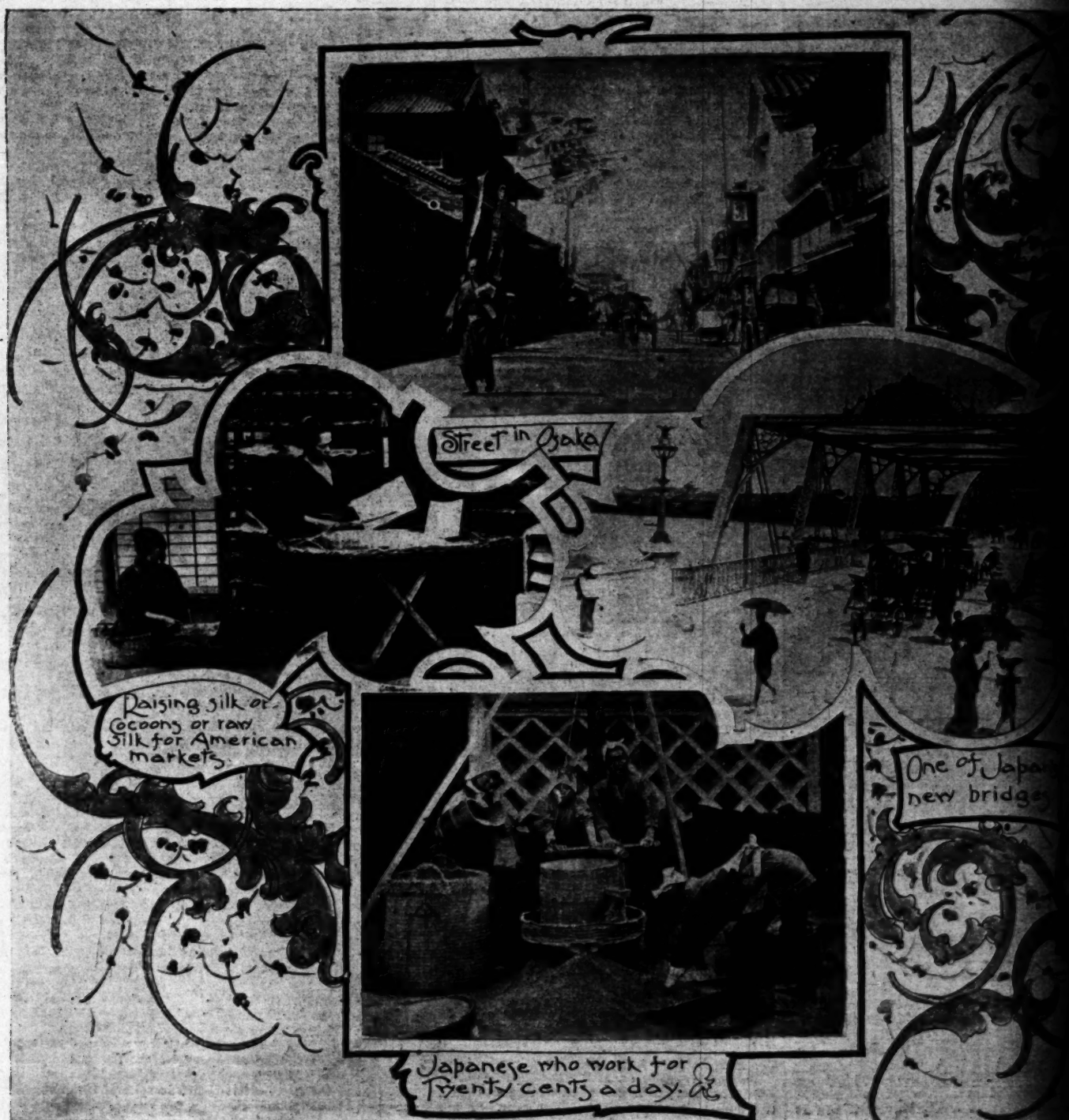
Bank of Japan alone having a capital of \$15,000,000. The banks do business just keeping their accounts and lending money. They do no "thank you" business of one of their customers for any and every favor. Stock exchanges in Tokio and Osaka, and wild-eyed bulls and bears fight here as well as in New York and Chicago.

#### Money in Steamships.

In their steamship lines the Japanese are making wonderful progress. They now have lines of steamers to nearly every great port. They have lines of steamers which give them a fortnightly service to the Suez Canal, a line of large ships to Hongkong and Manila, regular steamers to all the rean and eastern Siberian ports and two regular sailings for Seattle and San Francisco. They are experimenting now with a line to Peru, and several of their ships to Mobile and New Orleans. Whether it will not pay them to keep on for their mills here in their own steamships. The Nippon Yusen Kaisha added six vessels to its fleet, aggregating a tonnage of 34,000, and it is now the largest steamship line in the world.

Japan is very anxious to see the Panama Canal as soon as it is finished.

At the same time, there are scores of steamers from the great lines of Europe and America to the Japanese ports every month. The trouble is that all want their share of the trade. The latest in the field is the North German Lloyd, which has regular steamers from Europe to Japan, and said to be about to put on a service of steamers between Hongkong and San Francisco. The competition between these ports is congested. The Japanese





tell me they cannot get their goods promptly, and that they have to wait for months for the filling of their orders.

#### The United States and Japan.

There is a steady increase going on in our trade with the Japanese. I see American goods in all the cities and nearly every steamer brings over commercial travelers who have come for the first time to work the trade. By the new treaties foreigners can now do business and sell goods in any part of the empire. Before they went into effect they were required to have passports from the government if they went outside the treaty ports, and all of the business was done by Japanese middlemen. Our drummers can now take interpreters with them and take their orders direct.

As to the foreign trade of Japan, it now amounts to enough to be well worth our consideration. It was more than \$200,000,000 last year, and of this the largest share of the exports went to the United States. We take, in fact, about one-fourth of all the goods Japan sells to foreigners, and it is only lately that we have been selling here anything like our share in return. We buy more of her raw silk than any other nation, our imports of this alone footing up more than \$12,000,000. We pay her more than \$3,000,000 a year for tea and an equal amount for silk goods, while we annually buy a million and a half dollars' worth of Japanese matting. We send \$300,000 a year to Japan for drugs and chemicals and a large amount for curries, porcelain, and other such things. We buy more and more every year, but it is only lately that our sales have largely increased.

#### We are Ahead of the British.

At present we are gaining more rapidly in the Japanese markets than any other nation. Twenty years ago we furnished only about 5 per cent. of the Japanese imports and England furnished over 50 per cent. Now we are supplying 15 per cent. of all that Japan buys and the English have lost about half their trade. During the past few years the Americans have been sending locomotives and railroad machinery to Japan and our exports of iron and steel manufactures now amount to more than \$2,500,000 a year. We are having an increased trade in wheat and flour, some of the Pacific Coast mills being run almost entirely to supply the Japanese markets. The people are becoming bread eaters as well as rice eaters, and in the army bread has been lately introduced as one of the rations. A great deal of flour is used for paste in the fan and other manufactures of paper, so that the demand for the American article is six times as great now as it was ten years ago.

#### The New Treaties and the Americans.

As to just how the new treaties will work the Americans here are undecided. Minister Buck thinks they will be to the advantage of our trade, and seems to have no idea but that foreigners will have their rights and justice in the Japanese courts. He sent out a notice to the American residents at the time the treaties went into effect asking them to observe the new regulations and, complimenting the Japanese government on its generosity in opening up the empire to foreigners. Inasmuch as none of the other Ministers had the foresight or courtesy to do this the act has been greatly appreciated by the Japanese.

Minister Buck, by the way, has made himself very popular here, not only with the Japanese, but also with the foreign colony, by his plan, practical common-sense Americanism. He believes in the United States, and is always doing what he can to advance its interests, and he has no sympathy with any American who does not manifest the same disposition. I heard a curious story the other day of his treatment of one of our citizens who tried to go back on his country. The man was originally sent out here as a missionary by the Christian or Campbellite church, but so demonstrated his unfitness by his uncharitable attitude toward Japanese manners and customs that he was forced to resign.

He remained in Japan, however, found other means of making a living here and was regarded as one of the members of the American colony. Now, it is the custom of the Americans of Japan to unite together and give some kind of a celebration on the Fourth of July, but when this man was approached for his portion of the contribution last year he drew himself up and replied: "I have nothing to give. You ask for the money from me as a citizen of the United States. I do not claim citizenship there. My citizenship is in heaven."

This was before the new treaties had gone into effect, and it was only a few days after the occurrence that the man wanted a passport of Minister Buck, in order that he might go into the cooler regions of the interior. When he presented himself at the legation, however, Mr. Buck told him that he could only apply for passports for citizens of the United States, and as he had denied having any such citizenship he would respectfully advise him to apply for a passport through the powers of the locality in which he said his only citizenship existed. The result was that the ex-missionary remained at home.

At the same time our Minister is a strong friend of the active missionaries and is doing all that he diplomatically and consistently can to further their work here.

#### Japan and China.

Col. Buck tells me that the Japanese are anxious that American capitalists should come here and look over the ground with a view of uniting with them in building factories to capture the great market of China as soon as that empire is opened up by the powers. They believe that such a combination would be immensely profitable and say that the cheap labor and undoubted skill of the Japanese would enable goods to be made here more cheaply than in the United States. The proximity of Japan to China and the knowledge which the Japanese have of Chinese tastes, their ability to deal with them and the ownership of this as the base of operations, they claim, would be very important factors in the problem. One such combination has already been made, and it is believed that many others will follow.

There is no doubt but that the Japanese will work for their share of the Chinese trade. They must do so in order to keep their people employed. They have now in the neighborhood of 45,000,000 people scattered over nearly

four thousand islands, which, all told, have an area not much greater than California. Of this area not more than one-tenth can be cultivated, and the people will have to rely on the outside markets for their support. The population is increasing, and it will soon be a question where to find work for the surplus.

In this connection comes up the strained relations which are said to exist between the Japanese and the Russians. The people here are very bitter, and they feel that they will have to fight Russia sooner or later. Many of them would like to see war declared now, before the Trans-Siberian Railroad is finished, and while France has her hands full with the international exhibition at Paris. There is no telling that war may not come between now and next summer, and many believe that the Japanese are not only preparing for it, but that they will force it, rather than let Russia go on as she is now doing.

#### The Russians in China.

I have met within the past few days several men who have just returned from Peking. They all speak of the assurance and air of proprietorship which the Russians now stationed there show. They go about as though they already owned the Chinese empire, and they put their fingers into everything that the government does. They are also at Tientsin and are making themselves felt as far south as Hankow, in the Yangtze Valley.

One of the European diplomats who has lately visited Peking tells me the Russians already practically own Manchuria, and that they have forbidden the Chinese to give concessions to any but Russians for mining and manufacturing there. The Chinese government has been warned that Manchuria belongs to Russia, and that any inclination to permit others than Russians to come into it will be considered as an encroachment upon Russia's preserves, and will be treated accordingly. Not long ago an American attempted to get some gold mining concessions in Manchuria, but was told that they could only be secured through the Russians.

This American traveled extensively through Siberia and spent considerable time among the Russians in Manchuria. He found that the common feeling among the Russians was that all Asia was bound to come into their hands, sooner or later, and that they were now moving along the road to that accomplishment. They said that Russia wanted Manchuria as a breeding ground to raise Russian soldiers and a Russian population to raise food and supplies for the great war of the future. The army will soon be followed by emigrants, and Russians are already coming in along the line of their new railroad. There are regular emigrant steamers which come from Odessa, bringing colonists to Siberia. These will soon be directed to land their passengers at the Russian port on the Yellow Sea.

At present the Russian soldiers are, I am told, bringing their families with them and are colonizing all along the line of the Russian-Chinese railroad. The invasion of troops has been going on since 1897, and it is claimed that there are now 150,000 Russian soldiers in Manchuria and Eastern Siberia. The Russians take the lands along the line of their road, paying their own prices for them, and all their actions go to show that they consider Manchuria their own territory. They look upon Mongolia in the same light, and in these two great countries have perhaps the most valuable provinces of China. Manchuria is naturally rich. It has great areas of good wheat lands, and it will in the future be one of the bread baskets of Asia. It contains valuable minerals and deposits of gold and silver. Mongolia is said to be rich in its agricultural and mineral resources. It is the chief horse-breeding ground of East Asia, and as such will be of value to the Russians as a feeder for its cavalry.

#### Working Their Way Into Korea.

At the same time the Russians are working their way more and more into Korea, and it is this that the Japanese most object to. The Russians do all they can to secure the friendship of the Koreans, a feeling which would naturally go to Japan, had its people not angered the Koreans by their rude treatment of them after they had defeated the Chinese. The Japanese have been very conciliatory in their actions toward the Koreans. They are domineering and at times very insulting. The Russians, on the other hand, are conciliatory. They are employing the Koreans along the northern boundary of the country and are doing all they can to gain their good will.

#### Japan's Preparations for War.

But what is Japan doing?

She is by no means idle, I can tell you. Her preparations are going on both openly and in secret. She is perfecting her military organization, and she could fill Korea with troops within a few weeks. She has today one of the best fleets of war vessels afloat, and is, it is believed here, far better prepared for a long struggle than Russia.

Japan has her spies all over the Chinese empire. They are Japanese who understand and speak the Chinese language quite as well as the natives, who wear pigtailed like the Chinese and are supposed to be Chinese. The great variety of dialects and features in the different provinces of China makes such spying comparatively easy. These spies are in the employ of the Japanese government, and make regular reports to it. Some of them are supposed to be Chinese merchants; others are employed on the Chinese ships, and they are to be found even in Peking.

I heard yesterday of a curious incident which shows how widely these spies are scattered. It occurred at Tongku, the port on the Yellow Sea where passengers from the steamers embark for Tientsin and Peking. An American who spoke Japanese found here a party of twenty young Japanese students of a commercial college who had been traveling with their professor about the ports of Korea and China. They were being entertained at Tongku by who was supposedly a Chinese merchant of the town. The American addressed the professor in Japanese and he was taken into the party. He soon saw that the Chinese host spoke perfect Japanese and he charged him with being a Japanese. The man acknowledged that he was so, and from the circumstances and his surroundings there was no doubt but that he was a Japanese spy. Later on a boat was needed to go out to the steamer and a Japanese sailor, who wore a pigtail and was dressed as a Chinese, com-

manded the boat. Both were probably stationed at that important point to report to the government, the sailor from his knowledge of the waters being ready to act as a pilot for war vessels in case of need.

#### Japan and Korea.

I am told that Japan has for some time been sending men into Korea, and that she has already soldiers there in disguise. She has, I know, a large number of Japanese at all of the ports. A large part of the business of the sea-coast towns is now done by Japanese. The high officials of Japan claim that these people are in Korea merely for trading purposes, but the whole world has not a more patriotic nation than the Japanese, and the Mikado knows that he can call upon any of his subjects in time of need.

The Russians may conduct themselves so discreetly that there will be no excuse for war, but any overt act on their part may precipitate it at any time, and there is a strong likelihood that it will come sooner or later.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

## RICHARD WAGNER.

THE GREAT REFORMER OF DRAMATIC MUSIC AND HIS WORK.

By a Special Contributor.

RICHARD WAGNER was an undoubted genius with all the failings pertaining to the species. He was in hot water nearly all his life, quarreled with nearly every one, thought himself the greatest musician of history (as many others probably think), was arrogant, egotistical, vain, but nevertheless a poet, dramatist and musician who has changed the whole course of modern musical composition. There are still those who sneer at Wagnerian music (largely because they know nothing about it,) and insist that it is nothing but weird noises and incomprehensible phrasing. It makes no difference whether one prefers Verdi to Wagner or not (why there should be any discussion is inexplicable, because there is no reason why one should not enjoy both equally well), the fact remains that the principles of musical composition laid down by Richard Wagner have dominated almost all composition since that time. Whether it be a new French or Italian opera that is produced, the influence of Wagner is everywhere dominant.

"When Cavalleria Rusticana" was first produced, though it was full of Italian fire and melody, the influence of the great German master was at once noted. It was the same when Puccini's "La Bohème" was first heard. Indeed, Verdi, when past 79, produced "Otello" in a manner that betrayed too well how much he had been influenced by the great master of the north. The reason for this is that Wagner, first of all composers, put grand opera on its proper and permanent foundations. Before this, opera was principally a collection of aria—part music, and choruses strung together with some important story running through which amounted to little. It was the singers and their particular songs which interested the public. The orchestra furnished merely an accompaniment, while scenery, stage management and the art of acting were largely ignored. This is not denying that the music was beautiful, often voluptuous, but it was not opera in the highest and best sense.

It was Wagner who first insisted on four ideas, which he himself wrought out: First, there must be a poem great enough to stand by itself. Then it must have dramatic action lending itself to the highest form of art and mechanical stagecraft. Then the music must have absolute relation to the theme; and, finally, the orchestration must be an integral part of the whole to amplify and in part explain the themes. There was system about this that soon brought its reward. It was founded on the highest artistic consideration. Perhaps there is no more popular operatic number than the "mad scene" from "Lucia," with flute obligato. It is wonderful in its musical beauty, calling for the most perfect human vocalization, but probably nothing can be conceived that is further removed from what would actually take place under the circumstances. If Wagner had written it there would have been a "mad scene" indeed, and an apparently mad woman singing it, while the orchestra poured forth tragic music which would portray the sad state of a noble mind overthrown until the audience would shudder at the close, instead of, as now, demanding joyous recalls.

This illustrates in some degree what Wagner tried to do. He wanted the audience to get hold of his subject by every possible appeal. The eye, ear, intellect, imagination and sensibilities were played on in every possible way to heighten effects. He succeeded so well that all the world has followed him, and he stands today the undisputed master.

There are those, of course, who do not understand or appreciate Wagner. There are those who scoff at the idea that one needs to be educated to music. These same persons, however, will admit that their own musical tastes have been constantly growing. They like to hear Chopin, when once they were satisfied with the "Black Key Mazurka." "The Old Homestead" is one of the most popular plays ever produced, and deservedly so, but who would think of placing it on an intellectual or artistic plane with "Othello" or "Hamlet"? There are few men rash enough to say they do not enjoy Shakespeare, yet to German opera Wagner is all that Shakespeare was to the English drama, and far more. There are two things which the cultured mind must necessarily avoid—ignorance and bigotry. When a person derides Wagner in strong terms it is pretty certain that it is owing to one or the other of these blights on the human development. Probably the ignorant person will say that he does not like Wagner because his music is not beautiful. That has been said a million times by ignorant people, yet if any more beautiful music was ever written than Wagner has given us it is not known to cultured musicians. Not that he was the only composer—that would be absurd to say, but in his long career he ran the whole gamut of human emotions and produced the most beautiful and sublime of music.

CANZONE.



# Current Literature. Reviews by Adachi Kinnosuke

## FICTION.

### The Ward of the King.

THE author of "The Prisoner of Hope" has just published her second book. Not many nights ago, I opened it, read in it and after a while I thought it was about 10 o'clock—the bed time of the righteous and the imbecile. So I pulled out my watch. It was half an hour after midnight. When I thought of it a little, I mean about the book, there was nothing so extraordinary about the passage of time.

It is a romance of the beautiful ward of the King, of a gentleman adventurer in a Virginia colony, and of the King's minion, marvelously handsome, villainous, and to whom his majesty had promised the hand of his beautiful ward. Those were the goodly days when the good Christian people put one hundred and twenty pounds of tobacco on one side of the equation and a woman on the other and sent them abroad across many a wide wave to the prosperous market of Jamestown. Just about the time when the goodly ship with the fair lading was about to leave England for America, there was a lady at court who forgot her beauty, her pride, the perils of the sea and the wild, and only was conscious of her hatred for the king's minion. And so it came to pass that among the apple cheeks and the maids for crows, was a miracle in disguise, of a romantic pallor of face, dazzling, but much more proud than dazzling, the ward of the King, Lady Jocelyn Leigh. Capt. Percy saves the lady from an insult on the day of the sale of the brides; and the lady allows him to go through the formal marriage with her. To the man who married in a hurry came a bitter truth later on and was given much leisure wherein to repent. He was the best sword in the colony. And if ever a woman needed a goodly sword she was the haughty ward of the King. Then fell upon this American edition of D'Artagnan and his fair lady the adventures of the woods, upon the waters, with the pirates, and with their fatal foe, Lord Carnal, the favorite of the King, who had chased the ward to the colony. You follow Capt. Percy in his tortuous life path and after that you would have only a pitying laugh for the vain-glorious catalogue of St. Paul's trials.

The way the author crams blood, thunder, pepper, powder, sword-lightning, hairbreadth escapes, villainies, magnanimity, and foolishness within the 400 pages of her book is enough to run Dumas père utterly insane with jealousy. I have a notion, however, that if the Chinese were to celebrate every day of the year as they do on their new year's day, the popping of firecrackers would affect us as little—well, say, as the "Wolf! wolf!" of a certain shepherd.

Miss Johnson has played a little too much with her firecrackers in this romance. The equilibrium of the artist—that soberness of the inspiration-intoxicated—such as you see in the "Treasure Island" is foreign to this laboriously-exciting book. It is a pity or more likely it is a matter of sincere congratulation. All depends, of course, whether the author is writing for money and popularity or for the supreme gratification of a true artist-soul—the happiness which passes the understandings of common mortals and therefore to them, a mere empty fiction. A pity, I said, for the fact is the prose of the author is worthy of a much better thing, it is too good to be harnessed to melodramatic, Max-Pembertonian sword dances. Read this:

"Now, a ride through a green wood with a noble horse beneath you, and around you the freshness of the morn, is pleasant enough. Each twig had its row of diamonds, and the wet leaves that we pushed aside spilled gems upon us. The horses set their hoofs daintily upon fern, moss, and lush grass. In the purple distances deer stood at gaze, the air rang with innumerable bird notes, clear and sweet, squirrels chattered, bees hummed, and through the thick leafy roof of the forest the sun showered the gold dust. And Mistress Jocelyn Percy was as merry as the morning. It was now fourteen days since she and I first met, and in that time I had found in her thrice that number of moods. She could be as gay and sweet as the morning, as dark and vengeful as the storm that came up of afternoons, pensive as the twilight, stately as the night—in her there met a hundred minds. Also she could be childishly frank—and tell you nothing."

And then too, in this amazing, head-swimming spin of actions you can see and feel a master's hand upon the brush which paints more than one of her characters into life. Of course the character of Jeremy Sparrow is, to some, quite impossible. At the same time, I fancy, that even he is not at all as impossible as some of Dame Nature's fashionings. It may be that Miss Johnson has written her experiences of storm, shipwreck, and adventures in the woods. But these pages do not read like her diary metamorphosed—which certainly is a compliment. "These temples of art are, as you say, inaccessible to the realistic climber," wrote Robert Louis Stevenson once upon his wise day, and it may not hurt us to repeat it here. "It is not by looking at the sea that you get—"

"The multitudinous seas incarnadine," nor by looking at Mt. Blanc that you find—

"And visited all night by troops of stars."

"A kind of ardor of the blood is the mother of all this."

Miss Johnson is happy in the possession of "a kind of ardor of the blood."

In the natural order of things, this is the book that bears the sign: "Look at the cover, if you like, but pass me on without a single glance, if you can, at my heart, dear critics!" For this comes at the heel of her first great success. That some of the heartless and ungalant, the disgrace to the glorious race of flaw-pickers, have stolen many a steady glance into the heart-pages of the book and find that it tends to add to rather than

detract from the name the author has already made in the world of letters, is, certainly, saying a good deal. May she not be one of the voices crying in the present-day wilderness for the golden days of American letters which is nigh at hand?

"The one subject, wrote Mrs. Humphrey Ward in her introduction to Charlotte Brontë's *Villette*, "which they (women writers) have eternally at command, which is interesting to all the world, and whereof large tracts are naturally and wholly their own, is the subject of love—love of many kinds indeed, but preëminently the love between man and woman." George Eliot, George Sand, and the author of "Corinne," and Charlotte Brontë—all treated of the passion that rules "the camp, the court, the grove," and through their treatment of it, they seemed to have won and held their high places. Because of this fact, Miss Johnson's triumph has a singular distinction.

She has written very successfully of adventure. But, then, she is an American woman and is there aught, in the name of sanctity and insanity, that is too good for an American woman or aught that is too hard?

[To Have and To Hold. By Mary Johnson. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. Price, \$1.50. For sale by Stoll & Thayer Co.]

### A Story of French Revolution.

Mistral, Alphonse Daudet, and although it may not be just to bring him into comparison with them, Félix Gras—after all 'tis a happy land, Provence! Not many years ago, his "The Reds of the Medi" told us of the march from Marseilles to Paris; the book stirred our blood, made us happy. Men—and writers of power, too, Carlyle among others—have written about the same march; but, then, they were not the French. Victor Hugo came along, and when he passed out of the circle of idolaters, he left behind him, and nailed to the wall of the shrine, so that every one of his worshipers could see it, a picture of Waterloo. The wisdom of after years that have come, never, in their vainest moments, and in its maddest exaltations, thought it great enough to take upon itself the responsibility of tearing it away. Some of the episodes which were painted in "The Reds of the Medi" will be looked upon by the future with somewhat similar spirit.



FELIX GRAS.  
[From The Bookman.]

And the new volume from the same pen is another romance of the time which was black with terror and bright with the triumphs that were Napoleon's. It is in the main the story of Adeline, a daughter of a Marquise—an aristocratic waif in the days of the citizens—of her love affair with a son of the lowly born who is away with the Emperor. Then, of course, there is a villain, too, Calisto, who murdered her father and who would make her his wife. Her lover, who has been away, comes back to her at last—but it is after she has given herself to the church, in the bitterness of despair and being forced to the desperate alternative as a holy bride of God. And even then, she alone recognizes her lover, and is persuaded not to let him know who she is. Through the mouth of Margan are given us the accounts of Valmy and Jemappes and Pascalet, the lover of Adeline, tells the nuns how he and his comrades followed the tri-color and the Emperor into Russia, and also the battle of Waterloo.

The prose of the author—for Providence seems to be very partial to all the higher order of French writers in this respect—is simple, refined, and has that easy grace all its own. But M. Gras's lacks the color and the genial laughter and the poetry of Daudet's. To be sure, in some of the descriptions of the battles you will find as much animation as it is good for you and for the art of prose composition. At the same time, through over three hundred pages of the book you feel as if you are going through the snowy and most monotonous refinement of the Russian steppe. As a story, pure and simple, "The White Terror" is sadly commonplace, and it not worth the paper printed upon. But it was written by a writer who knows how to write, and the description of some of the battle scenes does not seem to have forgotten, in them, the author of "The Reds of the Medi."

For example, the account of the annihilation of the Em-

peror's Guard, about the famous "Barricade," is a brave thing:

"Among the dead bodies which covered the ground lay up—our bayonets bent, our wrists torn by the hawthorn, many of us wounded. I shouted, 'Long live the Emperor!' And we won the victory. But our victory was not to last. We were formed when our commander, Gen. Combaud, to us: 'Now you have shouted, 'Long live the Emperor,' boys, you may shout with me, 'Long live the Emperor.' An hour has come to die for our country and for the Alliance. And then we saw on all sides of the battlefield down upon us like a hurricane, black masses of men. We were surrounded, blacked. We were lost! Once again I looked over at the Belle Alliance; but there was only a dense smoke where the great Napoleon had been!"

Catherine A. Janvier translated the book from the French. M. Gras is a very hard man, indeed, could he find any fault with this graceful rendering of his work.

[The White Terror. By Félix Gras. H. M. New York. Price, \$1.50.]

## ORNITHOLOGY.

### On the Birds of California.

Mr. Keeler is happy in the christening of a matter much more important than the baptism of a child. The title of a book must be made tempting, to come, in these latter days, to the point that the public must be seduced into the enjoyment of it. The book is a collection of essays on the birds of the State. It is not a school text-book, neither written for the scientific alone. The author is an entertaining to the layman—a companion of one who delights in the music of the sea, of one who delights in the music of the orchestra or in patrolling the beach. Often we have watched, have you not? a long-necked diver, graceful as the wave and vain of its movements, as the sun upon the ripples, sport with the whims of the Pacific surf. And you wonder what was it name, how it differed from the others, and what were its habits. And you wonder, enough, I venture to say, you longed to know the name between the white and dark gulls which were necks at you most sagely at almost every point opened to visit and whose graceful pose was a coming ornament between the blue of the sky and the darker hues of the sea. The book will tell you of things and many more, of grebes, loons, cormorants, puffins, rhinoceros auklets, fulmars, cormorants, but why try to go through the list in the book like this? Beside them, of course, the birds of the hills and of the Rockies have their share in the book. And the birds of Berkeley are very well covered in it.

Those of us who have yet to make our acquaintance with the feathered brethren shall find the book, by the bye, forms one-third of the book, and is a fair satisfaction find out a few chief things about a bird that he may come across afield or upon the water after the storm.

A pleasing introduction is this little book, if you don't happen to be any too scientific to read in habit, to the birds of the State, who are so set; a charming book, in short, and a valuable one. Therefore I wonder why it was that the author, to open the book with the sentences like these: "We who know California think it the most beautiful of lands. The winds of freedom blow and the mountains and expansive plains."

There are many freshmen in Berkeley I imagine it may be that the author's manuscript was mixed with their composition exercises. But it is fortunate. Still no one wants you to know the prose style out of this book. After all it is a book on rhetoric. So, little flaws like that are not to be feared.

[Bird Notes Afield. By Charles A. Keeler. H. M. New York. Price, \$1.50.]

## MEDICAL.

### How to Keep in Good Health.

It's perfectly absurd—so a good Christian would pay your doctors when you are well. But you have their own way—a heathen way—of doing some things. They pay their physicians for their health to keep them from falling into the hands of the "heathen"—wiser than the Chinese doctor, a fact is a fact; and I can not afford to be a little book on exercise tells you many a wise thing as the Chinese doctor would give to his patients, keep in good health. It is divided into two parts: the first treats of the theory of exercise, bath, and the second, the choice of an exercise; and the different kinds of exercises.

It is very brief and exceedingly practical—every sensible man; a reading that cannot hurt you. [Healthy Exercise. By R. H. Green, M.D. New York. Price, \$1.00.]

## HISTORY.

### Brook Farm.

It was a dream, rather Utopian, but of a dream put to the plow and turned into crows. As an experiment, every one has forgot it. As a "seeding grounds of American letters," however, it would not let its memory die. And the story of Mr. Swift is a story of the famous communal phers who played fools—where Hawthorne



manure upon the heap of manure and puzzled the fine head of his over the new famous "transcendental heifer" and allowed the pen that was to give the world "Scarlet Letter" and "Marble Faun" to record the magnificent sentence: "I have milked a cow!" and where Charles Dana was young and kicked his idiotic paragraphs against the literary gods of the day—Poe, Cooper, and Anthony—in the Harbinger; and where Margaret Fuller, Channing, Emerson, Alcott loafed and became wordy.

This book is one of the series, "National Studies in American Letters," edited by Woodberry. Thomas W. Higginson has already written his "Old Cambridge" for it; and Paul Leicester Ford, Henry Van Dyke, John Kendrick Bangs, Meredith Nicholson and others are to contribute each a volume to it.

(Brook Farm.) By Lindsay Swift. Macmillan Co., New York. Price, \$1.25.

#### BIOGRAPHY.

Dwight L. Moody.

"God is calling me," said Moody. And he went to his Master at noon, December 23, 1899. And already before us is a 500-page volume of the record of his work. Ours are rapid days. His ancestors, his early life, his struggle in Boston, his conversion, his Sunday-school and Y.M.C.A. experiences, and then his happier and successful evangelistic work; his big triumphs in England and the story of his Northfield schools are all told here. The whole story is written in a straightforward prose and some sentences are full of light.

"Illustration was employed to occupy the place of argument. Eloquence receded before a store of anecdote," for example is not—although a trifle mixed up—a bad characterization of the "evangelist of the people."

The closing nine chapters of the book are taken up by his sermons.

[The Life and Work of Dwight L. Moody. By J. W. Hanson. W. B. Conkey Company, Chicago.]

#### LITERARY NOTES.

Elder & Shepard of San Francisco announce for early publication a sprightly record of reminiscence and travel by Nellie Blessing-Eyster.

Sam. Richard Olney, ex-Secretary of State, will contribute to the March Atlantic Monthly a notable political paper, entitled "The Growth of Our Foreign Policy."

[Wall and Express:] Mr. and Mrs. Ripley Hitchcock's dramatization of "David Harum" will have its first presentation "in the provinces"—probably somewhere in Central New York—early in April. The play will not be seen in this city before the autumn. W. H. Crane will play the title role.

The publication of a new monthly periodical, called the Magazine of Poetry, by Daniel Mallett of Flatbush, New York, has been announced.

J. M. Bullock, in his London letter in the Bookman, comments on the popular Kiplingmania: "We are suffering, though I fancy to a less extent than you, from a very acute attack of Kiplingmania. The famous (almost notorious) verses to the Daily Mail, which the Londoner has shouted to his play's content with the aggravating cockneyism of 'Piy, piy, piy!'—Mr. Kipling might have selected any other vowel but 'a'—have brought in nearly \$50,000 to the war fund, though I hardly think the author can be very proud of them. They have been recited and sung ad nauseam, in goodness knows how many theaters and music halls, as if to remind us of the very heavy price we are paying for the war. The most extraordinary symptom of Kiplingmania, however, that I have seen is the £30 which an Oxford street bookseller asks for the galley proof of 'How Fear Came to the Jungle,' corrected in the author's handwriting. The catalogue remarks 'One or two criticisms seem to be of opinion with regard to Mr. Kipling that he simply sits down in front of a few quires of paper and—writes! A sight of this proof (which is 475 lines long) would correct these gentlemen's estimate. Every word is evidently studied, and the altered passages positively abound, while the additions in the author's peculiarly neat and legible autograph are not only frequent, judicious and copious, but furnish further proof of the patient care the true genius loves to bestow upon all his work.' Another £30 is asked for one letter to the editor of the Pall Mall Magazine (about a proof!) the manuscript of the five six-lined stanzas entitled 'Letting in the Jungle,' and the same poem cut from the magazine. Mr. Kipling recently spoke at a war meeting at Rottingdean, but he is not quite strong yet, and takes great care of himself."

P. Zilcken's sketch of the famous Dutch painter, Jacob Maris, has the place of honor in the February issue of the International Studio (New York). The "Souvenir of Dordrecht," "The Two Mills," "View of a Town," "The Schreierstoren, Amsterdam," and his famous water-color "Girl Playing the Piano," and some of the other sketches are reproduced here. In the death of Jacob Maris departed a strong spirit of the modern Dutch school. Baudelaire has said with irony: "L'inspiration, c'est de travailler tout les jours." That is what Jacob Maris did, never leaving anything to chance or so-called inspiration.

[The Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post:] Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett is conscientious, and even painstaking, in her literary work. Her latest novel deals with the De Willoughby claim and is singularly accurate from a legal and historic point of view. To obtain the information employed in the book, the author, while living in Washington, spent much time in the record rooms of the government departments which have jurisdiction in such matters. Here, she says, she absorbed large quantities of information and book dust. On one occasion she asked a custodian: "Do any of these old claims contain romantic features?" "Bless my heart, no," answered the astonished official. "Not a bit; they are simply matters of fact and law." She started to read one as a matter of duty, feeling that it would be exceedingly uninteresting. To her surprise, it was so full of startling incidents as to be almost melodramatic, and when she closed the case she found that several hours had elapsed. To the ancient custodian who stood near she observed, "I found that record quite romantic." "Indeed!" was the answer. "I have read it several times, but I never thought it was as crooked as all that."

## IN PIONEER DAYS.

### A VISIT TO SANTIAGO CANYON FORTY YEARS AGO.

By a Special Contributor.

ON NOVEMBER 15, 1859, a party of six, consisting of H. D. Barrows, Washington Johnson, Billy Law, José and Luis Wolfskill and myself left Los Angeles en route for the Santa Ana Mountains. We were out for a hunt, and our expectations were high from the stories we had heard about the big game of this region. We boys, especially, just let loose from school for a brief holiday, were full of enthusiasm for any sort of adventure which might present itself. We had provided ourselves with Mississippi rifles or "yagers," as they were called then, rented from the Home Guard Armory, kept at the County Jail. They were a muzzle-loading gun, with steel ramrod—some of them were accurate. Our outfit consisted of a lumber wagon and team, pack saddles, camp outfit, guns and powder, caps, patching strings, and lead for bullets in the way of ammunition. It was rather more cumbersome than the modern cartridge belt, but in those days it all had to go.

We came by way of the Rancho, on the east side of the San Gabriel River, then the home of ex-Gov. Pio Pico. He lived at that time in all the state of a feudal lord. The picturesque old ranch house at the Rancho stood in the midst of a beautiful garden, fragrant with the flowers of "ye olden time," prominent among them, and always in a place of honor, "la Rosa Castilla."

The smaller dwellings of the working people and other dependencies of the ranch comprised quite a village of themselves, there being perhaps one hundred people employed in various capacities. Don Pio owned at that time thousands of acres of as fertile land as could be found in Southern California, some of which was tilled and irrigated, but the greater part, of course, served as a pasture for his vast herds of cattle and horses, stock raising being then the principal industry of the country.

Leaving the Rancho, about three miles on the upper Santa Ana road, brought us to where Whittier now stands. Coming on through La Habra Valley we reached a little settlement on the Santa Ana River, called Peor es Nada. This was just across the river, and not more than a mile or two from the present site of Olive. We camped here for the night. There was not a house at that time between the Rancho and Peor es Nada. The next morning we crossed the river and came to the residence of Don Tlodiosio Yorba. This ranch house was situated under the point below Olive. At that time there was quite a settlement there. Don Tlodiosio Yorba was the original owner of the Lomas de Santiago. He was also one of the heirs of the Santa Ana ranch. His establishment, though not so large, was much in the same style as that of Gov. Pico. He was a fine old gentleman, and renowned for his hospitality. From him we obtained a gracious permission to hunt on his possessions and many wishes of good luck.

From the Santa Ana River our road lay along the foot of the hills, striking the Santiago Creek for the first time just above where the Montgomery place is now. We followed up the creek until we reached the narrows and could go no further. Fortunately we found a sheep camp near here, a small flock of sheep being pastured here by a Jew, who did his own herding. This was before the days of the French and Basque shepherds, who number their flocks by the thousand. Our shepherd was a very genial person, who gave us all the necessary information about the lay of the country. We bought a quarter of mutton of him, too, as Mr. Barrows had some misgivings as to our skill as hunters, and as the head of the party felt it his duty to keep the larder well equipped.

We had to go back and cross the mesa, which brought us into the cañon about where the old road enters now. Coming on up the cañon we soon arrived at the spring, just below the grove at the picnic ground, where we made our noon camp.

There was no wagon road after we left the valley, though doubtless there had been Spanish carts in the cañon before us. After our noon lunch, and while resting the team, we explored the grove of magnificent old oaks which we now call the Orange County Park. I thought then, as I still think, that it is one of the prettiest bits of mountain scenery in Southern California. It presented much the same appearance then as now, with the exception that there was then a more luxuriant growth of vines and underbrush, and it was a trifle wilder looking. The oaks were then almost literally covered with the graceful wild grape vines, most of which have since perished, some from the vine disease, but many from wanton destruction at the hands of those who have also mutilated the trees, for the purpose of hacking their initials thereon. This vandalism, happily, has been stopped now by the park authorities, but the traces of it will disfigure the trees for many a year. The grand old oaks themselves show no perceptible growth in a space of forty years.

After enjoying the scenery at the grove to our heart's content, we drove on up the cañon. There had been some rain a short time before, and the young grass was covering the landscape with a carpet of green. In sheltered spots it was about two inches in height. We found the last water in the main cañon, about a mile above the picnic ground. We came on about a mile farther, and finding no more traces of water, some of us went out to explore the side cañons. We judged from appearances that we were in good hunting grounds, and were anxious to find a suitable camping place. Finally water and a fine camp ground were found about half a mile up the Horca (known now as the Fremont) Cañon. Here we found the camper's three requisites, wood, water and grass. Though we were not in need of the latter, as we carried feed with us. We soon had a crackling campfire, and were busy molding bullets for the next day's sport. We made our plans for the morning, and decided to go out in two parties, leaving Mr. Barrows, whose taste did not incline to rough climbing and big game, to hunt quail and keep camp.

The next morning we were out by daylight and ready

for the fray. The weather was perfect—clear and frosty, just the thing for a hunt. Johnson and Law took the range west of the cañon, and the boys and I the east side. José and I had rifles, but Luis, being but a small boy, carried no gun. After traveling some distance over the ridge, and down the slope into a little cañon east of the Horca, we saw six deer feeding on a grassy slope across the cañon from us. They were out of range, and how to get closer without frightening them was the question. We crept cautiously along under brush and over boulders, sometimes on our hands and knees, but always under cover, until we reached the other side of the cañon. We were breathless with exertion and excitement, but the deer were calmly feeding, still unaware of our presence. José and I each selected a big one, and fired. There was a stampede among the deer, and they all disappeared over the ridge in an instant. We reloaded and followed as fast as possible to the top. Just on the other side of the divide lay a large buck dead; and, following a blood-marked trail, we soon came upon another one wounded. A shot soon dispatched him. The others, of course, had all disappeared, and as we thought we had as much as we could manage for one day, we did not pursue them.

We went back to camp for the horses to carry in our game. By 1 o'clock we had the deer dressed and hanging up in camp, and they were two as fine bucks as one would wish to see.

Mr. Barrows had a fine dinner of broiled quail ready for us, and we were able to do ample justice to it. Johnson and Law came in later. They had seen many tracks, and some deer, but had not been lucky enough to get within shooting range of any. They had, however, seen a large bear track. This bit of information got us all excited and eager for a bear hunt. We were up early the next morning, quickly dispatched breakfast, and were ready for the fray again. It was another clear, cold morning, with a touch of frost in the air. Just the sort which makes a tramp after big game a luxury. We were out before sunrise; and after traveling up the Horca Cañon about three-quarters of a mile, found where a bear had been eating acorns under the trees. We could easily trace his course by the trail he made in the frosty grass. He was evidently not more than a few minutes ahead of us. We had followed the trail about a quarter of a mile up the cañon, when it turned into the brush up a hillside, on the east side of the cañon. The brush was very heavy, and we knew that it was not safe to follow a bear into such a place, so we climbed up an open ridge to the east, hoping from this point of vantage to get a sight of him in the thicket, where we were sure he was hidden. We also knew that we must keep above him, instead of below, for safety in case of an attack. One of the party at least had had considerable experience in bear hunting.

We failed to get a sight of him from the ridge, so we traveled on for several miles, circling the brush, and bringing up about a mile and a half up the cañon from where we first saw the track. The cañon at this point is narrow and brushy for a considerable distance. The east side is covered by dense thickets, but the west side is comparatively open. We made our way back down the cañon bed with considerable caution; carefully watching the east side, expecting any moment to get sight of the bear, or at least to locate him by the rustling of the brush. Suddenly we heard a cracking of brush and a puffing, angry sound, like the blowing of a frightened, angry hog, not fifty yards away, and we knew the bear had scented us. We quickly ran up the opposite side of the cañon from him, to where we could see over the tops of the trees which grew in the bottom of the creek, and made ready for the attack. From this point we could see him now and then through the chamisal, as he made for the ridge that led directly from us. Then he stopped as if to listen. He evidently wished to locate us. There he stood in plain sight, at a range of about one hundred yards. Three of us were to shoot—two in succession, the more experienced man to wait a little to give the other a chance for their share of the sport. One shot, the second gun, snapped. This first shot only seemed to enrage the bear, who continued to climb on up the mountain side, which was very steep. We could not see him for a time, but could mark his path by the waving brush, the angry growling and the rolling stones. He came to a stop in an open about twenty-five yards farther on, and sat down, looking back at us over his shoulder. Here came the third man's chance. One ringing shot from the old "yager" sent the bear rolling down the mountain side, directly our way. Then followed some excitement in the enemy's camp, and a hurried discussion as to whether we should climb trees or stand our ground. It was decided to stand our ground and wait for him. He kept coming, too, until he reached the bottom of the cañon, where two more shots finished him, and his troubles and ours were ended.

The shot which had brought him down the mountain was in the back—the two final shots both in the neck. He was a grizzly, and weighed, dressed, 800 pounds. We dressed and quartered him, then went to camp for the horses, and packed him in. It took two trips, as one quarter made a load for a horse. By 3 o'clock that afternoon we had our meat hanging up in camp. We were rather proud of our two days' sport. We had two fine deer and a big grizzly hanging in the trees, as yet untouched, besides several dozen quails.

The Santiago Cañon was a hunter's paradise in those days. There were plenty of deer, and bear were to be found just about often enough, and the sport attended by danger enough to make the chase an exciting one. Quail were then seen in flocks of hundreds. We were all glad that afternoon for a chance to rest; and were lying stretched on the grass, dreaming of new worlds to conquer, when Mr. Barrows aroused us to announce that he thought it would be best to start for home the next day. Now we had expected to stay ten days, and as this would shorten our stay to five, it was disappointing to say the least. But his arguments along the line of the unnecessary slaughter of game were strong, and we all knew that we had a great deal more on hand than could be used before spoiling, to say nothing of killing any more. So we had to yield to his superior wisdom. Though deep down in our inner consciousness we boys felt, though we dared not say it, that the fact that Mr. Barrows had left a sweetheart in Los Angeles had something to do with his anxiety to shorten our trip.

We broke camp early the next morning, and were in Los Angeles by nightfall to distribute our game among our friends and receive their congratulations. The bear's gall we sold for \$5, and the skin for the same price. The skin was a handsome one, and we had taken it off with great care and preserved the fine set of claws complete.

J. E. PLEASANTS.



# Graphic Pen Pictures Sketched Far a-Field.

## Two Grandsons of Li Hung Chang Here to Study.

**T**Y. SUNG and C. H. Sung, grandsons of Li Hung Chang, the distinguished Viceroy of the greatest province in the Chinese Empire, are now in Nashville. These young men, 21 and 18 years old, respectively, have come to this country for the purpose of perfecting themselves in the English language and of studying western civilization. They are sympathizers with the reform movement in China, which was set on foot by a party of young men desirous of effecting certain radical reforms in the government and politics of the empire. For the present the movement has failed, or rather it is at a standstill.

These two grandsons of the famous Chinaman have long wished to visit America. Their coming to this country was delayed partly by the illness of the younger Sung and partly by the desire of the two brothers to wait for the company of some returning American traveler.

They reached Nashville about ten days ago. Since their arrival they have been boarding at a private house on Highland avenue, south of Vanderbilt University.

The brothers will study English here in some school in the city or with private tutors before entering Vanderbilt. At home they were instructed wholly by tutors. They were well grounded in the classics of China, including philosophy, art, ethics and poetry. The chief studies in China consist of ethics, particularly of the system of Confucius. The classics of the western world are not included in the Chinese curricula.

In reply to the question, "Will you study anything besides English?" Mr. Sung said that he thought that would be enough, for awhile at any rate.

An elder brother of Sung visited this country last year. He came over with Yen, another Vanderbilt student. While in the United States he bought quantities of improved milling machinery, principally at Milwaukee, and shipped it to his native land.—[Nashville American.]

## Spanish Beggars Are Proud.

**T**HE beggar in Spain has more pride than the self-supporting citizen of another country. It is related that in Madrid a beggar had from time immemorial occupied a certain step at the entrance to a certain church, where he held out his hat for alms from arriving worshippers. To this church there came every day a certain well-to-do gentleman to offer up his prayers, and this gentleman was accustomed to deposit a 10-centavo piece in the waiting beggar's hat as he came up the stairs. But it happened that the gentleman fell ill, and for two weeks was confined to his bed. As soon as he was able to be out again he resumed his attendance at daily worship, and as he passed up he put his coin in the beggar's hat, and was going on into the church. The beggar seized his coat tail. "Pardon me, señor caballero," he said, "but have you not a little account to settle with me?" "What?" asked the gentleman. "An account with you? What do you mean?" "Why, yes," said the beggar. "You are accustomed, are you not, to give me 10 centavos as you come in?" "Well, have I not just given you the coin?" "Ah, but you give me 10 centavos every day. You have not been here for fourteen days. Therefore you owe me 140 centavos." "Get out!" answered the gentleman. "This is alms, not a salary, and I owe you no alms when I am absent!" The beggar drew himself up loftily, and flung back the 10-centavo piece to the gentleman. "Well, then," he exclaimed, "if you have no more honor than that, you can go and get another beggar! I shall have no more to do with you!"—[Youth's Companion.]

## Her Husband Too Playful.

**M**ARGRETTA VAN SCORT filed an amended petition in the Common Pleas Court recently in her divorce suit against Earl Van Scort. Mrs. Van Scort says that her husband has been guilty of biting, pinching and striking her. She alleges that he bit her on the face, arms and ears several times so as to leave marks which kept her in the house, because she was ashamed to go out.

Mrs. Van Scort says that her husband is of a morose and treacherous disposition and that his assaults upon her, while under the guise of playfulness, were really with the intent to hurt her.—[Cleveland Plain Dealer.]

## Lived in Two Counties

**T**HE trial of the Cartersville miners at Vienna has not been without its amusing features. There was great trouble in getting a jury. After several panels had been exhausted, bailiffs were sent to the remote districts to summon talesmen, and they followed instructions to the letter. They had been told to make special efforts to reach farmers who were out of touch with the rest of the world, and in Frank Beatty they found a man who filled the bill. Beatty, a grizzled specimen, whose personality is quite his own, reached Vienna in good time and stalked into the courtroom. Soon he was under the fire of the attorneys in the case.

"Where do you live?" was the question. The talesman hesitated a moment, and then, with something much like a leer, replied:

"Wall, I sleep in Johnson county."

There was a pause, and the examining attorney had it on his lips to rebuke the countryman for his frivolity, when Beatty continued:

"And eat in Pope county."

There was a ripple in the courtroom. The lawyer felt that he was being "guyed."

"Where, Mr. Beatty," he almost shouted, "do you vote?" The good nature of the talesman was in no way perturbed. His face took on an expression of a man who was making a difficult mental calculation and then he said:

"Why, it's this way. For the last five years or so I hev

put in my ticket in Johnson county. For seven years before that I voted in Pope county. An' I hev'n't moved."

Then Mr. Beatty became more explicit. He explained that he occupied a two-room house, which was built directly across the line of the two counties. The partition between the two rooms was exactly on the county line. As the law makes the man's legal residence the community in which he sleeps rather than the one in which he eats, he was a citizen of Johnson county, as his bedroom was on that side of the line. Up to five years ago he had slept in the other room and consequently had voted in Pope county. The explanation was satisfactory.—[Mount Carmel Register.]

## An Address in Brilliant Babu.

**B**ABU English can seldom have appeared in a more brilliant light than in the following address of an Indian pleader, given in Sir Frank A. Swettenham's "The Real Malay" (John Lane):

"My learned friend with mere wind from a teapot thinks to browbeat me from my legs. But this is mere gorilla warfare. I stand under the shoes of my client, and only seek to place my bone of contention clearly in your honor's eye. My learned friend vainly runs amuck upon the sheet anchors of my case. Your honor will be pleased enough to observe, that my client is a widow—a poor chap with one post-mortem son. A widow of this country, your honor will be pleased enough to observe, is not like a widow of your honor's country. A widow of this country is not able to eat more than one meal a day, or to wear clean clothes, or to look after a man. So my poor client has not such physic or mind as to be able to assault the lusty complainant. Yet she has been deprived of some of her more valuable leather—the leather of her nose. My learned friend has thrown only argument and hominy upon my teeth that my client's witnesses are all her own relations. But they are not near relations. Their relationship is only homeopathic. So the misty arguments of my learned friend will not hold water. At least they will not hold good water. Then my learned friend has said that there is on the side of his client a respectable witness—namely, a pleader, and, since this witness is independent, so he should be believed. But, your honor, with your honor's vast experience, is pleased enough to observe that truthfulness is not so plentiful as blackberries in this country. And I am sorry to say, though this witness is a man of my own features, that there are in my profession black sheep of every complexion, and some of them do not always speak gospel truth. Until the witness explains what have become of my client's nose leather he cannot be believed. He cannot be allowed to raise a castle in the air by beating upon a bush. So, trusting in that administration of British justice on which the sun never sets, I close my case."

## Has Just Paid for a Slave Long Dead.

**S**EVEN HUNDRED AND FIFTY DOLLARS has just been paid for a dead man. The money is in payment of a slave. Slavery, it has been popularly supposed, was abolished more years ago than a good many of us like to recall.

It was in 1860 that the McDonalds of Paris, Tex.—W. J. McDonald was the active party in the transaction—sold to Col. D. H. Epperson one slave, for which the colonel agreed to pay \$750. A note to this effect was given. Well, you know, there was a war. As it happened, there was no more slavery or selling in slavery after the little "Let us have peace" observation.

But the Epperson chattel, acquired from the McDonalds, hadn't been paid for. The clan McDonald wanted ready money. There were whole families in this fix, if you know anything about southern history of this period. Anyway, the McDonalds wanted that \$750. The Eppersons couldn't see it that way. There was no more slavery. Why, then, should there be payment for a slave? The Eppersons had a long argument. The McDonalds asked the courts to rule. The abolition caused complications. The courts have been tangled up with the affair for a long time.

The heirs of Col. Epperson have ended the legal fight. They have turned over the \$750 to Henry D. McDonald of Paris, descendant of the original seller. The question is settled. Meanwhile, the original McDonald, the original Epperson and the original slave have long since passed over to the country where all men are equal and there is no long-drawn-out litigation.—[New York Herald.]

## The Seventeen-Year Locust.

**V**ICTOR H. LOWE, entomologist of the New York State Agricultural Station at Geneva, and W. W. Atwood, State Inspector of Nurseries and Orchards, have been to Dresden to investigate the report that the seventeen-year locust has appeared in that vicinity. Besides Dresden, reports of the appearance of this insect have been received from Earle's, East Bloomfield, Union Springs and other localities. The appearance of this insect at this time is not unexpected, but, in fact, has been looked for by the scientists. They figure on its return about as an astronomer figures on the return of a comet or other heavenly body.

The seventeen-year locust is technically known as the "seventeen-year cicada." Those whose appearance has been reported to the experiment station at Geneva are believed to belong to what is known to the Department of Agriculture at Washington as brood No. 19. The area covered by this brood extends from a point near Buffalo eastward to the vicinity of Utica, and from Lake Ontario to the south line of Yates county. It has been known for several years that the adults of this breed were due to appear this summer. That they missed no connection, but are strictly on time, is indicated by the reports received from various parts, as well as by a few specimens which have

been sent into the experiment station at Geneva. The locust of the seventeen-year locust is not the usual scapegoats of a family, but by the way it splits the twigs of the forest, shade and sun, and deposit their eggs. It is in this way that the locust of the seventeen-year locust differs from the locust of the western plains, which devours the crops.

Attention is usually drawn to the insect by its very shrill, grating noise peculiar to it, which is readily recognized when seen. Its body is about three-quarters of an inch long; its wings are brassy, transparent, iridescent and large. The vein markings of the wings are reddish brown. The eyes are prominent and reddish brown. It is known as the seventeen-year locust, because it comes over the country in any one year. The locust of this section this year is known as brood No. 19. It is due next year in the extreme western part of the State. Brood No. 22 is due along the lake shore in the western part of the State in 1904, and brood No. 25 in the eastern and southeastern parts of the State.—[Rochester Democrat.]

## A White Man Turns Black.

**A**UGUST WESTRANEN, a Finnlander, who had been a tannery, changed the color of his skin. He went to work after a short time. He had scarcely begun when his companions noticed that he was growing black. They called his skin black. He tried to wash off the seeming discoloration. In an hour he had become black as a crow. He left his work and went home. He had his original color. Medical men believe that it was a case of black jaundice, which, they say, is a rare.—[Kenosha (Wis.) Dispatch.]

## Stronghold of Hermit Monks.

**O**NE of the strangest and most conservative communities is the settlement of monks at Mount Athos. According to a German who has been in the region not very long ago, there are at least 11 villages, 240 cells and 150 hermitages, which accommodate about 6000 persons. They are all monks, but agree in living in perfect seclusion, and rule of St. Basil. They are said to be very pious, but no Moslem is allowed to enter, and no woman may set foot on the mountain. Journal.

## Rats Rattle an Elevator.

**R**AT'S efforts to secure a breakfast in the morning, and that no one was injured was the result of Elevator Attendant Alex Lunde's cushions at the bottom of the shaft. The rats were unmanageable at the ground floor and were eating the beams in the top of the shaft. He shot several of them and then shot downward with a rat had attempted to secure a breakfast in the oil cups, and when the elevator was started it was caught in one of the pulley wheels and thrown off the sheave.

The rats have caused much trouble at the elevator to their fondness for the oil in the shaft. One morning about 9 o'clock the elevator was started with Frank Lauderdale, Frank J. Geist, and another man in the car. When the first floor was reached the car began to ascend rapidly and when it reached the top of the shaft were struck the car and the cables and burned the flesh of the passengers. When the car reached ground it rebounded on the cushions and settled between the first floor and the second with its badly scared passengers, none of whom were injured. An investigation quickly showed the cause of the accident.—[Minneapolis Times.]

## Muskat Meat as Food.

**M**USKRAT meat (Pennsylvanians along the Valley say) is more delicate and easier to digest than pork. Care has to be taken, however, not to eat muskrat—a pouch the size of a walnut, filled with perfumed white paste, and located in the stomach. To break this bag is to saturate the food with odor, and it is then inedible, as though it were in cologne. The muskrat is said to be more voracious than the serpent. It washes all its food, corn, tender young grass, salads, apples, and sweet potatoes are the things it lives on.—[Journal.]

## The Rabbits Climb Trees.

**E**VA GORDON, a school girl, daughter of a stock raiser of Queensland, in the western part of the country, has this to say of the rabbit pest. "About twenty or thirty years ago, two or three of rabbits were imported into Queensland, and about in millions, eating as they go, and growing without a blade of grass. In this way they climb trees and eat the bark, so that there is at all left for the sheep and cattle when the trees have been. The squatters must have wire fences around their 'runs'; that is what you would call a rabbit-proof fence. Men have also been sent out by the government to poison rabbits and hundreds of dead rabbits are often seen on a small area. The rabbits burrow under the fences so the fences have to be put sufficiently high to prevent their getting underneath."—[Journal.]



## TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

By a Staff Writer.

THE New York Journal relates the story of a Williamsburg Damon and Pythias, George Bagley and George Alamillo, by name. The two Georges had been lifelong friends, and loved each other devotedly—loved each other "to death," in fact, as the children say. For, in a transport of affection recently Bagley jabbed Alamillo in the back with an umbrella, and as a result the latter was, at last accounts, dying of blood poisoning. In similar exuberance of feeling, a man in one of the eastern cities not long ago slapped his friend on the back and broke his neck. It was the playful act of a schoolmate that put out Prescott's eye and condemned him to a life of darkness; and the victims of the unloaded revolver in the hands of a friend would fill a cemetery. It begins to look as if the prayer, "Heaven protect me from my friends, from my enemies I can protect myself," might become a justified portion of our daily ritual.

Of course, the author of the evil is filled with remorse in each of the many cases of this sort that have occurred. There was a time and territory where a little accident of the kind was dangerously likely to fill a man up with cold lead as well, explanations not being waited for; and while the medicine is hardly curative, it has a homeopathic aptness that recommends it to first impulses. More sober reflection convinces the onlooker, naturally, that the allopathic treatment is the sane one.

Still, even the most extreme and sincere remorse cannot excuse needless accidents of this sort. Our friends are not made of welded steel, neither does the fact that they are "our" friends give us the right to take dangerous liberties with them. The French are ahead of the Anglo-Saxons in this respect, at least, that they regard the person of every individual as sacred to himself, and look with undisguised disgust upon the rough "horse-play" in which we indulge with one another. Such rude familiarities prove nothing; nor are they relished by a great many of those who are supposed to like them best. Of course, there are a certain number of people who prefer that kind of demonstrativeness, but the number of those who experience the sense of a personal indignity under it is continually increasing; and the man that smiles a welcome to the acquaintance who has slapped him on the back while in his heart he is filled with a yearning desire to return the salute with startling interest, and the woman that gives a courteous greeting to an acquaintance while stifling a strong impulse of dislike at the familiar hand upon her shoulder, are a more and more frequent phenomenon. At least, appearances would indicate this. While we may not quite agree with Emerson's idea of regarding a friend as an untamed enemy, or treating him as a deity, there is a growing class of us who can respond with all our hearts to his appeal to "leave this touching and clawing." At any rate, let us avoid the danger point. There is a finer language of affection, although, if no man knows that language, by his own instinct, it will with difficulty be taught him.

A Californian, who is authority on birds, writes *The Times*, protesting anew against the use of birds' plumage upon hats. He says: "The grebes on the lakes of Northern California were nearly exterminated, last summer, by mercenaries sent out by San Francisco millinery establishments. The silvery-gray plumage on the breast of this species seems to be in greater demand than ever. But the supply is nearly exhausted."

It is but a short time since a spirited defense of the use of birds' wings and feathers on hats was made before a local assemblage of women, on the ground that some birds are destructive to our crops and the most of the brightly-colored birds, whose plumage is in greatest demand, are not song birds. If it is true that certain species of birds are destructive to crops, it may be necessary to take measures of self-protection against these particular sorts, distinctly and definitely singling them out from others. But the men who are sent out by the dealers in feathers make no such distinction. Any bird is their game—the brightly-colored birds first, and the others afterward, because the dull feathers can be colored. This last fact has, indeed, been one of the stock excuses of the dealers in feathers. They have told and retold the tale that the most of the feathers furnished to the trade nowadays are the product of the farmyard—hen's feathers, colored and mounted. Yet in the inventory of losses by a recent fire in the East occurs a list of plumage from birds of many rare and beautiful sorts.

Moreover, while a large number of our song birds are dull of hue, this is by no means true of all of them. A very considerable number of the sweetest singers are brightly-colored. Furthermore, there are those of us who find in the beauty of plumage of our little brothers of the air a pleasure also. There is an immense cage of brightly-colored little birds in the zoological gardens at Berlin that is one of the greatest attractions of the city. And very beautiful it is. No garden of flowers could be more so. When the just of personal possession shall have deprived the fields and woods of our birds and butterflies and other living things of brilliant hues, it will be a pretty gray old world, even with the song birds left.

It is, indeed, a question, with regard to the most of the birds that are destructive to crops at some one time of the year, whether they are not, at other seasons, still more destructive to insect pests; and whether it would not therefore be cheaper in the end, as well as esthetically, and otherwise more satisfactory, to set our wits to work to invent some sort of ingenious scarecrow that would save the crops without destroying the birds.

And it is certainly grave news that the beautiful grebes of our Californian lakes are in imminent danger of extinction. The women of the State are interesting themselves to save to it one of its wonders, the big trees. Are not our birds an object worthy of a like effort—the birds

of beautiful plumage, the singing birds, and all, indeed, that are not proved to be actually an enemy rather than a friend to our crops? The question of the destruction of birds has been in Europe confessed to be hardly second in importance to that of the destruction of the forests, even from the purely material and selfish point of view, and many devastating plagues of insects are traced directly to the carelessness of the past on this point. The sooner we of this country, prolific of vegetable and animal life, face the problem, the better for us.

Let it be said, however, in justice, that not all guns are used in the interest of the milliners. It might even be hinted that the scientists themselves are not always without blame in the destruction of rare and beautiful species.

## THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL.

By Kate Greenleaf Locke.

(The housekeeper of "The House Beautiful" will answer any proper and clearly-stated queries addressed to her in care of *The Times*; and where she may not have been clearly understood on any particular point, will answer privately and make necessary explanations. A number of inquiries already received will be answered next week.)

## A Bachelor Maid's Sitting-room.

M. S. S. SANTA BARBARA: You have a large, airy, well-lighted room, which you wish to furnish as a sitting-room, though you also use it for a sleeping-room. You can readily do this if you will buy one of those broad, comfortable, sofa-lounges, which can be turned into a bed at night. I would prefer this to the brass bed, and it will not, even with a handsome cover to throw over it in the daytime, cost as much as the other. If you cannot afford a Kizwillen cover for it, use a Bagdad with a good deal of dull blue in it. They are the real thing and are often very beautiful, though never expensive. The rougher looking ones, with a great many knots and tufts over them, I like best. I think your yellowish-gray carriage paper will go beautifully with dull blue draperies and rugs. You can get figured India silk in oriental designs which, with an interlining, would make charming window draperies. You could match the blue exactly and have a plain velvet curtain in your doorway. Your rugs, too, you can easily procure in old blue. If you could get the Japanese wool rug in blue and white it would wear as well as a Turkish one, but I never recommend the Japanese jute, though they come in fascinating dull colors and good designs, because they wear into shabbiness directly. I know of nothing more forlorn in effect than a Japanese rug which has lost its first freshness. I have seen a few of these wool ones in this country, and there may be some importer of Chinese and Japanese goods in Santa Barbara who carries them. They are very beautiful and desirable. I have seen Wilton carpeting in a plain dull blue, which with a blue and white border would make stunning rugs. Use curtains on your redwood bookcase of blue India silk (unlined) like curtains for your windows. Introduce one or two orange silk pillows, with the dull blue on your couch. If you could get a good piece of blue tapestry or soft, somewhat faded, old brocade, for a screen to go in front of your washstand, it would be well to do so. An Alaskan fish basket, or some such thing hung on the upper hinge or from the top of this two-leaved screen, would add to its decorative quality and take away all possible stiffness. As for pictures, you can find nothing more beautiful than the carbon photographs, Copley prints and Braun photographs of Veddie's "Head of Lazarus." This, to my mind, is one of the finest things ever painted; Leonardo da Vinci's "Mona Lisa," Greuze's "Broken Pitcher," "The Madonna of Deliverance" (this is most beautiful), Mme. Le Brun, with her little daughter in her arms. These, if well framed, will be charming against your wall. I think I would have some of them with broad, flat frames of black wood and dark-green mats, as the gray mats so often used with them would not show up well on your yellowish wall. It would also be well to mingle a few good plaster pieces. They would look particularly well with your paper and dull blues.

## East Indian Chairs.

H. B. W.: The so-called "East Indian chair" is the large and substantial armchair of wickerwork, which has been somewhat scantily imported from India to the United States within the last few years. They are frequently used as steamer chairs by persons returning from the Orient, though they are not a lounging chair. If you had inclosed your address I could have written you of one or two places where you could procure them. The merchants here do not handle them generally, because there is no profit in them, though I think Vantine in New York carries a large stock of them. It would, of course, be a very expensive matter to send to New York for them, and would seem very useless when we are so much nearer the Orient. I think I would use an unlined yellow silk, not too thin, for my curtains. If your window is a somewhat low one, let your curtains sweep to the floor. In this case, perhaps you had better line them. Catch them back or let them fall straight, just as the size and shape of window suggests. I think a more luxurious effect is obtained by drawing back the folds with a heavy cord or loop of yellow silk.

L. C. W., San Antonio, Tex.: The genuine Arabian net is only to be found on this Coast in San Francisco. Some of the large furniture places there would, perhaps, send you samples. As I have only seen it woven into very handsome and expensive curtains, I doubt if they could cut it. However, you might try it. There is, I find, a net brought here which is very pretty and durable, and they call it Arabian net, if you are not looking for something supremely elegant this may be what you want.

## Some Facts About Rag Carpets.

I have had so many anxious inquiries about rag carpets that I have endeavored recently to inform myself thor-

oughly in regard to them, for the benefit of my readers. I will state a few practical facts which will answer several letters in one. The great drawback to many who really wish for a rag carpet is that they do not wish to sew the rags themselves, but are desirous of having them sewed where the carpet is woven. I have been able to find but one place where the weavers are willing to do this; and that is down in the country near Downey. An old couple there will sew and weave for 25 cents a yard—20 cents for weaving and 5 cents for sewing the rags. They furnish the warp. One and a quarter pounds of rags make a yard of carpeting. Wishing to have twenty yards of blue and white carpeting woven, I had a bolt of blue calico, sixty-five yards, weighed; it weighed eight pounds and ten ounces. And I was told that it would take about two hundred yards of material before it is torn into strips to weave my twenty yards of carpet. If blue calico and unbleached white cotton are bought at 3 cents per yard, the new, raw material will cost \$6. Old cloth, however, works up more softly and closely than new goods, and the rags can be dyed any color. I have seen some beautiful mats and small rugs in black and yellow which were made entirely of old underwear. The tone of the yellow was a soft, rich saffron. No prettier or more durable covering for a yellow room, which is treated simply, could be thought of than these rugs. They are really very handsome on a dark, polished floor. An especially rich effect may also be obtained by having the rags in two shades of the same color, such as two shades of mulberry red or two shades of green. Door curtains are also very effective if loosely woven in this way, being particularly handsome, of course, if woven of silk. Personally, I prefer the irregular splashes or the "hit and miss" pattern, in rag-carpet parlance, to the stripes. There is a place in Los Angeles (there may be more than one) and one in Pasadena, where weaving is done.

## A Primitive Country House.

English Rancho: Following out the theme of the rag carpet, I would suggest that you furnish your simple ranch-house in a style so rustic that the rag carpet would be its keynote. I tell you this because you wish it to be "plain to primitiveness, and yet to have a certain style about it." With your walls of rough, gray plaster, your ceiling of rough beams, and your white-pine floor, the rag carpet would fit in perfectly. You do not wish any "stained or polished floors," for you wish your China boy to keep them cleanly scrubbed, I would, therefore, advise the use of these rugs also in the bedrooms. The effect would be extremely sweet, simple and countryfied to have small, plain, old-fashioned washstands, holding blue and white china bowls and pitchers, a home-made dressing table of flowered chints, white dimity curtains, run on cords at the small windows, and a flowerpot and plant on the sill. In your living-room have a few pieces of brass, which the Chinaman can also keep clean and shining. Such as fireirons, candlesticks, etc. For the center of the room have a heavy, plain table, with square legs, made of oak or simple pine. With a denim cover this will be useful and handsome for books, magazines, reading lamp. For newspapers I would have one of those large, square Chinese vegetable baskets, which can be bought for 75 cents of the Chinese gardeners. When these are new they are extremely artistic and pretty. You will find that all of your belongings, your trout basket and fishing tackle, your guns, golf sticks and pipes will be decorative in this room, if properly arranged on high shelves or against the wall. As simple as this scheme is, I would not put any common wooden chairs in here. If you do you will take all distinction out of your room. It is the knowledge of how to draw the line between what is commonplace and what is merely inexpensive that gives tone to a room. A heavy wooden and rush rocker, such as are brought for porches, two East Indian chairs and four Flemish oak chairs and a stool, with rush seats, will give you chairs enough. If you can afford to do so, by all means add to this, a wicker steamer chair, with some bright, red pillows and a Navajo blanket. Near this chair you can place a low stand, with your pipes on it. Use either white dimity, Turkey red calico or flowered chints at your windows.

## A White Dinner.

W. R. A.: If your dining-room is furnished in white and gold I would by all means advise a white decoration for your table. The Marque rose, with its foliage, is very beautiful, and these flowers can be procured in such abundance that I think you would do well to use them. If you have, as you say, a dinner set of white Haviland, with the green and gold monogram, what would be more in keeping with it than these purely white roses and their green leaves. There is a great fancy just now for white table decorations, and I can imagine a beautiful effect by using a center bowl of these roses, with perhaps the long-stemmed ones wired, as they are inclined to be heavy headed. They grow so luxuriantly and in such beautiful sprays that you can stretch garlands of them flat on your damask to the four corners of the table. Here, I think, they should be caught with large, white-satin bows, though ribbon decorations are said to be somewhat out of favor. You will find that your silver candleabra and your twinkling wax candles will look particularly well in this mass of white and green. Use your decoration generously, hanging sprays of several yards in length over the lace curtains of your windows, wreathing your mirror and banking your mantel.

## DANGER IN THE CHURCH.

[Golden Penny:] Not long since the bishop of L— was a guest at a dinner party in Birmingham, when a lady noted for her witty remarks, who was a guest, said: "Do you know that there are times when it is dangerous to enter a church?" "What is that, madam?" inquired the bishop, with great dignity, straightening himself in his chair. "That there are times when it is positively dangerous to enter a church," was the lady's reply. "That cannot be, madam," said the bishop, "pray explain." "Why," said the lady, "it is when there is a canon at the reading desk, a big gun in the pulpit, when the bishop is charging his clergy, the choir murdering the anthem, and the organist trying to drown the choir."



# Woman and Home—Our Wives and Daughters.

## A SHOW OF SPRING SHOES.

HIGH-HEELED OXFORDS WITH EGG-SHAPED TOES AND OF VARNISHED KID TO BE WORN.

From a Special Correspondent.

NEW YORK, Feb. 19.—"I have been to the quaintest of exhibitions only this very morning," quoth a maiden in blue cloth and chinchilla trimmings across the white damask of the hostess's hospitable luncheon board to Mrs. Van Knickerbocker, who was appreciatively disposing of a generous helping of marron salad.

"A show of shoes," continued Little Girl Blue. "The shoes of forty years ago of my mother's day; walking, dancing, calling, driving and equestrienne footgear in all colors and sizes, were displayed in a great showcase, and after examining them with eager curiosity I went away wondering whether the belles of mamma's day had less vanity or lovelier feet than the women of the present time.

"After interviewing those antiquated foot coverings made of uncut velvet, drab cloth and other materials equally unsuited for usefulness and comfort, I went up in the light to my bootmaker's salesrooms and gave a thankful little sigh for the blessing of living in this sordid period when the science of shoemaking has reached a point where

no woman, unless she be perverse, need display an ugly foot."

She Is Down on High Heels.

"Right you are, my dear," quoth the plump matron across the fairy barrier of ferns and yellow tulips, "but I am down on the newly-revived fancy for high heels. Yesterday I, too, went to buy a pair of pretty dress shoes, and the man who groveled before my silk-clad toes swore by all the gods of fashion that none but the highest-heeled Oxfords, with what is called an egg-shaped toe and constructed wholly of the thinnest, most glittering French varnished kid, are worn. These were laced with the broadest black silk ribbons, threaded at the tag ends with big, bright jet beads. Expressive as they were in every line of beauty, and that excessive daintiness women now consider necessary in foot dressing, I objected; thereupon he brought forth a new type of shoes to me, made of black satin-surfaced cloth, brightened with stitched straps, and a toe cap of patent leather.

"He thereupon gave me his professional word of honor that, though extension soles were going to remain in fashion, the straight last and big rounded toe have passed into the limbo of things outside fashionable ceteem, while a more pointed toe and high, slanting military heel are developing into favorites. Of course, the sturdy golfers will cling to the more manly type of shoe, and while I

debated nervously whether or no I should be thralldom of stilt-like heels and cramped, I swam gracefully as a swan down the aisle, sank into a velvet-lined chair, lifted her skirt, ordered a pair of ties such as I had been wearing were a most comely robe of that newest of fashions, panne, a tunic skirt and quaintly-pointed shoes upon a body and underdress of lead-gray, and foot she held out for a fitting I think I remember as shaped for a number two shoe, made to last, and when I saw the childlike extravagance placed into one of those pompadour shoes, I gave a pair for myself. Thus," softly murmured the matron, helping herself a second time to mousse, "vanity doth make cowards of us all."

An Occasion in Blonde Lace.

"Well, my heart for once is light and spoke up the hostess from her end of the table six months ago I stumbled upon that which is the most cautious woman's undoing and greatest enemy, namely, a bargain. It was an occasion in the hidden in the depths of my guilty conscience drawer where I try to bury my shopping weakness has lain heavily as plum pudding on a diet of slopping down the street in the cold yesterday I was confronted by the window of



A "Moonlight" Hat.

Moonlight is the novelty of the moment among Parisian colors for the spring. The hat photographed here is of moonlight and pale blue tulle, in turban shape, with a snowy fountain of esprey at the left side.

A Superb Gown.

This superb gown of heavy cream-colored Russian lace is the very smartest costume of the hour. The one photo-

graphed here is worn over a silk slip of the palest amethyst-tinted silk, with deep-creased flounce of chiffon of the same tone around the bottom. A huge rosette of royal purple velvet on the left side is a splendid bit of color.

An Elegant Petticoat.

Petticoats are more beautiful and more richly trimmed this season than ever. The one shown in the above picture is of pale golden taffeta, tucked and adorned with white

baby-satin ribbon. The negligé worn is of crêpe de chine, decorated with white

Panne Chiffon Cloak.

Panne chiffon is the last cry of fashion in the evening cloak pictured here shows how it may be used. The upper portion of the cloak is with chinchilla, from which falls a frill of the creation of the Parisian Redfern.



they seemed like a fête champêtre in June, with clouds of parasols of white and tinted silk, and crisp with rows and rows of blonde lace. A little further on and I came to another plate-glass paradise, where billowed the flimsiest swillies loaded with blonde lace, and then I ran into my favorite milliner from the shower to learn if there were anything new under the sun promised in hats, and, lo! the first new model she showed me was a chiffon toque, striped with the most delicate rice straw lines, and winged and crusted with blonde lace."

As Inspiration in Dress.

"The luck is so often on your side," solemnly remarked a handsome luncheon, in second mourning, "and a woman should be able to bear anything when she wears so good a gown as yours." The hostess blushed delicately with pleasure, for it was a good gown. The skirt of sage-green cloth, laid in fan tucks from a few inches below the waist to the hem, and worn with it that sweetest inspiration of fashion for a home reception gown, namely, a waist of coral-pink crepe de chine, made with elbow gloves and tucked yoke of white mousseline de soie. Pretty figures in cream lace set into the crepe de chine gave it the aspect of rich embroidery. Broad, rolling cuffs at the elbow, shoulder straps and a high, straight collar-band of coral velvet, enriched with lace applique and a big bow of cream lace, fastened like a bouquet de corsage to the front of the garment, all lent their effective aid to the completeness of the charm.

"It is a rather pretty little thing," admitted the wearer, with becoming reluctance, "and I like these elbow sleeves and the delicate fancy waist, worn with the cloth skirt, for my dressmaker tells me there is really nothing newer."

Mrs. Back-Bay Speaks.

"Well, it is not often that I can accuse myself of coarseness," came in a very cultivated and slightly plaintive voice from Mrs. Back-Bay, who was eating \$10-a-pound grapes with an pleasing nonchalance as if they had been baked beans, "but in spite of my lofty ideals and my interest in things literary, I fell plump from the artistic eyeglasses into a state of vulgar material desire yesterday. It was, as I hardly need tell you, a gown that disturbed my serenity of mind, one of those gowns that comes before the parol dars and fills the bleak March days with beauty."

"I guess," spoke up Miss Chicagoese from her end of the table, "that it was blue."

"Right, my dear."

"And it was encrusted with lace," added Mrs. Van Knickerbocker.

"Right again," admitted Mrs. Back-Bay. "I see you girls know what is going to be fashionable. My ideal or my cherished ambition is to have a steel-blue cloth, light as muslin, but smooth as face cloth, cut as a long princess tunic, waist and overdress seemingly in one, and dropped upon an underdress of blue taffeta eoyant. My tunic up the front, round the bottom and on top of the sleeves is encrusted with cream lace, Russian or Renaissance. The cloth is not cut out from under the lace at all, but shines through, and the waist opening down at one side shows three dear little wired lace butterflies for ornaments holding down a puffed trimming of twisted black and white tulle."

"Well, I must confess," remarked the hostess, as the fasteners rose replete from the table, "that Mrs. Back-Bay has developed beyond my expectations into so clever a judge of gowns that were I queen of a kingdom she should be my first mistress of the robes," over which high praise the visitor from Boston looked far more flattered than when her first poem was accepted by an influential magazine.

MARY DEAN.

## GOOD TIMES, GOOD CLOTHES.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT KEEPS BOOKS THAT RECORD SOME WONDERFUL STATISTICS.

By a Special Contributor.

Society wears a better bonnet, a finer silk dress and richer jewelry than it did a year ago. It is clothing itself in finer furs—from France—and drinking a great deal more champagne. For society is feeling the benign and expansive effects of good times and returning prosperity. It is a common delusion that the diamond buyer is quite beyond the touch of poverty, that she dresses as well one year as another, that she drives as well and entertains as lavishly, but nothing could be further from the truth. Indeed society is the first to skimp when hard times begin to pinch. When railroad earnings fall off the railroad prince confides that fact first to his wife, and Mrs. Railroad Prince concludes not to buy that set of furs until next winter, whereas Mrs. Common Person, who doesn't know that railroad receipts have fallen off, keeps right on buying for a year or two more, and then she, too, begins to skimp.

Now, these assertions are not mere suppositions. The Treasury Department of the United States keeps a complete set of books in which some of these secrets of society are set down in the coldest and the blackest of type. Society may do its best to keep up appearances, but a certain easily-obtainable fat book of figures shows remorselessly just what the condition of society really is. Just now it is reveling in all manner of luxuries, after a long Lent of hard times. Indeed, never before in the history of the United States was there such a rush to buy fine raiment, fine jewelry, expensive wines, rich tapestries and art goods and elegant furniture as there is this last year of the century. Indeed, never before was the human race, or at least the upper strata of it, so surrounded by the trappings of luxury. A few figures will show better than anything else the present craze of the American public for buying fine things.

Ten years ago, according to the reports of the United States Treasury Department, we were contented with about \$14,000,000 worth of foreign diamonds and jewelry, which are bought largely in Holland and France. That was the sum we expended in 1890, 1891 and 1892. Then came the great crash of 1893, and a period of hard times. Even society had to have its bread and meat, and so it cut down on the

luxuries. In 1894 the total amount expended abroad for jewelry was only \$6,000,000, a reduction from the years of prosperity of over \$8,000,000. In 1895 and 1896 society revived a little and spent \$8,000,000 each year, and then came the blackest darkness of hard times—1897—and this expenditure actually sunk to less than \$3,500,000. Think of society contenting itself with such a bagatelle of jewelry in one year! But good times was already on the way. In 1898 the foreign jewelry bill amounted to over \$10,000,000, and then came 1899 with society perched high on the crest of the prosperity wave and spending nearly \$18,000,000 for imported jewelry—about five times as much as the expenditures of two years before and by all odds the greatest sum in the history of the nation. And that sum does not include, of course, the immense sums spent for home-made jewelry, and it must be whispered, for smuggled jewelry. Diamonds alone jumped from a bare \$2,000,000 in 1897 to over \$12,000,000 in 1899. Was there ever a better argument that prosperity has come again?

And then there is the matter of bonnets and hats. Not only was there a larger number purchased in 1899 than ever before, but the quality was finer. France sent us more creations than ever before. Our bill for foreign hats in 1899 was nearly \$2,500,000, \$200,000 more than in 1898, and near \$500,000 more than in 1897—showing that in spite of the skill of the American bonnet craftman, French art is still popular.

Society also used more foreign perfumery and cosmetics in 1899 by nearly \$100,000 worth than in 1898, the total bill reaching more than \$500,000. But the fat book shows still another thing about perfumery which will be found curious, if not significant, inasmuch as it answers the question, "Are perfumery and cosmetics going out of style?" All during the hard times of 1895-6-7 Americans spent more than \$600,000 a year on these articles of feminine indulgence, the amount in 1897 reaching within \$3000 of the great total of \$700,000. Then came 1898—the first year of prosperity—with only \$433,000 sent abroad for foreign perfumery—a difference in a single year of nearly \$300,000. It was certainly a case in which the frown of society meant a decided money loss.

Another curious thing which this decidedly matter of fact and unfashionable fat book shows is that prosperity and fashion are making the silk dress and the silk linings far more popular than ever before, while the imported woolen dress is actually less popular in spite of good times. In 1897 we bought between \$7,000,000 and \$8,000,000 worth of silk-dress goods in foreign lands. In 1898 the amount jumped to over \$10,000,000, and in 1899 to \$13,000,000.

And then there is the matter of foreign furs, another luxury which is now much in favor. Back in 1897 we could afford only \$6,000,000 worth, but in 1898 we bought nearly \$8,000,000 worth, and in 1899 nearly \$12,000,000 worth—certainly a most extraordinary increase. And in this connection, too, the dry, fat book contains an important fashion hint. Buy your furs in Paris or Berlin! Why? Because every one is going there.

For years London was the great fur market. English furs were the fashion—as they still are to some extent. But see what the figures show. Our business with Great Britain jumped only \$300,000 between 1897 and 1899—from \$1,075,000 in 1897, which was greater at that time than the business of any other nation, to \$1,373,000 in 1899, whereas our purchases from France actually doubled, making the total amount of fur money paid that country in 1899 over \$1,800,000, or \$500,000 more than the business with England—a good record for fashion's dictates in two years. German furs are also coming into great popularity, our purchases jumping from \$750,000 in 1897, to over \$1,133,000 in 1899—a total very nearly equal to that of Great Britain. We also buy more furs than ever before in Belgium, the amount having more than doubled in the two years from 1897 and 1899, although the total is still under \$500,000. Why French and German furs have become so suddenly popular to the detriment of English furs the fat book does not say, but society must have its own good reasons and fashion must be followed, even when it leads away from the Anglo-Saxon.

From 1890 to 1897—all through the hard times—our glove money wavered between \$6,000,000 and nearly \$8,000,000 a year, never falling below \$6,000,000 except in one year, 1894, and exceeding \$7,000,000 in two years—1893 and 1896. But when 1898 and good times came again with more money to buy fine gloves the amount expended suddenly decreased from nearly \$7,000,000 in 1897 to only \$5,789,000 in 1898—a loss of over \$1,000,000. Last year, 1899, showed a slight improvement, but the amount was still a good deal short of \$6,000,000. In passing it is interesting to note that Germany keeps its popularity in the supply of ordinary gloves, but the finest and most fashionable makes come from Paris. We bought last year about \$2,000,000 worth of gloves from Germany.

Society is furnishing its home more elegantly than ever before. The very best furniture in the world is made right here in the United States, antiques, heirlooms and all, but the importation of mahogany, used in the manufacture of the finest furniture, will show the tendency. In 1897 the United States bought over \$657,000 worth of mahogany. In 1898 this sum increased to almost \$800,000, and in 1899 there was a 50 per cent. increase, the total amount expended being a little less than \$1,245,000—or double what it was two years before. Mahogany is yearly growing more expensive, but it must be had at any price. Then there is the matter of the little gimcracks of cabinet ware and furniture, such as the Germans and Swiss delight in turning out. In 1899 we imported over \$315,000 worth of articles of this kind, against less than \$265,000 worth in 1897, showing how we are becoming more luxurious in another way.

## GARLANDS OF FLOWERS FOR SPRING HATS.

[Millinery Trade Review:] The garland form promises to be in high favor, and they are provided ready mounted by the flower makers, attached to a bun intended to be placed at the side. In some of these natural-colored flowers and foliage are combined with artificial, as, for instance, a bunch of deep-toned violets, surrounded by palest green transparent leaves, and a garland of the same flowers in different shades, running from deep purple to

pink; a bunch of large pink roses and transparent white foliage, joined to a garland of tiny white and pink buds. Opaque leaves in different pastel tints will be a good deal used, either one tint alone or several mingled together, and may be very effectively exhibited on shapes made of yeddo braids of the same low tone. When mounted into a garland, this is generally terminated by two very large loose-petaled roses or poppies placed back to back, the whole being in a uniform tint of palest gray, blue or green, pink or mauve. Grasses similarly colored are on sale. They are used to make aigrettes, and are rather wide, tapering off to a point, twisted corkcrew fashion at the extremity. Among the novelties in this line are transparent gauze leaflets, mounted to a quill, the whole forming an acacia leaf, intended to take the place of a cou-teau.

These are somewhat out of the running just now, save in small sizes, and bound up in little bunches of three or four, however, in one or two instances.

I have seen long couteaux put to a curious use; namely, as a sort of skewer piercing several loops of ribbon.

## GOSSIP PARTIES.

INVITATIONS FOR THIS POPULAR AMUSEMENT ARE NOW FLYING ABOUT.

By a Special Contributor.

The advance preparations for a gossip party are simple enough; and yet, a little ingenuity is required. After it has been ascertained through the invitations that an equal number of men and women are to be present, a small amount of arithmetic comes into play. For as long as it is desired that the game continue, topics of conversation or gossip should be chosen, always allowing five minutes to each subject, or planning twelve points to be discussed to the hour. These subjects of conversation should then be written upon cards which, all in good time, are handed around to the guests.

The selection of the topics should be witty, and, above all, up to date. As an instance of subjects that usually go are, "Brown eyes or blue; historic atmosphere; any startling bit of news the town or city has lately afforded; flirtations and salads." Places then must, of course, be provided that these respective subjects may be comfortably discussed. On a sofa, therefore, will be attached the number one; chairs in another cosy corner will be labeled two; and in a similar way as many places are numbered as there are couples expected. In the beginning these numbers are drawn for, and the girl and man that pull out one, or two, or three will hunt about until they find a resting place marked with the like number. Usually the hostess acts as mistress of ceremony. When all have taken their places she taps a little bell, and announces that the first subject of conversation on the cards is to claim the attention. All then begin, and for the next five minutes it is chatted about mightily. At the end of that time the bell again rings; the men arise from their seats; bid au revoir to their companions, and pass on to the seat next to their's in number. Throughout the game the women always remain seated in the same places; it is only the men that progress. With each change of places the next subject on the cards is taken up and talked about, and so the game is played until the entire circuit is made. Every man has then visited and chatted with every woman in the room; every woman has had her share of opportunity.

A merry time then follows with the voting. Slips of paper and pencils are given out, and the women vote for the men that have gossiped the most brilliantly, and the men vote for the women that have particularly enchanted them. To the successful ones in this contest prizes are awarded. Tapers, either for sealing wax or with which to light cigars, are pretty to select for the men, or some of the new silver-mounted shaving straps that seem now to be in high favor. For the women a graceful prize is a plaster head—such as that of the laughing girl, etc.

## AIGRETTES WILL WAVE ON SPRING HATS.

[Millinery Trade Review:] Aigrette is the plumage most in demand, and this in all sorts, though chiefly black or very dark. Much patience and dexterity has been employed in the arrangement of artificial crest plumage, tiny paillette, on which microscopic feathers are jammed, dance at the extremity of aigrette fine as a hair. Very small steel spangles give a touch of brilliance to many of the black aigrettes. Palest blue and peacock blue steel is the novelty for spangles, some of which are round, and others elongated and pointed at one end.

## JACK CHINN'S VALET.

[Dallas News:] The dispatches say that Col. Jack Chinn was with Goebel when the latter was shot, and that, disdaining the stream of bullets which continued to come from that mysterious window in the Statehouse, he leaned over and ministered as best he could to the wants of his friend. Col. Chinn is known all over the United States as one of the best race starters in the country and as a man of unquestioned personal courage.

"Col. Jack Chinn's knife," a murderous-looking blade, is also pretty well known. It is said that Chinn never permits this weapon to leave his possession.

Several years ago Col. Chinn visited Texas. He brought with him a negro valet, Sam. This negro had been a slave in the Chinn family before the war between the States, and idolized his young master. One night while in Houston the darky came to Chinn and said:

"Massah Jack, I've goin' out in cullud society heah to-night, an' I'd like to borrow dat ivvy-handled sixshooter of yours to take along."

"Why, you black rascal," returned the colonel, "some of these Houston coons will take that gun away from you and break it over your head."

The darky straightened up. Like his master, he was a man of unquestioned nerve, and there was a peculiar glitter in his eye as he said:

"Massah Jack, you let me hab dat gun, an' if I don't show up here wid hit in de mawnin' you can go down to de morgue an' throw down de sheet an' say: 'Lawd! don't he look nacher!'"

Col. Chinn's body servant was that night armed in a manner that entitled him to move in the best circles of Afro-American society in Houston.



It's no use, my dear friends. You're not a musical bird. Your old caw is better for



some attempts at the bob-a-link's song, and if you band together and avoid quarrels among yourselves most of you will escape the farmer's shotgun. But as for singing I'd as soon expect to teach Curries how to fly. I can fly and I can sing, but he can't fly and you can't sing. I'll sing among you and when the farmer comes around you fly and we'll all be the better off."

Then the crows all fell to talking at once and under cover of the confusion, Curries and the mocking bird came away, laughing so hard that the mocking bird rasped his throat and couldn't sing anything more difficult than a phoebe bird's song all next day.

CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS.

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## PHIL KEARNY'S BUGLER

STORY OF GUS SCHURMAN'S EVOLUTION FROM BOOTBLACK TO PRESIDENT'S ADOPTED CHILD.

By a Special Contributor.

The pride of the First Division, Third Army Corps, was a drummer boy, named Gus Schurman. He is believed to be the youngest enlisted soldier of the Union army alive today. Wherever veterans of the famous Red Diamond Patch foregather (his boy—now a thoughtful, gray-haired man of 50—is met with a wondrous cheering and accorded the seat of honor.

The story of Gus Schurman's evolution from a New York bootblack to adopted child of the Lincoln family in the White House is a bewitching gem of war narrative, the more interesting because of its historic accuracy. It is vouched for by documents in Mr. Schurman's possession, by the testimony of the surviving members of the Fortieth New York Regiment and by that of well-known veterans, such as Gen. Daniel E. Sickles, who visited the White House at the period in question and were instrumental in having the drummer boy sent there. Mr. Schurman is now employed at the customhouse in New York and is prominent in Grand Army affairs.

In the early part of '61 Gus Schurman was drumming recruits in Chatham Square, to which honor he had arrived after vigorous training for two years at the Turnverein Hall in Orchard street. His family being poor, Gus had left school and began to earn his living by working in a sawmill on Center street, the boss there being Mr. Alick, now proprietor of the Congressional Hotel at Washington. When work was slack Gus took his station at City Hall Park with box and brush and competed with the bootblack brigade at 3 cents a shine. In the Turnverein Hall he learned to drum so well that when war broke out he was taken into the Forty-second New York (Tammany Regiment.) Being ill-treated there, he applied to the Fortieth, at which his father was a member, and over which Mr. Gilder, father of Richard Watson Gilder, was chaplain.

"Couldn't think of it," said Col. Riley, "you're too young!" Schurman was only 11 then. When the colonel said "no," he relates, "I began to cry and turned away from the tent; but my father went and spoke to Col. Riley, when he called me back and made me take a drum. All the men began to laugh because the drum was nearly as big as myself, but nevertheless the colonel said I would do, and I guess in all the world at that moment there was no one as happy as I."

The Fortieth, known as Mozart, left Yonkers for Washington on July 4. Though they did not get to Bull Run, they witnessed the retreat, and through the battles at Seven Pines, Malvern Hill and all the skirmishes of that disastrous peninsular campaign, the Fortieth braves bore an important part until finally the northerners' retreat turned into mad flight.

Fighting Phil's Boy Orderly.

Schurman's chance to distinguish himself came sooner than he expected, however, and in a most unusual way. It was at Harrison's Landing and Gen. McClellan had set a day to review the army. Gen. Phil Kearny, commanding the First Division, called for a drummer boy to act as his orderly for the occasion and Corp. Brown, staff clerk, picked out "Gus." This in itself was an honor, for Fighting Phil Kearny was the idol of the army. Mounted on his powerful gray charger Moscow, seated firm as a Centaur, holding the reins in the stump of his right arm (a memento of the Mexican war) this true type of chivalric hero carried everything before him in a charge, and inspired his troops with irresistible enthusiasm. He was one of whom it was truly said: "He would rather fight than eat," and the Union army knew no such other one of reckless valor and indomitable aggression. So strong that at Florence, Italy, he danced through a masque ball clad in eighty pounds of chain armor. He knew no pity for himself physically and had little sympathy for signs of weakness in others.

This was the man to whom the twelve-year-old drummer boy presented himself and received in turn a kindly word, silver bugle and immense white horse called Babe, over whose back the lad could scarcely stretch his legs. His previous riding practice had been derived from taking the sutler's horse to water.

Stories of Gen. Kearny.

In the course of the day's maneuvers the staff galloped over a rough field broken by an ugly ravine. Gen. Kearny, being a superb horseman, took this with a mighty bound and looked around to see if his aides were following. Dismayed at the jump they had all skirted about the ends, all but one. Mounted on the white horse Babe, a stable mate to Kearny's own horse, the mite of a drummer boy might as well have tugged at a railroad train. On and on the great charger came, ears back, nostrils all wide and eyes like coals of fire, to the edge of the precipice, and there rose on her powerful haunches and shot into the air as though to leave earth forever, landing the new, orderly pale and almost senseless.

"I slid clear up on Babe's neck," relates Mr. Schurman, "and holding on to one of the charger's ears with a grip that I did not loosen until Gen. Kearny looked at me and smiled grimly. I guess he knew that I would have given half my life to have stopped that brute on the other side, but he said nothing, only when the others rode up the hairs of his moustache stiffened like the bristles on a cat's

tail, which was peculiar to him when angered or disgusted.

"In the evening I reported myself to him so as to return to my regiment, but he said brusquely: 'Go and bring your baggage to my headquarters and consider yourself my orderly in the future.' The jump on Babe seemed to have made me popular with him and from that day to the day of his death I was ever at his side. My task was not an easy one. In battle Gen. Kearny used my back for a writing desk, scribbling off dispatches and cursing me roundly if I trembled. At the second battle of Bull Run he was writing orders on my knees, I steadying them the while. Minie balls and shells fell all around us, and finally a piece of railroad iron, aimed directly at the general, struck right at his feet and threw dirt in our faces. It made me shake in my boots, but not nearly so much as when he turned and demanded savagely 'what was the matter. 'Oh, nothing, sir,' I replied, with a gasp, 'only a little frightened, that's all.'

"Never get frightened—never get frightened at anything," he growled, as the bristles in his moustache began to rise heavenward."

The tragic death of Fighting Phil at Chantilly was felt by no one more than "Kearny's little bugler," as he was now known throughout the division, and the men made more of a pet of him than ever. The cook of a Maine regiment, camped near by, felt it his religious duty to feed the lad pancakes every evening for supper and see that his knapsack was ever bloated with crullers. "Many a poor wounded chap," says Mr. Schurman, "I have cheered up with Maine crullers."

Meeting the Lincolns.

Kearny's little bugler served in succession for Gens. Stillman, Birney, Stoneman and Sickles. He was present at Gettysburg when the latter lost his leg from a solid shot, and it was while with Gen. Sickles at Bell Plains that he fell in with the Lincolns. The President, Mrs. Lincoln and Tad, then 10 years old, came down to pay the commanding general a visit and noticed the young orderly strolling about headquarters.

"Who is that child?" asked Mrs. Lincoln of Gen. H. E. Tremaine, chief of staff. "Oh, that's Gus Kearny's bugle boy," replied the officer, who, at Mrs. Lincoln's request, presented the lad.

"Don't you think it's a shame to have such children in the army, Mr. President?" asked Mrs. Lincoln, with some feeling, but Gen. Sickles interposed. "Why, that boy is a great fighter," he laughed, telling of an incident when the bugler had been nearly shot down by a Union soldier, while aiding Gen. Stillman to rally a Pennsylvania regiment at Antietam. "He was Phil Kearny's boy. You know what that means!"

At that moment Tad Lincoln ran up and the two youngsters were soon chumming it boylike, calling each other "Gus" and "Tad." "As I look back now," says Mr. Schurman, "I can see that I must have been a subject of envy to Tad, for by that time I had become an accomplished horseman, could blow a bugle, beat a drum and swagger in true soldier style. The men had presented me with a roan Mustang called Pompey, that had formerly been ridden by Gen. Mosby, the guerrilla, and on this I cavorted around until Tad could stand it no longer and persuaded a cavalryman to lend him his mount for a ride. The horse had a sure mouth, however, and in a few moments was galloping wildly with Tad bouncing around on its back. When on the point of being thrown I overtook the runaway and saved Tad from a fall. When we returned he told his mother of it and she said to Gen. Sickles: 'Now you must let him come,' and Mr. Lincoln added, 'Yes, general, we ask it as a favor.'

At the White House.

"My first night at the White House I shall never forget. We kept up our racket until Mrs. Lincoln called us and said that Mr. Lincoln was tired and wanted to rest. As she opened the door of the bed chamber where the President, Mrs. Lincoln and Tad slept, I saw the great gaunt head of "Abe" Lincoln peering out from a long white night cap. The President was lying on his back, his hands crossed over his breast, and the picture made an impression on my mind that can never be erased.

"Tad slept in a crib alongside his parents' bed, and after he and I had 'tagged' each other good night, Mrs. Lincoln showed me into the guest chamber. The contrast of this splendor with my humble lodgings of the last year when I had slept for the most part on the soft side of a hard board 'neath a water-soaked tent, was so overwhelming that even now the thought of that guest chamber awes me."

The President's Mild Temper.

Tad was a generous, sweet-tempered but inventive youngster. At times his budding genius took a distinctive turn, particularly on a certain Sunday afternoon when the rain prevented him going outdoors, and Tad killed time by hacking at various pieces of furniture and finally sawed the bannisters of the main stairway. When this was reported to President Lincoln he did not even scold, but took the boys into his room and entertained them by displaying his swords.

"I recall once when Mr. Seward, Mr. Stanton and a number of gentlemen in uniform were discussing something of great importance with the President, and as we let out an exceptional vigorous 'whoop' some one said, 'Mr. Lincoln, don't those boys annoy you?' But he, with a kindly smile, said, 'Oh, never mind, it's a diversion.'

"At the public receptions we were usually frolicking about Mr. Lincoln's chair, and I remember stumbling against the Grand Duke Alexis who was paying the President a state visit. Great personages, however, were of little consequence to me at that time. I was interested only in army doings and my one desire was to become a West Pointer. So when a well-dressed young man handed the President a letter one day and said something about West Point, I was 'at attention.'

"I remember thinking it odd that, after presenting a letter of introduction and shaking hands with the President, the stranger should say in humble tones: 'Your Excellency, may I have the honor to address you?' Afterward I observed that Mr. Lincoln's bearing awed his most impu-

sive visitors. 'What can I do for you?' he asked the other.

"Mr. President," said the young man, 'I want to go to West Point. I have set my heart on it. But as I have no position or influence I see no way of realizing my ambition.'

"I am sorry, young man," the President told him. 'Your ambition is commendable, but I cannot help you. Each Congressman, you know, has the right to one appointee, but the Senators have no such privilege. I appoint ten cadets each year, but I must first look after the sons of fallen generals and Senators.'

This conversation caused a lump to rise in the young bugler's throat, for he saw his own ambitions dashed to the ground. He wept salt tears and could not conceal his disappointment from his playmate, so at dinner Tad asked his father if Gus was not to go to West Point. "It is my intention to send him there," replied Mr. Lincoln, "as soon as he is old enough."

One of the most dramatic incidents in Gus Schurman's visit to the Lincolns was his meeting with Wilkes Booth, the man who was afterward to murder President Lincoln. Both Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln were fond of the theater and at table with the two boys often discussed stage doings, for Tad and Gus were also well informed. Hardly a night passed that they did not attend a play and this was a great treat to the poor bootblack, whose theater experience had been confined to occasional attendances of Bowery melodrama.

"We were known at every playhouse," tells Mr. Schurman, "and only had to show our faces to be ushered to the best seats in the theater, a box, if any were vacant. During the performance the stage manager invariably invited us back of the scenes and there I met from time to time the well-known stage folk of the day. Among them I recall Lucille Weston and Susan Dennen. Many a time we sat in the identical box in which Mr. Lincoln met his death."

"One night the play at the Washington Theater or Grove's, I am not certain which, was a drama called the 'Marble Heart,' in which a dark, handsome man with brilliant black eyes took the leading part. Spellbound with his acting Tad and I looked up his name in the programme. 'I'd like to meet that man,' said Tad. 'He makes you thrill.' So after the second act we went back and were taken to Mr. Booth's dressing room. 'This is President Lincoln's son,' said the stage manager, and the actor gave us each a hand with a very sweet smile. He continued with his make-up, asking us how we liked the play and we telling him the parts we most admired. On leaving he handed us each a rose from a bunch that had been presented him over the footlights."

Gus Schurman's life at the White House ended as abruptly as it began. With the aid of Mrs. Lincoln the two boys arranged an entertainment for the benefit of the hospitals. The audience consisted mostly of soldiers from a Pennsylvania Bucktail regiment, who were guarding the Capitol building. The price of admission was 10 cents. Just as Mr. Lincoln entered the room a mud-stained courier arrived telling of Lee's advance north, and in a moment all was confusion. Among the messages which now came in every few moments, was one from Gen. Sickles ordering his bugler to the front immediately and before midnight struck Gus Schurman, once more back in regimentals, was hurrying on to Gettysburg.

ALLEN SANGREE.

## A BAGGAGE-MASTER PUZZLED.

LIVING LONGER THAN HE EXPECTED, SIMPKINS USED HIS COFFIN FOR A TRUNK.

[Springfield (Mass.) Correspondence New York Tribune:] Anthony Simpkins, a nonagenarian of Lanesboro, Mass., started one day last week for Hopkins Station, Mich. The nearest railway station to Lanesboro is in Pittsfield, and when Anthony arrived in that city, with his blooming wife of 37 years, he created a sensation of considerable magnitude. It was neither the nonagenarian nor his wife, however, that was the real cause of the excitement, but a peculiar article of baggage which the aged traveler had with him.

When the baggage-master came to look over the traveling equipment which Mr. Simpkins unloaded from a wagon and offered for transportation, he was somewhat surprised to see, in the midst of handboxes and carpetbags, a coffin, with all the usual funeral adornment. The coffin apparently contained a body, for the sturdy old man handled it as if it were heavy, and with the greatest care. The baggage-master at once asked for the death certificate.

"I guess I don't need none," said Mr. Simpkins, grinning.

"We can't take the body unless you show a certificate of death," said the baggage-master, firmly.

Simpkins grinned again. "There ain't no corpse in there," said he. "There's just some of wife's dresses, and some chiny and tinware, and the big Bible and some of my things. I guess I don't need no certifikit for them, do I? I'd jest as soon show yer what they be."

The baggage-man admitted that he would like to look into the coffin, and straightway Anthony unfastened the lid and exposed the articles which he had mentioned, and many others as well.

The controversy had attracted the attention of the people who were waiting in the station, and by the time the owner had raised the lid of the coffin he was surrounded by a large and curious crowd. Somebody asked the old man how it happened that he used a coffin as his trunk, and he explained the matter in this way:

"Three years ago I had an idea that I wasn't goin' to last much longer, so I thought I'd better make sure of a good coffin while I had money to buy it. I bought this coffin then, but I ain't had no chance to use it until day 'fore yesterday. Then Mary told me there wasn't room enough in the trunk for all the things we wanted to take out West, so I said that coffin would make a good trunk. I wanted to take it along, anyhow."

Despite Mr. Simpkins's plausible explanation the railroad officers refused to accept his coffin trunk, and with a good deal of grumbling he and his wife transferred the contents to a dry-goods box.



## ON THE PLANET MARS.

### A LITTLE CALIFORNIA GIRL'S STORY OF A THANKSGIVING DAY.

By a Special Contributor.

We look out of this world of ours at the stars and wonder if any one lives on them. Looking through the telescope, we find that the planet Mars has continents and oceans as has our own land, but we have not discovered if any human beings live there.

Now a little bird whispered in my ear the story I am going to relate, and whether true or not, you can judge for yourselves.

On the planet Mars there lived a little girl named Harebell. You must know that in the Martian world all the little girls are given the names of flowers.

The houses in the world of Mars are all built much as the palaces of this world are built. On the marble steps of one of these palaces, Harebell sat. It was twilight, and the Martian people were moving home, their daily labor completed. It grew darker; the little stars peeped their heads from the blue covering where they had slept all day, and the moon grew brighter as the last rosy cloud vanished from the sky. Our world, which is supposed to look like the moon, grew distinct.

"I wonder," said the little girl, softly, "if people inhabit that second moon; perhaps some child is looking at our beautiful world and wondering if any one lives here." "Oh," she went on, after a moment's pause, "if there are any children over there, how I should like to know some of them! Master Turkey is the wisest of birds; if I should go to him, I wonder if he could help me? But I dislike to go through the dark woods."

Conquering her fears, she started out, and soon found herself wandering beside a silvery brook that leaped and gurgled over stones as it pursued its way. Then she heard a shrill whistle, and a flock of turkeys came forth from the depths of the wood. To a child from this world they would have looked very strange, as all wore bright costumes of various kinds. The leader looked very wise with his eye-glasses and his dignified air.

"O Master Turkey," cried the little girl, "help me to find out if people inhabit the second moon."

"They do, Harebell," said the Turkey, in a majestic voice; "but the people there are very cruel, for they kill and eat my cousins who live there."

"O Master Turkey!" cried Harebell, excitedly, "then if your cousins live there, you must have been there. Please tell me about your trip to that world, and what you saw there," and Harebell seated herself on the ground and nestled contentedly up against a big stone to listen to his story.

Master Turkey adjusted his eyeglasses. "Well, Harebell," he said, "the truth is that I have been to visit my cousins only once, and that was on a terrible day they call Thanksgiving. On that day the cruel inhabitants of the second moon roast my cousins, and seem to enjoy eating them."

"Then," said Harebell, sadly, "you did not stay and see any of the people there?"

"Yes," replied the Turkey, "I saw one little girl, and she looked much as you do, only she wore a very strange costume."

"Did you speak to her?" queried Harebell, anxiously.

"No, my dear; I had no time, for my life was in danger," he replied. "But I cannot tell you more now, for my followers are getting impatient. We are going to dine with the Queen," he added, proudly; "but you may jump upon my back, and I will take you to your palace."

Harebell joyously consented, and seated on Master Turkey's back, she made a fair picture. Her long, curly golden hair floated about her, her color came and went, and her airy garments fluttered in the breeze as she rode.

She was soon standing on her own marble steps. The lights in the palace were gleaming brightly, and merry voices were heard, for a banquet was going on. Harebell, however, crept up to her own pretty room, and went thoughtfully to bed.

"I must," she said, softly, "I must go to the second moon," and she lay thinking it over until the lights were extinguished, the banquet ended, and the Mars world all slumbered.

Next morning Harebell dressed quickly and ran down into the beautiful garden. No perplexing school problems are set before the young people of Mars. Only the grown people study, and even to them it is a pastime; for in this delightful country every one is wise, and even the lower animals, the flowers and the grass can talk. As Harebell tripped merrily along, singing as she went, suddenly the thick foliage of a fern tree was pushed aside, and Harebell beheld her dear friend Master Turkey.

She gave a little cry of delight. "I was thinking of you," she exclaimed, "for I want to find out more from you about the second moon."

"And, Harebell," said Master Turkey, "I came to see you on that same subject, for I have a plan to lay before you. I think I should like to go to see my dear cousins once again, and if you would like to go, I will take you with me; but first we must go and have the grass in the woods sing our song of safety, so that we may be sure of returning."

Harebell cried out in rapture, and, seating herself with confidence on her queer companion's back, the two were off for the woods.

And now the song of safety over, Harebell fastens a pair of snowy wings about her fair shoulders, and Master Turkey and Harebell are off—off for that unknown world which Harebell has so longed to see. For many hours they traveled, and Harebell strained her beautiful violet eyes for a glimpse of land. At last she saw a big, round globe, on which were oceans and continents, cities and towns, and busy people hurrying hither and thither.

"We will go to a small country village, Harebell," said Master Turkey; "for we will cause a sensation if we do not."

They hovered over Lakeville, a little country town which

seemed to be all astir as if in holiday preparation; and why should it not be when the next day was Thanksgiving? Our friends, however, knew nothing whatever about Thanksgiving and its terrors being so near at hand, and so they alighted in a large barnyard. Many turkeys were strutting about in an alarmed manner; indeed, there was a great commotion among them, for they had just learned that they were all to be sold to the butcher, to be prepared for the next day's feast. As our friends alighted, the turkeys espied them, and hurried forward to greet them and pour out lamentations over their own coming fate. The turkeys understood Harebell, for, of course, she spoke in a different language from any spoken in this world; and she also knew the languages of all animals, of birds, of insects, and of flowers.

At last it was clearly understood by Master Turkey that he had arrived just before the tragic time of Thanksgiving. "Harebell," he said, addressing the child, who was gazing with bewildered eyes at everything, "you go and see what you can, while I try to comfort my distressed cousins and make some plans for their relief."

Harebell wandered along till she came to a house, and in the yard, saw a small girl playing hop-scotch. The child looked up from her game, and, seeing Harebell, thought she must be a lovely fairy come down from the blue sky; running up to her, and slipping her little brown hand softly into Harebell's white one, she said, "Are you a fairy?"

Harebell murmured something in her own musical language, but the little girl was frightened at the queer words and ran away to her mother, while Harebell found her way back to the barnyard.

The turkeys were all awaiting her return, and all seemed more cheerful. It was then explained to the wondering Harebell that the turkeys were to return with them to Mars, and so escape the cruel fate which was in store for them.

So Harebell and Master Turkey started on their homeward journey, the cousin turkeys following them, and when they arrived in Mars, a great feast was held in their honor.

Every year since that glad time, while we are celebrating our Thanksgiving here and feasting upon turkeys, the turkeys in Mars, with their cousin turkeys from this world, are telling to their wondering little ones the story of their escape from Earth, and the day is spent in feasting and rejoicing.

It was thus that Thanksgiving began on the planet Mars.

ALICE HALL.

## THE LATEST AMAZONS.

### TALL GIRLS OF LONDON FORM THEMSELVES INTO AN ARMY.

[New York Tribune:] One of the members of the Amazons of London, an organization composed of women at least six feet tall, remarked the other day that if the coming century is to be given over to militarism, as many gloomily predict, it is not hard to imagine those of their members who are strong and mettlesome forming regiments and volunteering for guard duty or other garrison service.

The idea of women warriors is as old as the oldest epic. They must have had some actual existence in prehistoric Greece, as traditions of them are found in all ancient art, as well as in the writings of Homer. Hercules is said to have met them and to have carried away the jeweled girdle of their slain queen, Hippolyte, which trophy had been a gift of the war god Mars.

Legend relates that the Grecian Amazons, having emancipated themselves from masculine rule, formed an independent colony on the northeast coast of the Black Sea. Their organization was purely military, and daily drill was practiced. They became stanch warriors, without losing

any of their feminine qualities of beauty. Early in their history they were overthrown by a superior force of Grecians. The women, however, by their strength and docility, and were permitted to remain on their ships. Suddenly the Amazon captains came, and they fell upon the Grecians, and slew them. Ignorant of naval tactics, they were driven from their own shores, but drifted to the land of the Taurians. They landed and overcame the inhabitants, and were chanted by the strange invaders, and became a truce and marriage.

According to Herodotus, the courtship was delayed by the inability of the Scythians to speak the language of the Amazons. The difficulty was overcome by the quicker-witted women, who soon learned the tongue, or enough of it, at any rate, to make a sale proposal on condition that they were to do the cooking or other household duties. They agreed to the conditions, and lived thereafter under the feminine rule.

The Amazon girls were not permitted to marry, for they had slain enemies in battle and had won trophies of victory. Motherhood was reserved to be bestowed on those who especially distinguished themselves. Only female children, as a rule, were born.

The Amazons subdued the greater part of Asia and built a number of famous towns, among them Ephesus, Magnesia and Thmiscoe. They fought the Trojan war against Greece.

In the early part of the eighteenth century, Dahomey found his kingdom almost depopulated by men, and, being a man of resource, he resorted to training and discipline would do for the women of the country—women of muscle and undoubted bravery.

In 1728 the first women regiments were formed, and at first were more or less menial, but they developed such superior fighting qualities that they became the flower of the Dahomeyan army. Every young girl was required to appear before the king, and the king selected the likeliest to recruit his regiments. Some of them the king married, and they held a high position in the army. Others were married to male soldiers, and their families were wedded to the fetich, and on pain of death. They were divided into regiments, the elephant huntresses, the blunderbuss women, the razor women, whose object was to punish the leader of the opposing forces. They wore blue and white striped cotton, with short skirts.

Like their Grecian sisters, they raised no children, the males being handed over to the king. A large percentage of the women being killed in battle, perishing in battle, a falling off in the number soon became apparent. In 1860 the number numbered less than three thousand, and the king of Abeokuta they practically ceased to exist.

### GEN. LAWTON NEEDED AMMUNITION.

[Chicago Record:] A South Dakota woman recently returned from the Philippines tells the story of Gen. Lawton. One very hot day the wagon to be loaded with ammunition for the neighboring town. When everything was ready, Gen. Lawton came along to inspect the stores. He was in the wagon and asked what they called "water for the officers," replied one of the women. Jumping on the wagon, Lawton rolled back his own hands, and remarked:

"We need all the ammunition that we can get, and I guess if we can get along without water, we can."



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## CARE OF THE BODY.

## VALUABLE SUGGESTIONS FOR ACQUIRING AND PRESERVING HEALTH.

Compiled for *The Times*.

## Taking Cold.

MUCH ignorance prevails among the general public in regard to taking cold. By many, catching a cold is regarded as some mysterious dispensation of Providence. They are unable to explain why one person may sit for hours in a draft and experience no bad results, while another may catch a severe cold from being exposed to a chill for a few minutes. Then, again, some person will catch cold at one time and not at another, although under precisely similar conditions. Again, the Russian peasant and the American Indian will heat themselves in a sweating oven, and then rush out to roll in the snow or plunge into the water, which may be icy cold; and this both with impunity and obvious benefit.

Dr. Alexander Wilder recently had the following sensible remarks on this subject in the *New Cycle*, a New York publication:

"In fact, we seldom, if ever, take cold except when weary or depressed in spirit or in physical condition. I have in earlier years often after rising in the morning even in midwinter gone about indoors and out without a coat, and in every instance it was with impunity. Yet a slight exposure of a similar kind at a later time of day, or when tired, would often be followed by hoarseness, irritation of the membrane of the throat, suppressed perspiration and sometimes even by a feverish condition for hours or days.

"Philosophic writers have affirmed that our destiny has made us what we are, and also that we make our destiny. We may make a parallel assertion that the lower temperature afflicts us with colds, but that we ourselves cause this to be the case. The real trouble is with the physical condition. We insist that fatigue makes our bodies a nidus or passive receptacle for the external morbid agent. If we are all right in bodily condition every noxious agent will pass us by unscathed. Nobody ever contracted disease, or rather we should say, became diseased, till he became passive and thus was susceptible of it. To talk about prophylactics and preventives is preposterous; the individual is his own protector. If we could avoid fatigue, or could repose and refresh ourselves when we perceive a sensation of being weary, we would seldom or never contract disease. We certainly would avoid taking cold.

"When we are cheerful we are safe from disease; when we are depressed and downhearted we are in danger. Then, the epidemic or morbid influence in the atmosphere or emanating from the earth is likely to find in us an 'open door.' The symptom known as 'taking cold' is a common precursor. There are comparatively few complaints that are not introduced with that antecedent.

"The best sanitation consists in having a good aim in life, a hopeful disposition, a purpose to make the best of affairs and a predilection of being cheerful and contented. We insist, in short, that the origin of colds with their sequences, is in the nervous system, and that the healthful condition of the nervous system is more from mental and moral causes than from external agencies.

"In short, the best preventive is, as has been already suggested, a cheerful mind, firm conviction and purpose inspired by principle. Firm resolve alone often drives away disease. It is one's salvation to refuse to be worried. The passive, negative condition, the drifting habit is next to inoculating one's self with a virus, and should be got rid of as we would refuse infection from any cause."

## Carbonated Liquids.

THE use of carbonated drinks is increasing rapidly in this country. An interesting movement in this direction has recently been brought to the attention of the public in Los Angeles in the shape of an invention for aerating all liquids instantaneously with carbonic acid gas, by means of small steel capsules, containing chemically pure gas, greatly condensed, which is inserted in the nozzle of a specially prepared bottle. The device is known as "Sparklets." By this means it is claimed that water, milk, wine and other drinks may be quickly and cheaply aerated and that the gas destroys germs which they may contain. Various mineral waters may be manufactured in this way by the use of tablets containing the necessary salts which are supplied by the company. This invention has been received with much enthusiasm in Europe, and it is said that the British government has ordered a large shipment of the bottles and capsules for the use of the troops in South Africa. The bottles of various designs with patent stoppers, are sold at a reasonable price and the capsules are supplied in boxes containing ten. Another advantage claimed for this invention, especially in a warm climate, is that it reduces the temperature of a liquid so per cent.

## Bread Direct from Wheat.

GREAT success has attended the efforts of the society which was formed in Paris for the manufacture and sale of bread made by the Schweitzer system. By this method 100 pounds of wheat make 100 pounds of flour at a very low cost. A model bakery, which was established in Paris in June last, has been so successful that at the meeting of the members of the society in December last, it was decided to extend the number of depots. Official analyses by the National Agricultural Institute and by the municipal laboratory of Paris, demonstrate that the Schweitzer bread contains more nutritive nitrogenous properties than ordinary bakers' bread, and more than double the phosphates in the latter. The bread, known as family bread, is sold to the working classes at 4.80 cents per 2.2046 pounds, that is, 1.93 cents per 2.2046 pounds less than the usual price. An eastern exchange gives the following description of this system, which appears to be a decided improvement in bread making:

"The Paris establishment, which is at Villotte, is a building of iron and stone, 515 feet long, situated on a

canal, and constructed at a cost of about \$193,000. A steam engine of 150-horse-power supplies the power and produces the electricity necessary for lighting purposes and for charging the accumulators of the delivery wagons.

"The wheat arrives in a boat, which is moored in the canal; elevators hoist it into bins, whence it is carried by an immense elevator to the top of the mill and turned into the different cleaning and separating machines. After all foreign substances have been removed and the grains of wheat have undergone a thorough brushing and washing, they are clean and shiny; but the grooves of the wheat sometimes retain a little dust. This is completely eliminated by a Schweitzer appliance, which, seizing each grain lengthwise, splits it exactly in the groove.

"The wheat thus cleaned passes into the mill, composed of flat, circular steel grinders, grooved in such a manner that they accomplish the decortication of the kernel and its granulation into meal at the same time. These grinders are movable, but do not touch, so that, instead of crushing the wheat and producing a flour in which the starch only is retained, the outer and harder portion of the wheat, containing gluten and other nutritive properties, is retained in the flour. The bran alone is expelled.

"Attached to the mill are the works for kneading the meal, water and yeast into bread. All of this is done mechanically, the works being separated into three stores. Special yeast is prepared in the upper story, in rooms heated in winter and cooled in summer. The yeast, flour, and the salted and filtered water are carried down by machinery into kneaders in the form of half cylindrical tubs, rotating on two pivots placed in the axis of the kneading troughs, so that the tubs may be placed at a lower or higher angle in order to accelerate or retard the kneading.

"One person can attend to two Schweitzer kneaders, regulating the distribution of the dough, and thus the kneading of 4409 pounds of dough per hour is accomplished. The steel arms of the mixing and kneading machinery, some of which are stationary and others mobile, stretch and work the dough much better than hand power.

"The wheat, salted water, and yeast automatically enter one end of the tub, and dough in an endless skein of yellow issues from the opposite end. This dough finally falls on tables on the ground floor, where it is weighed and made into bread of every shape and dimension. Small wagons are charged with the shapes, which then go to the raising room. Each floor has a fermenting room kept at an even temperature.

"The dough, after raising, is carried by wagons into the baking room, where it is placed in Schweitzer ovens, heated by gas in such a manner that the gas does not enter the oven, and the heat is so regulated that the baking operation goes on automatically."

## Microbes in Mustaches.

THE latest microbe scare comes from New Jersey, where a professor, who is a member of a church, in commenting upon the question of communion wine, startled the congregation by affirming that "microbes lurk in the most carefully groomed mustache." If this is so, the up-to-date hygienic young woman will be very careful about kissing her young man.

## Diet and Disease.

THAT errors in food probably cause more disease and deaths among civilized people than errors in drink, has frequently been insisted upon in this department. Because the results of consuming too much food or wrong varieties of food are not so plain and striking as are the results of over-indulgence in alcoholic beverages, the ill effects of the former are apt to be underestimated. In the course of an article on this subject, the editor of *Health Culture* says:

"The regulation formal dinner—a dinner of perhaps fourteen courses, including oysters, soups, fish, meats, game, salads, cheese, fruits, sweets, a quart of assorted wines, supplemented by black coffee, perhaps with cognac, and several cigars—is a tax upon the digestive and depurating functions which only a physiologist can realize. The stomach, the normal capacity of which is not more than three pints, is distended to thrice its natural size, its heterogeneous contents undergoing abnormal chemical changes, producing poisons that, absorbed into the system, affect more or less every function and organ—poisons which, were it not for the activity of the depurating organs, would kill like a bullet in the brain.

"The poisons introduced with the food (ptomaines) and those formed within the body (leucomaines) affect the most distant and apparently unrelated organs, occasioning symptoms which vary from simple headache to acute mania. Swollen veins, palpitation of the heart, pressure in the head, sometimes so great as to produce syncope; muscular rigidity or hyperkinesia, occasionally so severe as to stimulate epileptic or cataleptic seizure; apoplexy, heart failure, mania—such are a few of the more marked symptoms of the auto-intoxication resulting from the ingestion of improper foods.

"Let it be plainly understood that the man who has perpetrated a twelve-course dinner leaves the table in a state of intoxication, in which the toxic effect of the alcohol taken is a minor part. He is self-poisoned by the various substances (ptomaines, leucomaines, uric acid, creatinin, etc.) formed within his own organism. A man in this condition is often far less responsible than if he were deeply under the influence of drink. Often he is more dangerous; for he is not stupefied, but highly stimulated."

## A Cheap Still.

A SAN BERNARDINO correspondent writes as follows: "The value of distilled water as a health restorer and preserver has been greatly agitated lately, but to buy it or a still with which to make it is beyond the means of many people.

"The writer found that a gallon of city water would upon evaporation deposit nearly a tablespoonful of mineral. This prompted him to construct a cheap and efficient still. He took an 8-quart cylindrical pail and made a hole in the side to admit the tea-kettle spout. Next he placed a large pail with flaring sides in the top of the first, and filled it with cold water.

"This apparatus produced about as much and as pure

water as a \$10 still, the amount depending mainly on the amount of steam generated in the kettle.

"Its durability and convenience may be increased by using aluminum pails and having a spout attached to the bottom.

"The writer's health was much improved by using distilled water."

## A Peculiar Effect.

A CORRESPONDENT in a Southern California town sends *The Times* the following:

"There is a certain middle-aged bachelor residing in a small town not a thousand miles from Los Angeles, who frequently gets an idea that he is sick. He then goes to his physician in quest of medicine to regulate his internal functions.

"His doctor, a near relative, had long ago found that it was more of a mental trouble than otherwise. So, during a recent interview, he jokingly advised the man to take a little Christian Science treatment.

"This the man took seriously, and proceeded to visit a lady practitioner of that belief. He was ushered into the ladies' room, given a seat, and asked his wants. Whereupon the lady covered her eyes with her hand and was silent for fifteen minutes or so. When the lady looked up she asked, 'How do you feel?'

The bachelor, who is a short, sandy-complexioned man, with inflamed eyes and an outspoken, don't-care manner, answered, 'I feel like a — fool. How do you feel?'

## Bathing in Electric Light.

IT HAS been found that there are many painful ailments which, when acted upon by electric heat and light rays, are completely banished from the sufferer's body. Strong electric light is thrown on the seat of suffering; the patient basks in a bath of light and heat, experiencing nothing but pleasant sensations, and, in most cases, an immediate and comforting sense of relief from pain. A writer in *Pearson's Magazine* says:

"The apparatus which enables patients to bathe in electric light is extremely simple. To an adjustable stand are fitted two large copper or nickel-plated reflectors, which can be moved in any direction. If a patient is lying in bed, reflectors are placed on either side, adjusted to the exact position for locating the rays where desired. On the reflecting surfaces are the electric lamps, which radiate the luminous heat rays. The heat may be regulated by varying the distance of the reflectors, or the number of lamps, or by means of a special regulator which controls the electric current. Those parts of the body, such as the armpits, or shoulders, which it would be impossible to treat locally with other arrangements, are easily dealt with by the new system.

"When the patient is in the right position, and is comfortably settled (he may be fully clothed, or covered with blankets, without affecting the power of the rays), the current is turned on, and heat and light of considerable intensity are immediately produced. In a few moments the thermometer will register 300 deg. Fahrenheit. I have seen patients chatting cheerfully, and experiencing no inconvenience, while an affected limb has been exposed to heat rays at a temperature of 400 deg. It might be supposed that such a heat as this would roast a limb! Undoubtedly there would be evil results were it not for the important fact that dry heat is employed, which evaporates perspiration as soon as it appears on the body.

"The baths usually last for forty minutes, or an hour, and it is to this prolonged application of the brilliant light and the intense heat, bearable under no other circumstances, that the marvelous results are mainly due. The rays may be applied in three ways: They may be directly applied to the body without heating the surrounding air; they may be partially screened, so that they fall only on one spot, as on an arm, or hand; or they may be diffused, and caused to heat the air surrounding the patient. As a rule, better results are obtained when a complete body bath is taken, even when the ailment to be treated is only in one limb or joint.

"The result of the bath is that a free perspiration breaks out over the whole body, even when the rays are applied only locally; at the same time the body temperature is raised as much as 1, 2, or even 3 deg., a physiological effect hitherto regarded as impossible. There is an increased circulation of the blood; the pulse increases in frequency, and also the respiration, but a few minutes after the bath pulse, respiration and temperature return to their normal or previous condition—while an hour later the pulse is found to be slower and stronger than before, especially in the case of patients with weak hearts. With painful affections, the pain is almost immediately relieved on the application of the rays. After the bath the whole body is briskly rubbed with a dry towel, and perhaps massaged—and the patient rises from his bed a new man.

"The peculiarity of the heat supplied by the electric lamps is that the rays acquire no medium, but may be radiated directly on to the body, even through a glass screen, or in a vacuum. The air surrounding the bather may be freezing, yet the body would still be warmed by the radiation from the electric lamps. In all other baths of a similar character air as a medium is necessary in applying the heat to the body.

"The electric-light rays so closely resemble the sun's rays that they will cause sunburn and freckles when directed for any length of time on the uncovered skin. This discovery is full of possibilities—no doubt there are slaves of the desk, who, when it becomes generally known, will take electric heat and light baths for the sake of gaining a complexion which may compare favorably with a yachtman's, after a long cruise in the tropics."

## TESTING THE CLEANNESS OF AIR.

[Chicago Chronicle:] Prof. Dewar has recently devised a new method of testing the contamination of air. A short time ago he exhibited before the Royal Institution two samples of liquid air in glass tubes—one was made from air which had been washed to purify it from dust, soot, carbonic acid and other impurities. This, when condensed, was a pale blue liquid. The other sample was made by condensing the air of the lecture-room in which the audience was assembled, and was an opaque, blackish fluid, resembling soup in appearance.



# The Development of the Great Southwest.

## IN THE FIELDS OF INDUSTRY, CAPITAL AND PRODUCTION.

Compiled for The Times.

[The Times will be pleased to receive and publish in this department brief, plainly-written articles, giving trustworthy information regarding important developments in Southern California, and adjoining territory, such articles to be confined to actual work in operation, or about to begin, excluding rumors and contemplated enterprises.]

### An Oil Supply Depot.

THE Union Metal and Hardware Company is arranging to cover the oil fields of Kern county. The Bakersfield Californian says:

"Space has been secured from the Southern Pacific Company within the reservation, and near the freight office and a warehouse and yard is to be built at once, carpenters having already been engaged for the purpose.

"The space to be occupied by the company covers an area of 75x150 feet, and the warehouse and yard will be stocked with a full line of supplies used in the oil business. An immense shipment of casing is already on the way here, and the new company will carry boilers, engines, cables and tools of all description. This will prove a great convenience to oil men, as there will no longer be any delay in securing what is needed in the line of heavy machinery. Whether a branch will be established in Bakersfield has not yet been determined.

"The Union Metal and Hardware Company is one of the substantial oil supply houses of the Coast, and its entrance into the local field will be welcomed by the oil men."

### Water at Indio.

INDIO, on the Colorado Desert, has until within the past few years been regarded as one of the most hopelessly arid sections of Southern California. It is quite probable, however, that before long the Indio section may be transformed into another Riverside. A Riverside man who recently returned from Indio, has been giving the Enterprise some information regarding the development of water in the Indio country. One of those who have been successful in this way is J. L. Casebeer, who owns a tract of land about three-fourths of a mile south of Indio. The Enterprise says:

"Casebeer was only four days sending a well down to a depth of 500 feet, and has a fine stream of two and a half inches of the valuable liquid. The work of sinking the well was accomplished very satisfactory by the use of hydraulic machinery.

"The well is the best in the section, outside of the ones owned by the railroad company, which are of larger size, and of course throw more water. Mr. Casebeer will continue the work of sinking wells until he has secured water sufficient for all possible needs.

"Another crew of men are at work sinking a well on lands belonging to Mrs. Ware of Pasadena, and they are down to a depth of 300 feet. This well is larger than the Casebeer well and is intended to supply water for a large tract of land which Mrs. Ware intends setting to fruit trees just as soon as the water is assured.

"The water in the Ware well now rises to the top of the well, and by the time another 200 feet has been sunk it is fully believed that a large stream of water will be struck, for the sinking is being done right on what is supposed to be the channel that feeds the other big wells of the company.

"There is considerable interest being shown in that section now by parties who want to locate land. Since it has been demonstrated beyond doubt that water is to be had there for the digging, land is coming into demand.

"Indio is lively now. There are several hundred people there, mostly health-seekers, and the hotel is filled to its utmost capacity."

### Irrigation Around Yuma.

A CORRESPONDENT writes from Glamis, Ariz.:

"The southwestern corner of Arizona is experiencing quite an irrigation boom. South of Yuma, between that place and the Mexican line, all the irrigable land, some 12,000 acres, has been taken up within the past year and is being subjected to irrigation through the medium of a large gravity ditch and two pumping plants.

"But the most promising field in that line is the Cibola colony, which is located some sixty-five miles north of Yuma, by river steamer, and thirty-five miles north of Glamis, on the Southern Pacific Railroad, by wagon road.

"In the autumn of 1898 a company was incorporated for the purpose of irrigating 25,000 acres of land immediately adjoining the Colorado River, and operations on a large gravity ditch were commenced and rapidly pushed to completion. Water was sold to each settler, on the basis of one share to each forty acres, at the price of \$100 per share, and before the expiration of a year the entire 500 shares of the incorporation were sold to bona fide settlers.

"Finding, however, that the first ditch was not large enough to supply water for the entire colony, the settlers concluded that a second ditch was necessary and immediately set about obtaining it. As a result, Contractor Seeley of Santa Paula, for the nominal sum of \$10,000, is constructing a "canal" to be fifty feet wide at the point where the water is to be taken from the river, and fifteen miles long. It will have an average depth of three feet of water when the river is at its lowest. About thirty-five teams, with scrapers and plows, are now engaged at this work.

"The soil is a dark, rich loam, which has been washed down and deposited by the waters of the river; and the ground is thickly covered with mesquite trees and under-

brush. Last summer's experiments prove that corn, alfalfa, sorghum, and vegetables thrive abundantly.

"Since there are something like 400,000 acres of land of this quality on the Colorado River between Yuma and Needles, all irrigable for the most part by gravity ditch, and otherwise by a pumping plant, the experiments of the Cibola colony are being watched with much interest."

### Modern Methods.

SOME interesting facts, showing the wonderful advance that has recently been made in economical modern methods of reducing minerals, is given by a Tucson correspondent of the Mining Review, who writes as follows:

"In a conversation with W. C. Davis, banker of this city, who is at the head of the Vulture Mining Company, now operating in one of the oldest camps in the Territory, and who is also interested in Ajo and other districts, I gathered the information that cyaniding does not end with the first run. The Bashford-Bumeister plant, one mile north of Wickenburg, was probably the first one in Arizona, and this was operated on the old tailings of the original Vulture mill, which camp dates its existence from 1867. The Prescott firm of Bashford & Bumeister began in 1895, has worked the tailings twice, and for the third time began working them in October last. Evidently there was a screw loose in previous workings or else the tailings were not susceptible of being thoroughly cleaned up in two runs.

"The third run is paying wages all around," said Mr. Davis. "It is fully two years since Malcolm McCleish finished his clean up of tailings below Wickenburg, which the old Vulture mill of later date created, and that operator made \$15,000 on the transaction. Davis, six months ago, began a second run on what McCleish had cyanided and he is making a few pennies above expenses.

"Though the statement was made by George P. Blair, manager of the Mammoth-Collins Gold Mining and Milling Company, that the St. Louis Gold Recovery Company had about cleaned up the old 150,000 tons of tailings at the Mammoth mill, it is assumed that while the Recovery Company claim they are not through, they, too, will put the old tailings through again. It is stated that they cleaned up in eighteen months past at the rate of \$300 daily, less one-third to the mining company as royalty. H. W. Blaisdell and associates are cleaning up the tailings at the Mammoth mill not otherwise contracted for by the St. Louis Company. They started out at the rate of 300 tons, disposing of this amount daily. The contract with Blaisdell is a better one so far as the royalty returns to the Mammoth-Collins Company are concerned.

"The King of Arizona Company crushes its ore to the fineness of flour and then passes it into the cyaniding plant, which has a capacity of 100 tons of crushed ore daily. It is fair to assume that this company will make a second run on tailings, if it finds it is profitable by a test."

### San Diego Brooms.

THE Pacific Coast Broom Company, which was recently incorporated in San Diego, has commenced making brooms. The San Diego Union gives the following particulars in regard to this enterprise:

"The factory has been located at Sixth and J streets, on the corner owned by the Southwest Investment Company, and if the business grows, as the promoters believe it will, it is the intention to erect a large factory building at that place. L. A. Wright stated yesterday that before a month has passed, the factory will be turning out twenty dozen brooms a day, and in six months at least fifty men will be at work.

"A small consignment of handles and wire was received yesterday from San Francisco, but the prices for this material are rather high on this Coast, and eastern quotations have been asked for. As soon as the figures arrive, handles and wire will be ordered in carload lots. It is the intention to draw on all of Southern California for the palm leaves which enter largely into the making of the brooms. Only a covering of broom corn is used, the center being composed of palm leaves cut into small strips. The cutting is done by machinery.

"Nearly all of the broom corn of the country is controlled by a combination, and the price has recently advanced, so that the corn now costs 10 cents a pound. In an ordinary broom two pounds are used, while in the palm brooms only half a pound of the corn is necessary. The palm leaves, which now are used for no purpose whatever, can no doubt be bought very cheaply, and the cost of making the brooms will therefore be comparatively low. This will result in active competition, and something is expected to drop.

"Naturally if the business increases the promoters of the enterprise will have to look to other places besides San Diego and Coronado for their palm leaves. It is the intention to obtain a supply from Riverside, San Bernardino, Los Angeles, Pasadena, and other places in Southern California.

"The brooms made yesterday were more for experimenting purposes than anything else. Good brooms were turned out, however, and the finished product could not be detected on the outside from a broom made entirely of corn. Mr. Wright said that no time would be lost in getting work well under way and turning out brooms at a lively rate."

### Electric Power.

THE United Electric Gas and Power Company has incorporated with a capital stock of \$650,000, divided into 100 shares, all of which has been subscribed. Los Angeles will be the company's principal place of business. The directors are H. V. Carter, Frederick H. Rindge, Alfred Stedman, George I. Cochran and J. J. Davis. The Santa Monica Outlook says:

"The above company, whose board of directors is identical with those of the Santa Monica Electric Light and Power Company, has absorbed the local companies at Santa Monica, Long Beach and San Pedro, and is installing a

plant now at Monrovia, and will greatly increase the usefulness of each of the respective plants.

"Just how extensive the plant here will be is hard to state at this writing. The company's plans in this respect having not been outlined. Enough, however, has been determined to assure every one that the auxiliary plant at Santa Monica will be greatly increased.

"The company intend to supply all their electrical energy for any purpose whatever within a fifteen miles of its power-house, and intend to have power to supply all the demands that the territory can ask. This will cause the company to increase their plant, to add to it in every way, and enlargement of it will necessitate the employment of men, and, in consequence, a larger number will be just that much happier.

"The enlargement of the plant means that those owning real estate within the territory know water is king; every one also knows the value of water can be secured at any point in the territory embraced, it only being a question of time when they shall find. With cheap power to be had, brings every acre into the higher plane of civilization and out of the grain and hay territory. The oil men in the Santa Ynez Valley, California, north of town just the power they need when they strike oil.

"It will further aid in the development of the territory in being able to furnish cheap power for manufacturing plant that our citizens can induce to grow with the beautiful section."

### Coal at Corona.

A RIVERSIDE paper announces that a man named Herkelrath has recently discovered specimens of coal from a mine near Corona. The workings are said to be visible over forty rods, and have been sunk to a depth of 140 feet and the coal is of increase in quality as a greater depth is reached.

### Protection from Frost.

A TEST was recently made at Riverside for frost protection, known as the McAdie frost protection plant, which is described in the Riverside Press:

"The plant consists of a twelve-horse-power boiler, laid in a brick furnace, under the same space to be used, but so arranged as to be operated with or without pressure. Cold water enters the boiler, and is delivered from the top into the flume. Heat is applied in the furnace boiler, and returns through the flues and stack.

"A secondary six-horse-power boiler, consuming pounds of steam, is used in burning oil with the boiler. This latter is essential in burning oil, as the oil is entirely consumed and makes but a small amount of smoke. Proper appliances are used to handle the whole arranged so conveniently that no machinery with ease.

"Two sets of temperature records were made in the direction of Priestley Hall, and the other in the direction of the river. The two were under different conditions, but the results were as follows: In Mr. Hall's test eight inches of water in fifty furrows, which barely ran the water in the furrows, which small body of water was fast. This was at 5:30 a.m.

"In the second record, much more steam was used of water was used in twenty-five furrows, and the heat to the lower end of the furrows was not so intense. In either case the strip irrigated was long to get the good air temperature and square piece would show.

"The following table gives the records made in the second test: Mr. Hall's record, 5:30 a.m.—Normal temperature of water, 60 deg.; heated water, 92; at flume, 92; 40 rods, 52. Temperature of unheated water, 40 rods, 52. Temperature of unheated water, 40 rods, 41.5.

"The records for air temperature in the morning and more abundantly on trees in the morning. Vapor condensed on trees in the morning and more abundantly on trees in the morning.

"Mr. McAdie's records show better results than are as follows, as far as we can obtain them: 10 a.m.; air temperature, normal, 32 deg.; initial temperature of water, 55.4; heated water, 85.4; 200 feet from flume, heated water, 85.4; temperature of ground 4 inches from water, 42.2; from water, 42.2; air temperature here, 38.4; from flume, heated water, 53.4; ground water, 38; 16 inches from water, 36. Temperature of heated water, 50 rods from flume, 40.4; the rest of the records at the station.

"With these records, one can figure out favorably to the value of the experiment. The approximate value of present plant at Meacham figures the cost of a plant of equal capacity for ten-acre grove at \$600.

"The cost, per hour, for fuel in this machine was 60 cents, or 7 1-2 cents an hour to run the machine of one inch of water 40 deg.

"A very decided artificial fog was produced, present deemed a desirable feature.

"Mr. McAdie expressed himself as very much pleased that the experiment promised a solution of the problem studied. A number of points of value in the experiment are unable to publish in this article, but can give them upon application."

Metal never rusts in the waters of Lake Michigan, and an anchor can be left in it two years and be as clean and bright as when it came from the foundry, which is probably owing to the action of the chemical salts in the water.



## SOU' BY SOU'WEST.

By the Ancient Mariner.

WHILE as a whole Southern California has pulled through the past two dry seasons remarkably well, there are a few sections here and there where the settlers have suffered severely. For instance, there is the Moreno section in Riverside county, where, during the past decade, a vast amount of hard work has been done by the settlers in transforming what was formerly an arid sheep ranch into a succession of orchards and gardens with attractive homes. Then came along complications with the water company which supplied them with the necessary fluid, and the Moreno people saw ruin staring them in the face. They set to work with a will, however, to develop underground water, but their financial resources were not sufficient and so they appealed to the Supervisors of Riverside county for assistance. It is pleasing to note that the county fathers agreed to let the Moreno people have \$500 out of the immigration fund. Such a liberal spirited policy as this is notable and might be imitated in other quarters. Moreover, it is a paying policy in the end, for if the Moreno settlers should be forced to abandon their homes the county would within a few years lose several times as much as the moderate amount granted to them.

Writing of water supply brings up the whole question of irrigation, a question which is of such vital importance to the southwestern corner of the country. It is the interesting fact that recent discoveries in the lava beds of New Mexico show that this forbidding section of country was once thickly populated with the people who raised large crops. Thousands of years ago, the geologists tell us, a system of irrigation reservoirs and ditches was operated in the Southwest which is not paralleled by anything of this nature in the United States today. The builders of these works, a people older than the Pueblo race, cultivated thousands of acres of now arid territory. Reservoirs were constructed at the base of mountains to catch the flood water before it was absorbed into the loose and bottomless sand, and the ditches, where they ran through sand, were cemented to prevent the water's escape. Their canals wind in and around for miles, showing a superior engineering knowledge in securing an exact and uniform fall; remarkable viaducts were used in crossing cañons, while a network of distributing ditches brought every available acre into use for tillage. Evidently these ancient people were ahead of us in some respects, for while we, in the closing year of the nineteenth century, are discussing the proposition of a great national system of irrigating the arid lands, they already possessed complete irrigation system many centuries before Columbus discovered the New World, so that in many respects these ancient pioneers of the Southwest could give points to us later comers, with all our civilization and progress.

California has a number of trees and plants which are not found in any other section of the world. Among these is the Torrey pine, which is found growing on the cliffs by the seashore, eighteen miles north of San Diego, and nowhere else, with exception of a few specimens in Lower California, a few near San Pedro and on Santa Rosa Island. The grove in San Diego county contains about a thousand specimens of this pine. The tree was first brought to the attention of the public by Dr. C. C. Parry, a botanist, who was a member of the Mexican boundary commission in 1850, and named it after Dr. John Torrey, a well-known American botanist. The tree produces large nuts which are very popular among the Indians for food. The leaves are from six to twelve inches long. Many inquiries have come from European botanical gardens for seeds of this pine. These trees are within the city limits of San Diego and that city was recently considering a proposition to protect them from marauders.

Apocryph of the extensive improvements that have been made in the Hollenbeck Hotel block, on the corner of Spring and Second streets, to which reference was made in the real estate department of The Times recently, it is interesting to look back a few years and note what a wonderful advance has been made in real-estate values and business activity around that part of the city. It is said that the rent paid by a tenant of the corner store in this building will be the highest ever paid in Los Angeles for a similar amount of space. Yet, as recently as sixteen years ago, a majority of the shrewdest business men of the city looked upon the building of a small business block at this corner as a rash and foolish move. In 1884, when the late J. E. Hollenbeck determined to improve the property, he secured plans for a plain two-story and basement structure to cover the whole lot. As soon as he had made his plans known, his friends endeavored to dissuade him from his purpose, maintaining that it was a piece of folly to go so far downtown with a two-story business structure. Mr. Hollenbeck was not to be deterred by these arguments, however. He thought he could see a little further ahead than his advisers and subsequent events have proved that he was right, although even he did not begin to realize what changes a brief period of five years would produce in the City of the Angels. However, he did refrain from adding an additional story to the building, as the Masons wished him to do, so that they might use the upper story for a Masonic hall. It was made a two-story building and within a few years later, Mrs. Hollenbeck raised the structure to four stories. When, in November, 1884, Mr. Couffer moved his dry goods store into the corner that has just been rented at such a high figure, it was considered won by the tenant to be such a risky enterprise that he obtained his establishment in the Baker Block for a year longer, so as to have an anchor out to windward, as it were. There were a few far-sighted individuals in Los Angeles even then, who maintained that within the lifetime of people then living, most of the business of Los Angeles would be done south of First street, but they were regarded as enthusiasts or cranks, which is not surprising, as it looks much more reasonable today to suggest that twenty years hence Seventh street and Broadway may be

the business center of the city, than it did in 1884 to predict that in the year 1900 the center of business would be near Second and Spring streets.

The Times recently contained a description of the princely estate of Andrew McNally of Chicago, in Orange county, known as the Windermere ranch, which contains 2400 acres of land, all in cultivation, with over fifty thousand trees and everything necessary to the complete equipment of a first-class farm, including flour mill, slaughter-house, blacksmith shop and laboratories for the manufacture of a number of valuable fruit by-products. Mr. McNally has expended something like a quarter of a million dollars in purchasing, planting and equipping this magnificent estate. I mention this for the purpose of suggesting what a fine field Southern California is for eastern millionaires who want to do a little fancy farming. In the East it is quite the thing for men of great financial means to interest themselves in some rural occupation, as a sort of hobby. Some will raise fine dairy stock, others poultry, or horses, or flowers. Sometimes they make a little money over their expenses and sometimes they do not, but they never fail to extract a large amount of honest enjoyment out of their fads and generally at less expense than it entails to keep up a first-class steam yacht. There is no section of the country which offers such an attractive field for such enterprises as these as Southern California, for here we have a climate which permits of the culture of a great number of valuable products that can be successfully raised in few, if any, other sections of the United States, and concerning the full developments of which we are yet in the kindergarten stage of knowledge, leaving ample room for experiment and investigation, which costs time and money. Then, again, in this section a country estate in the hands of a wealthy owner with an artistic eye may be transformed into a dream of beauty. Before many years we may expect to see the Windermere ranch duplicated many times in Southern California. Under judicious management, such an estate should be made to pay a big interest on the investment, in addition to the personal satisfaction which the owner may derive therefrom.

When the romance of mining in the Southwest comes to be written, one of the most interesting features will be found in the marvelous improvements that have been made of late in mining and reducing ore containing the precious metals. Within the past twenty years in most of the mining camps of Arizona, New Mexico and Southern California ore that would assay less than \$30.00 to the ton was not considered worth saving and was thrown on the dump. Now I see that at one mine in Southern California they are mining and extracting the gold from ore at a cost of less than \$5 a ton, and this, too, is refractory ore, which has to be worked by the cyanide process. Moreover, at several mining camps in Arizona they are actually going over tailings that have been through a cyanide plant and working them again two or even three times, making a small profit on the operation. What this means to the Southwest is apparent even to those who are not experienced miners. It means that there are millions of tons of ore or tailings already out of the ground which, at comparatively small expense, can be turned into money, while thousands of mineral veins hitherto considered of too low grade to work, will be developed and give employment to an army of miners and laborers. Evidently we are on the eve of a most remarkable development in the mining industry of this section and many of our desert places if they do not "blossom as the rose," will at least resound with the noise of the stamps and the reverberation of the blasts in the drifts and tunnels.

An Arizona exchange states that "Col. Woodard of the Cincinnati Enquirer is reported to have purchased the Lully mines in Santa Cruz county for \$40,000." Some of those in Los Angeles, who are acquainted with the individual referred to, are wondering whether the sellers of the mines have received cash, or only promises.

One of the bugaboos of the tenderfoot who visits Southern California is the rattlesnake, and often his first inquiry, when he takes a trip into the country, is in regard to the danger of being bitten by one of these reptiles. Yet it is safe to say that for every fatal case of snake bite in Southern California there are a dozen in the Western and Southern States. There are three varieties of rattlesnake in Southern California, the mountain, the valley and the "side-winder." The mountain, which is the largest and average about 3 feet in length, is dark brown in color, the spots being a dull black upon the back, growing lighter on the stomach. To this class belongs also the black-diamond rattler. The valley snake, averaging about a foot 4 inches in length, is light brown in color, with hexagonal spots. The "side-winder" is classed with the valley, but really represents the desert species, and is named from the way it carries its head on one side, moving sideways in a peculiar fashion. It is much smaller than the valley, but very quick and exceedingly vicious. There is nothing to be feared from rattlesnakes from October to April, the time of year when most eastern people visit Southern California. During that period they crawl to their holes and lie dormant. In this section the rattler is never found in the tall grass, weeds or thick brush. His home is in or near rocks, fallen trees and deserted holes. The rattlesnake is harmless unless disturbed or trodden upon. As to protective measures against snakes, hunters recommend the wearing of strong shoes and heavy leather leggings, as there is little danger of being bitten above the knee while walking. In making a camp it is a good idea to place a row of cactus around in a circle. A horsehair rope is also a good protection around the bed. If bitten, there is said to be no better remedy than permanganate of potash, which should be poured into an incision made at the point where the snake struck and rubbed in well, using saliva to dissolve the crystals. It is also recommended to bathe the limb with kerosene oil. The rattlesnake weed is regarded by many as a specific for snake bite. It grows almost everywhere in Southern California in dry sandy soil. It has long, threadlike reddish-green stems and grows close to the ground, the plant containing a milky juice. In using it the plant should be bruised or chewed slightly and applied

to the wound through an incision made with a knife, binding on some of the weed as a poultice. A tea should also be made from the plant and a teacup full taken at intervals at from one to three hours.

One of the Territorial papers complains that just as soon as an Arizona mine becomes valuable it is made a prey for blackmailers and speculators. This practice is by no means confined to Arizona, but is all too common throughout the mining regions of the West. So much is this the case that parties who are endeavoring to dispose of a piece of mining property have often been taught by bitter experience that it is advisable to keep their trade secret until the deal is closed, or else they are likely to be confronted with the option of paying blackmail or having the deal knocked out. A somewhat similar condition of affairs prevails in real estate circles in this section. There appears to be a small army of unscrupulous men in the Southwest who prefer to make a living by attending to other people's business instead of looking after their own. If an example could be occasionally made of one of these pernicious busybodies it might have a good effect.

A gold deposit was recently struck near Riverside and seems to promise well. A writer in the Riverside Enterprise gravely states that some experts who recently visited the mine declared that the ore and the indications resemble the Comstock ledge and "that they would not be surprised if the ledge was an outcropping of the famous Comstock." Isn't it rather a long jump from Virginia City to Riverside? But then, you can prove almost anything by experts, from handwriting to mineral deposits.

Arizona is no longer the land of Sunshine and Silver, but of copper and gold and alfalfa. The copper mines of that Territory are enjoying a veritable boom and quite a number of Los Angeles people are likely to profit by investments therein. The latest big copper camp to come to the front is that of the Ray mine, on Mineral Creek, in Pinal county. This mine is being operated by an English syndicate on a plan that is new to Arizona. A Phoenix paper says that there are about six hundred men employed on the works, two hundred and fifty Indians, three hundred Mexicans and about twenty-five white men. The Indians and Mexicans are getting \$1.50 a day. The company is building a railroad from the mines to the smelter, a distance of six miles. A 200-ton smelter is being built and will be in operation about the 1st of May. The Ray mine is one of the most peculiar mining camps in Arizona. There are hundreds of Mexicans and Indians, with only a scattering white man occasionally. There are thirteen saloons at the camp and three at the smelter. The Indians procure all the firewater they want, and at the end of every month or the days following the monthly pay, these dark-skinned miners have an uproarious time and the mine is compelled to stop work till they sober up. The Mexicans purchase the liquor for the Indians, who are of the Papago and Pima tribes, and in this way the saloon men relieve themselves from violating the United States law. The Ray mine was named after Ray Tolles, the young son of a carpenter who lived in Pinal City from 1880 to 1889. The claim belonged to a friend of Tolles named Charles Horn, and about the year 1882 Judge Silent of this city went down to Pinal to negotiate a transfer of the claim for a small sum. Copper was not thought much of in those days and the property lay idle for many years until its recent acquisition by the Englishmen. Now it is considered of such importance that H. E. Huntington recently visited the camp to look into the question of running a branch line from the Southern Pacific. The Ray is another exemplification of the fact that it pays to hold on to a good mining claim, even if the circumstances are temporarily discouraging. During the past twenty years hundreds of good copper prospects have been abandoned by their discouraged owners, who would now be millionaires if they had camped on them.

It is amusing to note what liberties are sometimes taken with the Spanish language in the Southwest by those who are ignorant of Castilian as she is spoke—as written. A Riverside paper announces the incorporation of the "Star Wano" Mining and Milling Company in that county. This is evidently an attempt at the Spanish *sta* *bueno*. There was a somewhat similar case in Pinal county, Ariz., about twenty years ago, where a big chunk of very rich silver ore was discovered in the ledge by some prospectors who had been in Mexico. The nugget was exhibited in San Francisco and a company was incorporated under the title of the "Wanawhata" Mining Company. What the locators were aiming at was Guanajuato, the celebrated mining town in Mexico. Work on the Wana-whata proved as unsuccessful as the attempt to spell the name, for little was found beyond the first rich nugget, although the sanguine stockholders in San Francisco sent down a gang of Irishmen armed with big flat shovels to dig out the rich ore from the ledge. Judge J. D. Reymert, who died several years ago at Alhambra, was one of the leading spirits in this enterprise. He was a Spanish scholar, but the mine was named before he became interested in it.

San Diego has a daily paper, the Morning Call, an "independent newspaper," which runs as its platform at the head of the editorial column the following declaration: "First, public ownership of public utilities; second, destruction of criminal and oppressive trusts; third, election of President, Vice-President and Senators by direct vote of the people; fourth, united action by the citizens of San Diego for the general betterment of our city." It seems that about the only important provision that has been omitted from this statement is one for the general reformation of the human race, but then, perhaps the editor is of the opinion that there is no room for improvement in the race as it exists in San Diego, and that any suggestion of the kind might be a reflection upon the good people of that city.

Another big mining boom has been bursted. The platinum deposits on the Colorado River have been declared to contain no platinum at all, and no several score of prospective millionaires will have to look around for new mineral worlds to conquer.

ANCIENT MARINER.





# Twenty Lessons in French Conversation

**T**HIS course began Wednesday, Feb. 21, and will be published on each succeeding Wednesday. The course has been prepared specially for Americans who have no knowledge of the language, by Prof. Benno Kirschbaum, distinguished French scholar and teacher. All readers of The Times who wish to make a beginning in French conversation will find it to their advantage to follow these studies; and for those who anticipate visiting the Paris Exposition in the coming summer they will prove to be of great value. The ability to use ten French words "to the point" will help to make "touring" easier, and a working vocabulary of one hundred words will surely cover up a multitude of embarrassments. Prof. Kirschbaum has conducted European parties and is thoroughly familiar with the initial language needs of an American in Paris.

## To Amateur Photographers

**T**HE HOME STUDY CIRCLE course on PHOTOGRAPHY FOR AMATEURS was published in The Times on Fridays throughout February, March, April and May. "Snap Shots" at this course will give you much valuable information, but a "time exposure" of fifteen or twenty minutes every Friday throughout the term will produce the most satisfactory results.

Every one interested in amateur photography should take advantage of this unique opportunity. The course will be directed by Mr. Geo. W. Gilson, editor of the *Professional Photographer*. The studies will include papers on cameras, lenses, dry plates and films, the dark room, negatives, developing, retouching, printing, photographic papers, flashlights, outdoor and indoor pictures, etc., with general papers on the history and advancement of the art of photography.

The complete list of courses to be presented in the Home Study Circle during the Spring term, which began February 15, is as follows:

- |                                       |                                       |
|---------------------------------------|---------------------------------------|
| 1. American Political Parties.        | 4. Golden Ages of Literature.         |
| 2. Recent Scientific Discoveries.     | 5. Photography for Amateurs.          |
| 3. 20 Lessons in French Conversation. | 6. Biographical Studies for Children. |



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## THEY ALL ATE THEIR HUSBANDS.

THIS WAS THE CAUSE OF THE FAILURE OF A RECENT COSTLY EXPERIMENT.

By a Special Contributor.

As long ago as the beginning of the eighteenth century the idea of using the thread that the spider spins from its body as a substitute for the thread unwrapped from the cocoon of the silkworm was broached, but with little practical result. An Englishman, Mr. Rolt, secured 30,000 feet of silk thread from twenty-two spiders in two hours. Of late some experiments have been conducted by curious persons to ascertain which spider produced the best and largest quantity of silk, for it has been demonstrated that it is an excellent substitute for that of the silkworm. Spiders from Paraguay and Argentine, from India, China and Australia were tried, but the best results were secured from the spiders of Madagascar. It was found that after laying her eggs the female spider spins most freely. Six of these were selected and confined for the test. From one of 3000 yards of thread were secured in ten days; from the second 1350 yards in seven days, from the third and fourth 450 yards in four days, and from the fifth 1400 yards in eleven days, and from the sixth 1200 yards in twenty-seven days. A German manufacturer was so delighted with this test that he made elaborate arrangements for having a spider-silk mill, importing a large number of the spiders from Madagascar to Germany. All went well until the females had laid their eggs and begun to spin, when all at once the males were found to have disappeared—their larger feminine companions had grown so fond of them that each female spider had eaten her mate. This catastrophe ended the costly experiment.

## A SLOT MACHINE 2200 YEARS OLD.

IT STOOD IN THE COURT OF AN ALEXANDRIAN TEMPLE IN EGYPT.

By a Special Contributor.

We have been caught by the slot-machine disease during the last few years to so great an extent that most persons think these devices are only of the most modern invention. Such, however, is not the case, for twenty-two centuries ago the great mathematician and mechanician of Greece, Hero, had perfected a slot machine very much like those of our day, which sprinkle cologne on your handkerchief after a penny has been put into the slot. He described his device in a work on gases. It was an urn which stood in the court of one of the temples of Alexandria, and any worshiper who dropped a coin into the slot would find a little stream of water pouring out to wash his hands. In a Latin translation of this book of Hero's, printed in Italy in 1575, are a number of drawings of the seventy-six different machines invented by the ingenious Hero. This fountain is described as follows: "ABCD is the vase, FGHIK a vessel inside of it filled with water, with the pipe L leading out at M. The upright NX has a lever PO fastened to its top. At P a line running to S, the stopper covering the opening of the pipe at L is fastened to the lever. When not working, the cover S, being heavier than the plate R, the pipe is closed and no water flows out, but the moment a coin is dropped into the slot it falls on R and by its added weight lifts the cover S, and the water flows out until the coin falls off the plate R and the stopper returns to cover the end of the pipe." Did the inventor of the modern penny-in-the-slot machine know Hero's fountain, or did he really rediscover the device for himself? Perhaps he will never tell.

## AN ANTARCTIC OASIS.

[St. Louis Post-Dispatch:] Recent Antarctic discoveries, by the Belgian expedition, are described by Frederick A. Cook of Brooklyn. "An oasis in a snowy wilderness," is the phrase he employs in characterizing a certain bit of the Antarctic land.

"Being still unwilling to advance into the unknown region before us while enshrouded in mist, we drew near a prominent mountain peak to make a debarkment. This peak was a perpendicular cliff, free of snow to the seashore. It was one of a number extending far into the southeast, as we learned on the following day. We made a debarkment at its base. Here was life in profusion, as indeed there was on every rock where life could gain a footing. The noise from the birds, which echoed from cliff to cliff, was deafening. The lower rocks were lined with mooring and grunting sea-leopards. Columns of vapor rose above the water, followed by a hiss like that of a steam

engine, and a second later the blue back of a whale, with its long fin and ponderous tail, lashed the water into a foamy whirlpool. The great wall of land ice rose to each side of the black cliff, which gave us a shelf as a landing-place. From this wall came frequent sounds like the explosion of a cannon, which were followed by a splash and a commotion in the water. With such reports parts of the wall would constantly break away and fall into a million pieces, strewing the water with small fragments of ice, but not with icebergs. Above us rose a cliff to an altitude of about two thousand feet; out from this were projecting mantel-like rocks, which served as resting places for cormorants and seagulls.

"Here the young ones, dressed in gray down, coaxed their mothers for food. We expected to see the little things drop from the narrow resting places, to be destroyed on our heads or on the rocks below, but such an accident rarely happened. Our greatest surprise here was the discovery of large quantities of moss and lichens, which gave the spot an unexpected appearance of vegetable life and color. After seeing nothing but ice and black rocks for so many days, this sight of green and brown and red amid an endless expanse of icy desert was a great relief. It was an oasis in a snowy wilderness."

## SELLING BUTTER BY THE YARD.

Probably Cambridge, Eng., is the only place in the world where one would be likely to find butter sold by linear measure; but here, in accordance with the old custom, it is literally sold by the yard. For generations it has been the practice of Cambridgeshire dairy folk to roll their butter into lengths, each length measuring a yard and weighing a pound. Dextrously wrapped in strips of clean white cloth, the cylindrical rolls are packed into long and narrow baskets made for the purpose, and thus conveyed to market.

The butter women who, in white linen aprons and sleeves, preside over the stalls in the mart, have no need of weights or scales for dispensing their wares; constant practice and an experienced eye enable them with a stroke of the knife to divide a yard of butter into halves or quarters with almost mathematical exactness.

The university people are the chief buyers of this curiously-shaped article. In addition to being famed for its purity and sweetness, Cambridge "yard butter" is eminently adapted for serving out to the university students in the daily commons. Cut into conveniently-sized pieces, and accompanied by a loaf of the best wheaten bread, a stated portion is sent round every morning to the rooms of the undergraduates for use at the daily breakfast and tea.



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We desire to announce to the Ladies of Los Angeles and vicinity that owing to numerous demands, we have added to our Tailoring Establishment a Ladies' Tailoring Department, and would be pleased to have you call and inspect our New and Complete Stock of European Novelties in Ladies' Tailor Goods.

Having secured the services of Mr. M. Greenbaum, late of A. L. Bowhay, San Francisco, and Redfern, New York, and an artist at Ladies' Tailoring, we can insure strictly first-class work in all particulars, and at prices that are reasonable. Your inspection is earnestly solicited. Yours respectfully,

I. LONGO, Ladies' and Gentlemen's Tailor,  
308 South Broadway, Los Angeles.

## NO OTHERS LIKE THEM HERE OR ABROAD.

Three extraordinary idols of brass have just arrived in Liverpool from India. The weight of each figure is about eighteen hundred pounds, and they are most wonderfully and brilliantly made. One of the figures stands nine feet high, another six feet, and one is in a reclining position, with the head resting on the hand. This last is the largest of the three, measuring nearly ten feet. They are the property of William Cross, of monagierie fame, who claims that no similar relics are possessed by any museum or by any private individuals in Europe or America.—[London Echo.]

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# Two Yards of Good Eating for 5 Cents.

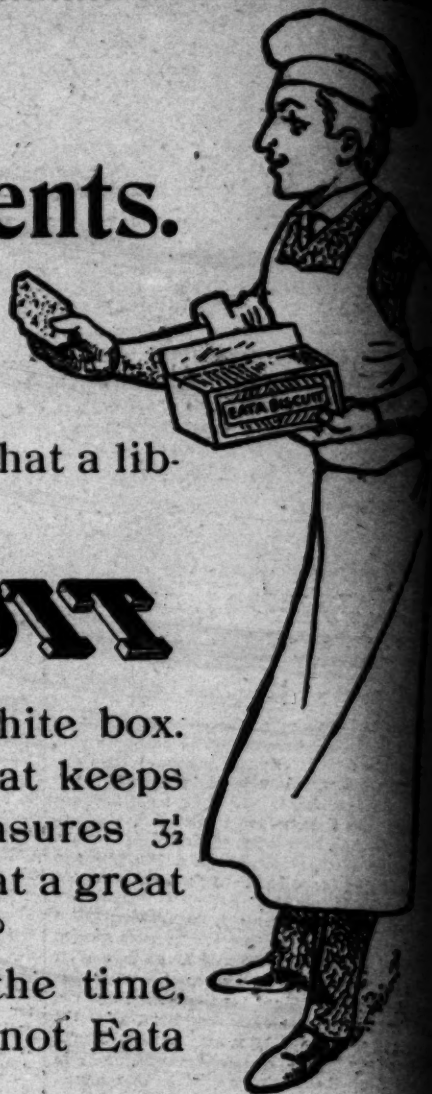
*Eata Biscuit* are three inches square, light, crisp, and are all around good eating—the contents of a *Five Cent* package laid out in a line will measure 2 yards long. What a liberal package for a little money.

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Are packed in a moisture proof red and white box. It is the care-taking way they're packed that keeps them so clean and fresh—the box measures 3½ inches square and 7½ inches long. Isn't that a great big box of healthful goodness for a nickle?

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